May 25c

1938

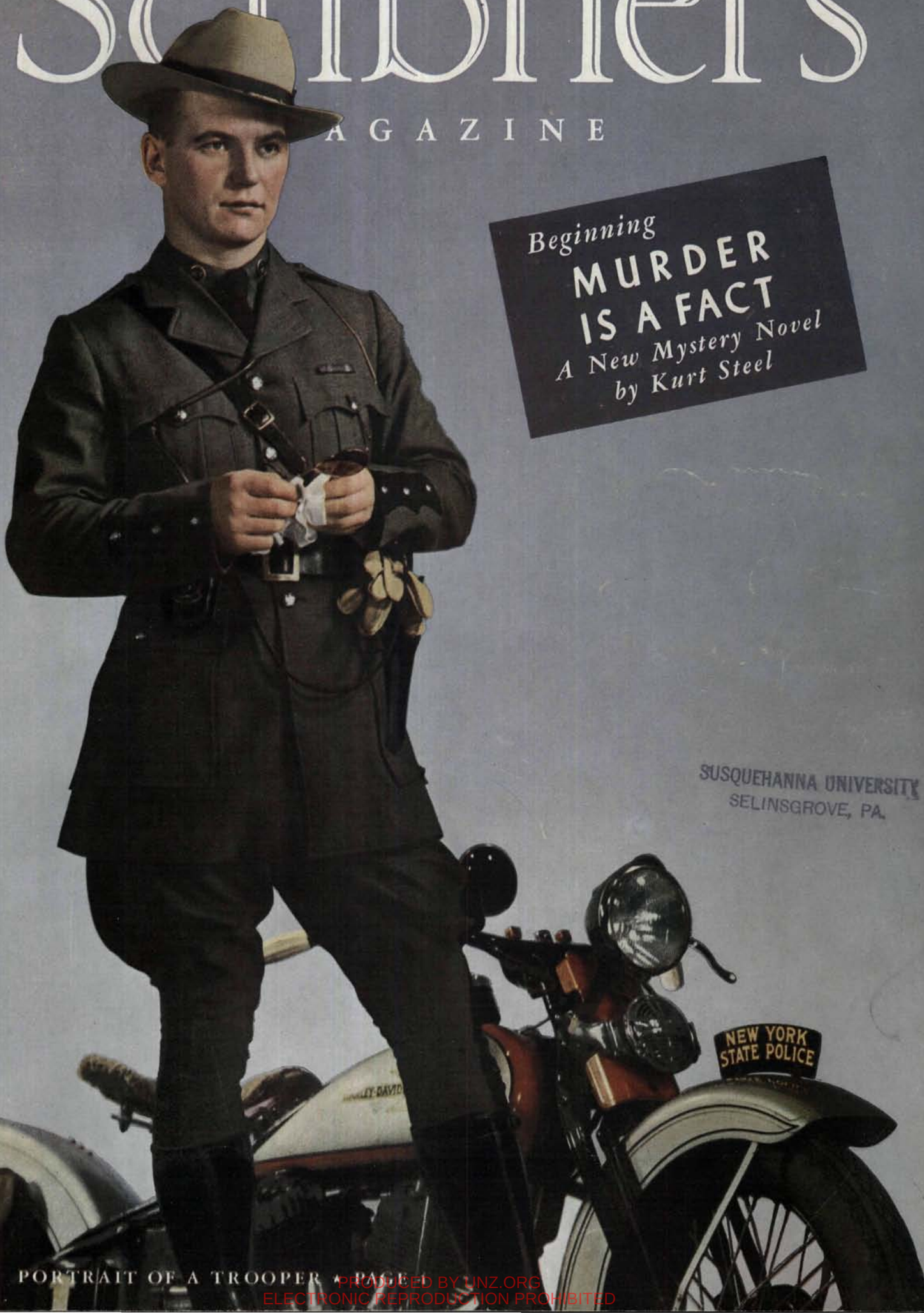
# Scribner's

MAGAZINE

Beginning

## MURDER IS A FACT

A New Mystery Novel by Kurt Steel




SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY
SELINSGROVE, PA.

PORTRAIT OF A TROOPER · PAGE

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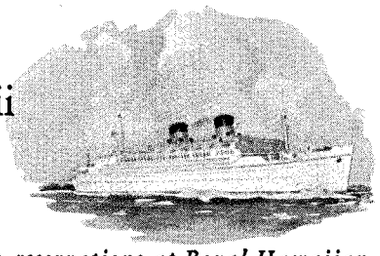
*Natural color photograph, minimum fare First Class, outside stateroom S. S. Lurline*

COPR. MATSON NAVIGATION

You'll always be glad
you made that perfect voyage to Hawaii



Matson Line to Hawaii

**NEW ZEALAND • AUSTRALIA via Samoa • Fiji**

Details of *Matson Cruises to Hawaii and South Seas,* also *reservations at Royal Hawaiian and Moana Hotels* in Honolulu, from Travel Agents or MATSON LINE offices at New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Seattle, Portland.

S. S. LURLINE • S. S. MARIPOSA • S. S. MONTEREY • S. S. MATSONIA

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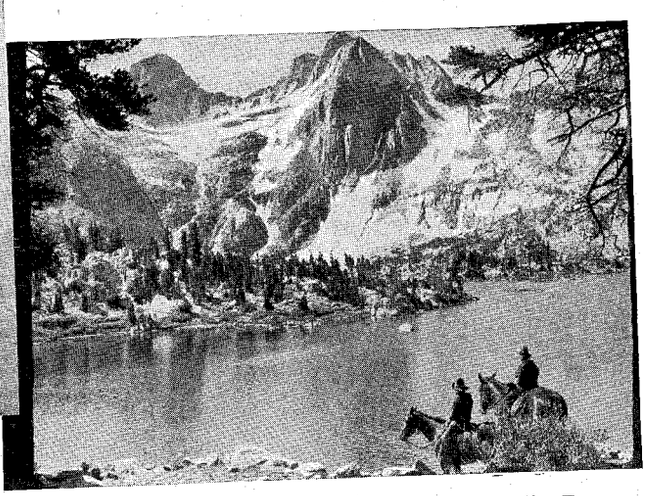
*These things have drawn 12,000,000 vacationists to*

# SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

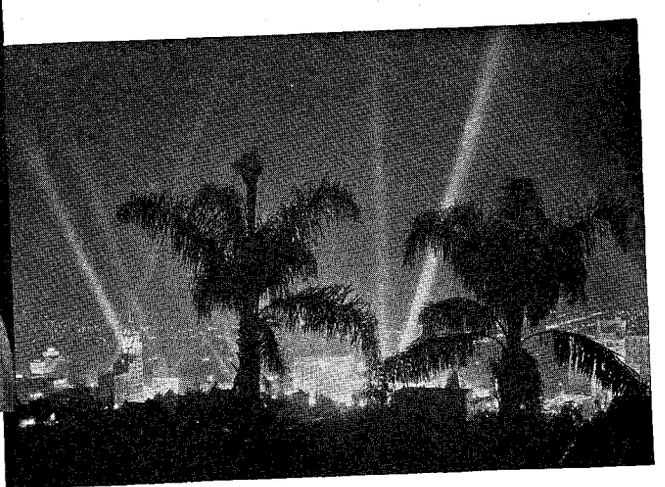
Sparkling ocean, sandy beaches, pleasure isles, ancient Missions, gardens, palms and orange groves. *Rainless days* for outdoor fun and *breeze-cooled nights* for restful sleep under blankets.



Snow-capped mountains, lakes, streams, highways, trails. Every outdoor sport from golf to deep-sea fishing, in settings lending them new thrills. Colorful native markets and foreign quarters.

*Now this new world of glamour is here, too*

Kliegs and "mikes," world premieres, "sneak" previews, night clubs, national network broadcasts, and Symphonies Under the Stars in America's scintillating new entertainment capital.



Celebrities of art and science, doing interesting things...stars setting next year's fashions at cafes and polo matches...actors, writers, artists, beauties, wits...costumed extras on the streets.

**SEE IT ALL IN TWO WEEKS AT LOW COST**

All the fun of Southern California – including the interesting native industries and storied resorts like Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Hollywood, Glendale, Long Beach, Pasadena, Pomona and others of Los Angeles County and its neighbors–is just overnight, even from New York, by plane, 2½ to 3 days by train, 5 to 7 by auto or stage. And vacation costs here average 22.8% under those of 20 other leading U. S. resorts.

**FREE: Automatic Trip Planner**

This 80-page Official Guide Book–widely acclaimed by travel experts–plans your trip for you from start to finish: what to see and do, how to get here, time required, itemized cost schedules, plus over 100 photographs, maps, etc...authentic facts available only through this non-profit community organization. Coupon brings it FREE by return mail.

**When you arrive,** be sure to visit our new Official Information Bureau, 505 West 6th St., Los Angeles, for expert help in getting the most enjoyment out of your stay here. FREE, of course.

*Come to California for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for tourists, the attractions are unlimited.*

**MAIL COUPON TODAY**

*All-Year Club of Southern California,*
*Dept. 5-N, 629 So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Send me *free* book with complete details (including costs) of a Southern California vacation. Also send free routing by ☐ auto, ☐ rail, ☐ plane, ☐ bus. Also send free booklets about counties checked: ☐ Los Angeles, ☐ Orange, ☐ Riverside, ☐ Santa Barbara, ☐ Inyo, ☐ San Diego, ☐ Imperial, ☐ San Bernardino, ☐ Ventura, ☐ Kern.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____

*State*_____

*(Please print name and address)*

**ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**

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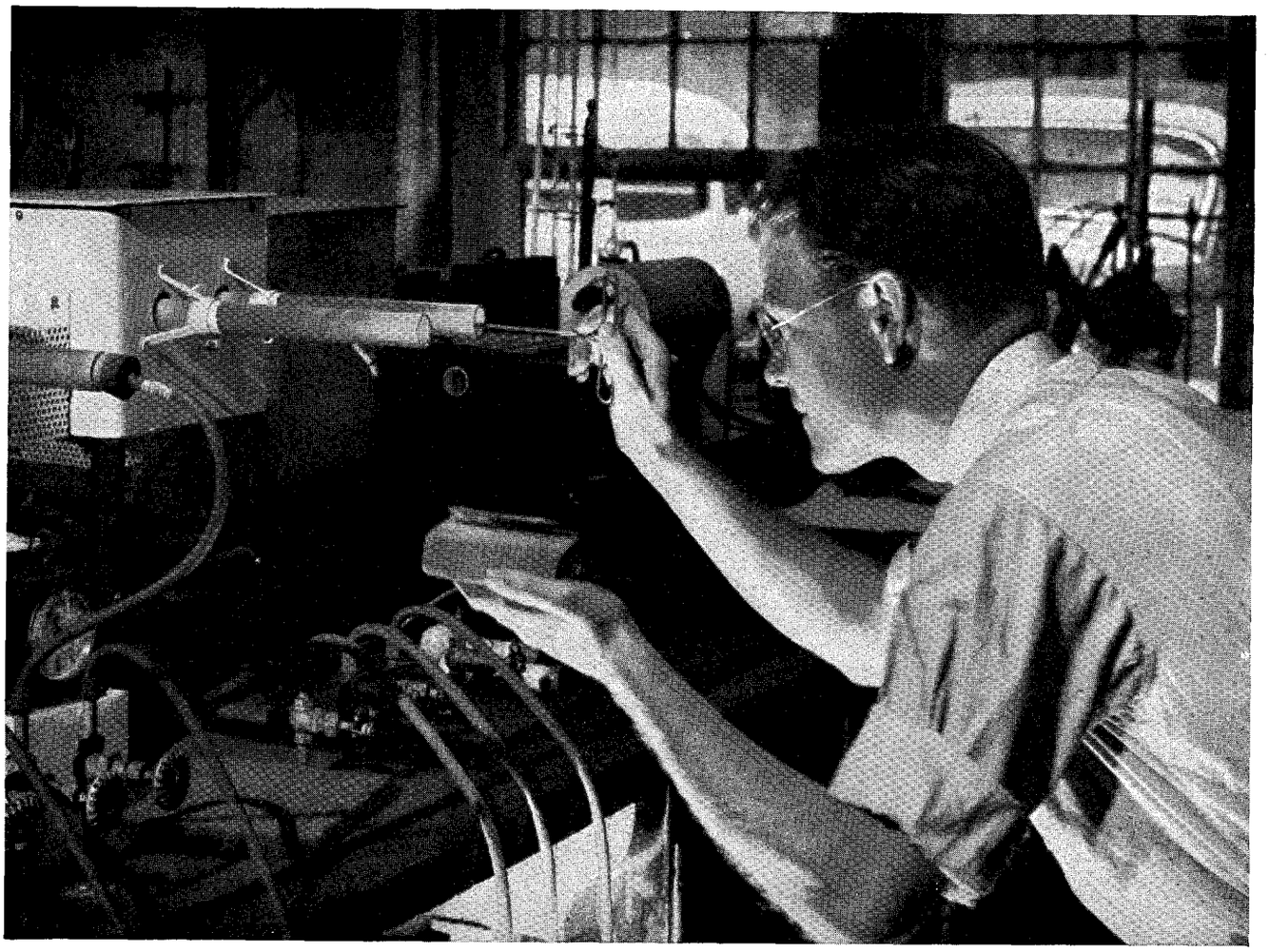

# WORTHLESS GOLD

MAGIC failed the alchemists when they tried to change lead into gold. But even had they succeeded, they would not have created wealth. They would only have made gold common—and therefore worthless.

But the scientists and engineers of industry have learned the secret of creating wealth—*real wealth*. By inventing hundreds of new products, and then finding ways to make them so inexpensive that America's 31 million families can buy them, industry has created more real wealth in the last sixty years than had been accumulated in the preceding sixty centuries. As a result, five out of six American families have radios, four out of five have telephones and automobiles, one out of every three has an electric refrigerator. And all enjoy roads, buildings, bridges, public services, and other forms of real wealth worth billions of dollars. More goods for more people at less cost—that is the only way of creating *real wealth*.

General Electric scientists and engineers have contributed greatly to this progress. As a single example, the incandescent lamp has been reduced in cost and increased in efficiency until it saves the public $5,000,000 a night in lighting costs.

*G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric*

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

1938—OUR SIXTIETH YEAR OF ELECTRICAL PROGRESS—1938



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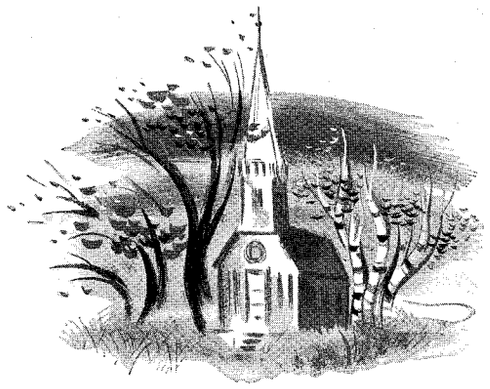
# Scribner's
MAGAZINE


*May, 1938*
*Vol. 103, No. 5*


Our June issue is lining up as one of the best of the year. A few of the high spots are:

1. The fourth article in our series on magazines that sell; the writer is Henry F. Pringle, who opened the series with "SEX, Esq."

2. A segment of the next war in dramatic preview by a celebrated advertising copywriter.

3. A "Scribner's Examines" article, with Grover Aloysius Whalen under the microscope; Whalen has been galloping across the front pages for twenty years; finally he has been caught in flight and examined by a new *Scribner's* writer, Harland Manchester.

4. A notable selection of Life in the United States articles, among them "Yellow Horse," a glimpse of an Indian baseball player that will set you thinking.

5. And, among a great many other features, the second installment of "Murder Is a Fact," a mystery novel by Kurt Steel beginning on page 38 of this issue.


| *Page* | ARTICLES | *by* |
|---|---|---|
| 9 | SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: Steve Hannagan | STANLEY JONES |
| 14 | Royal Diversion. *Life in the United States* | BRICE TAYLOR |
| 17 | One Every Minute: The Picture Magazines | JACKSON EDWARDS |
| 24 | For Rent Furnished. *Life in the United States* | HELEN WERTHEIM |
| 28 | Eli Whitney's Second Invention | ROGER BURLINGAME |
| 108 | Water Thief. *Life in the United States* | FRANCES HALL |
| | **FICTION** | |
| 38 | Murder Is a Fact. *Part One* | KURT STEEL |
| 47 | O'Precious | GENEVIEVE W. CHANDLER |
| | **FEATURES** | |
| 27 | The Litchfield Hills. *Verse* | EDGAR LEE MASTERS |
| 33 | Women. *Color Drawings* | H. HIDALGO DE CAVIEDES |
| 45 | don herold examines: | DON HEROLD |
| 50 | Rejection Slip. *Verse* | MARCELLA HARTMAN |
| 51 | Life in the U. S. . . Photographic | |
| 74 | The Scribner Quiz | IRVING D. TRESSLER |
| 82 | Art Quiz | GARRETT PRICE |
| | **DEPARTMENTS** | |
| 4 | Straws in the Wind | THE EDITORS |
| 63 | Motion Pictures | GILBERT SELDES |
| 65 | Theater | GEORGE JEAN NATHAN |
| 76 | Wines, Spirits, and Good Living | G. SELMER FOUGNER |
| 82 | Books | JOHN CHAMBERLAIN |
| 88 | Music and Records | RICHARD GILBERT |
| 93 | The Swiss Have a New Angle. *Travel* | FRED DOSSENBACH, JR. |
| 96 | Luxury on Wheels. *Travel* | LUCIUS BEEBE |
| 104 | Intelligence Tests for Dogs. *Kennel* | ARTHUR E. PATTERSON |
| 110 | Education | R.B. |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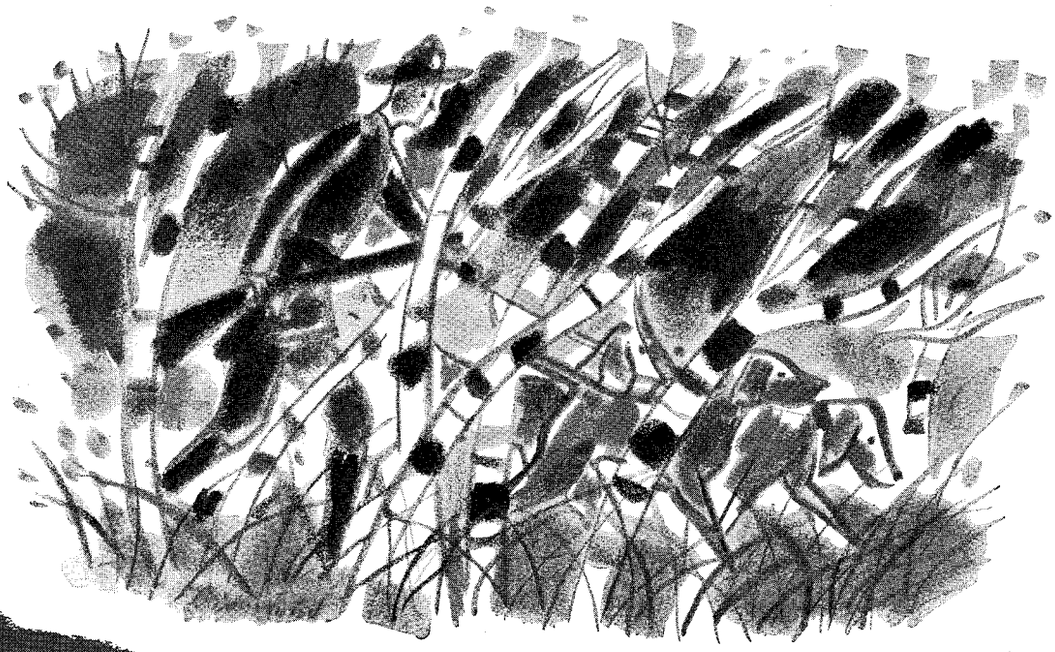


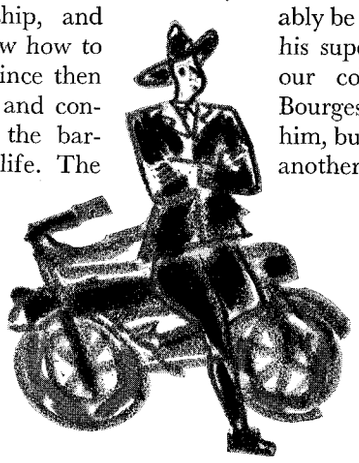
# STRAWS IN THE WIND

## *State Trooper* (*See Cover*)

Sometime when you're driving seventy miles an hour through the southeastern corner of New York State, you may have the pleasure of meeting Trooper Philip S. Howe. He is one of the 750 picked men whose job it is to keep law and order along the highways.

In 1936, after going through prep school and twice working his way around the world in the merchant marine, Howe joined the State Police Force and was stationed at Troop K barracks in Hawthorne, N. Y. His father, now retired, is said to have been the first motorcycle cop in the world, having ridden for the New York Police Department when it was headed by Theodore Roosevelt.

For six weeks, Howe attended the State Police School in Troy, studying such things as the Code of Criminal Procedure, marksmanship, and jujitsu. He already knew how to handle a motorcycle. Since then he has been patrolling and continuing his studies at the barracks. It's not a bad life. The quarters are comfortable, the atmosphere professional and authoritative. There is a teletype system, covering each state, a fingerprint room, and (Alabama papers take note!) a few bloodhounds. The job entails a lot more than riding around on a bike; for instance, the radio car, motorboat and horse patrols, and the airplane for special assignments. Besides, the force maintains a Bureau of Criminal Investigation and a Bureau of Criminal Identification. Time off—three days a month during the busy traffic season and two weeks each winter. As to pay, Howe, for example, gets over $1000 a year now, plus a liberal allowance for food and clothing. He will get $200 more for each of the next five years.



A constant source of amusement are the wide-eyed women who drive up and begin begging for information, directions, anything to make conversation. "They like the uniforms," says Trooper Howe.

Troop K has a record of adventure in policing its six counties, but Howe's is yet to come. When it does, he'll probably be ready, judging from what his superiors told us. Posing for our color photography by Bourges was something new to him, but he looked upon it as just another job—to be carried out efficiently, and then back to the barracks.

Warning: Unlike the old-time sheriff, the State Trooper in pursuit does not have to say "Aw, shucks!" when he gets to the border. He can chase you from New York to Arizona if you want to make something of it.

## *Correction*

We have a letter pointing out an error in Henry F. Pringle's article on *Esquire*. Mr. Pringle slipped in saying that *Ken* would be a semi-weekly and in correcting this our informer slipped too by saying it would be a bi-monthly. *Ken*, as everyone knew, is a fortnightly.

## *Footnote*

Another writer wishes to supplement the Pringle material on *Esquire* with the following report of what Arnold Gingrich, the editor, told him about the choice of name:

"There was no particular joy about it around the *Esquire* office and it was generally regarded as a very poor substitute for the wonderful names *Stag* and *Trend* which we were not able to use. But as long as we were getting out a man's magazine and as long as *Esquire* was another way of saying 'Mr.' it was decided that the name might get by in a pinch.

"As we were getting our first dummies made, I remember that the dissatisfaction with the name *Esquire* was so acute that the publishers of the magazine called me about two o'clock in the morning to see if it were not possible to change the name. They wanted to call it *Town and Campus*. I was very sleepy



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# *thank you, gentlemen*

*For your hundreds of letters on Don Wharton's recent article, "Billion-Dollar Service Station," and for your interested comments on this analysis of the military and economic importance of the Hawaiian Islands. We acknowledge particularly the response from the following officials who expressed keen interest in this phase of our national defense.*

### *THE CABINET*

HOMER CUMMINGS, Attorney General
CORDELL HULL, Secretary of State
DANIEL C. ROPER, Secretary of Commerce
HARRY H. WOODRING, Secretary of War

### *THE SENATE*

HOMER T. BONE, Washington
EDWARD R. BURKE, Nebraska
F. RYAN DUFFY, Wisconsin
GUY M. GILLETTE, Iowa
CLYDE L. HERRING, Iowa
RUSH D. HOLT, West Virginia
M. M. LOGAN, Kentucky
HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR., Mass.
ROBERT R. REYNOLDS, North Carolina
ROBERT F. WAGNER, New York

### *THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES*

WILLIAM F. ALLEN, Delaware
RICHARD M. ATKINSON, Tennessee
W. B. BANKHEAD, Alabama
C. JASPER BELL, Missouri
RALPH O. BREWSTER, Maine
FRANCIS CASE, South Dakota
WALTER CHANDLER, Tennessee
D. WORTH CLARK, Idaho
HAROLD D. COOLEY, North Carolina
FRED L. CRAWFORD, Michigan
EUGENE B. CROWE, Indiana
THOMAS H. CULLEN, New York
FRED CUMMINGS, Colorado
ALBERT J. ENGEL, Michigan
OLIVER W. FREY, Pennsylvania
ARTHUR D. HEALEY, Mass.
SAM HOBBS, Alabama
ED. V. IZAC, California
PETE JARMAN, Alabama
LUTHER A. JOHNSON, Texas
FRANK C. KNIFFIN, Ohio
WARREN G. MAGNUSON, Washington
GEORGE H. MAHON, Texas
MAURY MAVERICK, Texas
JOHN L. MCCLELLAN, Arkansas
JOHN MCSWEENEY, Ohio
J. R. MITCHELL, Tennessee
ABE MURDOCK, Utah
MARY T. NORTON, New Jersey
NAT PATTON, Texas
ALFRED N. PHILLIPS, JR., Conn.
D. LANE POWERS, New Jersey
SAM RAYBURN, Texas
EDITH NOURSE ROGERS, Mass.
BYRON N. SCOTT, California
BRENT SPENCE, Kentucky
JOE STARNES, Alabama
JOHN TABER, New York
CARL VINSON, Georgia
OTHA D. WEARIN, Iowa


# Scribner's Magazine

*influences the important public*


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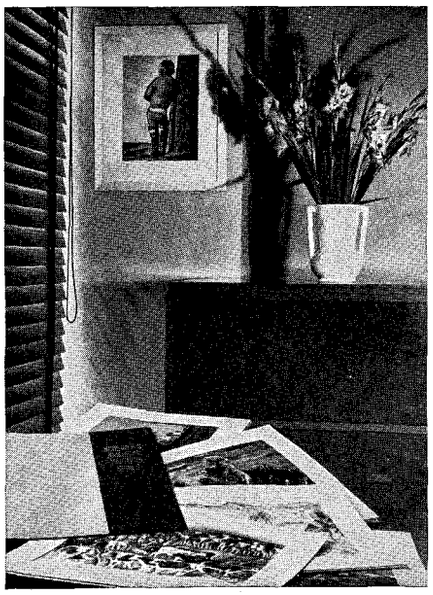


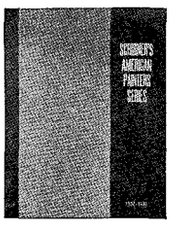
# For Your Home

Unstinted praise greeted the brilliant series of pictures reproduced in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE during 1937. Now all of these superb paintings have been collected into a handsome portfolio. For color and distinction in your home, why not reserve a copy of this significant document on modern American art? *Scribner's American Painters Portfolio* contains:

FALL PLOWING . . . . . by John Costigan
LOWER MANHATTAN . . . by Millard Sheets
DOWN THE RABBIT-HOLE . . by Saul Schary
GREENLAND WOMAN . . . by Rockwell Kent
DON JUAN, SANTO DOMINGO by George Biddle
WHITE-FACED CATTLE . . by Howard Cook
DECK OF A BEAM TRAWLER by Edward Hopper
NEGRO CABIN AND PALMS by Winslow Homer
SLEEPING CHILD . . . . by Isabel Bishop
FLOOD DETAIL . . . . . by Jon Corbino

These ten authentically great pictures will lend color and distinction to your home. As the number is limited, order your copy early.

Under sales supervision of
F.A.R. Gallery, 19 E. 61st St., N. Y. C.
New York Graphic Society, 10 W. 33d St., N. Y. C.
—exclusive wholesale distributor



**SCRIBNER'S AMERICAN PAINTERS PORTFOLIO**

**SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE**
570 Lexington Avenue, New York

Please send me postpaid ( ) copies of *Scribner's American Painters Portfolio* at $7.50 each.

I enclose a check for $.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

and very sick of fooling around with this name problem so I merely yawned and said that the dummies had all been printed. As a matter of fact, they hadn't but it seemed the easiest way out of the argument. So the name *Esquire* stuck."

## *Still Marching Through Georgia*

In this part of our March issue we ran a little item about SCRIBNER'S being selected as the favorite magazine of the SAE chapter at Emory University. We headed this item "Marching Through Georgia" and then forgot about it. Until a letter came in from Florida, an anonymous letter warning us that "damyankeescribner's was going to get hell from Georgia." This letter lay in our basket for a month, waiting lonesomely for some word from Georgia. Finally it came, in the form of a clipping from the Columbus, Ga., *Enquirer:*

"Readers of these columns," the *Enquirer* said, "have read high praise of SCRIBNER'S, for the past year, but with the present issue before us we are prepared to call it an almost perfect magazine. For with its March issue SCRIBNER'S has developed a sense of humor and without loss of its long recognized prestige."

## *Record*

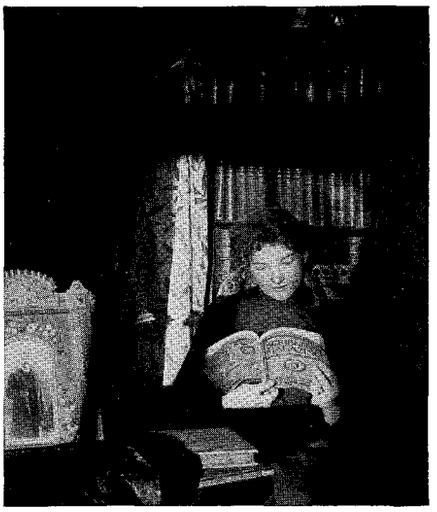
Our circulation department has given us a memo on the March sales. (1) To the effect that reports from distributors and wires for re-orders indicate a record newsstand sale and (2) that subscriptions as of that issue were 48.2 per cent over subscriptions as of March, 1937.

## *Advertising*

Percentages and graphs are also showered on us from the advertising department. It seems that the advertising revenues of the first quarter of 1938 are 52 per cent above those of the same quarter of 1937. January is up 49 per cent, February 43 per cent, March 63 per cent.

## *331 Words*

Last fall Don Herold casually turned in his copy for our November issue and went on about his many other activities. He never suspected that one of his brief pieces, *trains,* was going to develop into a little *Message to Garcia.* But it did. When the November issue was out requests to reprint *trains* began pouring in. The Missouri Pacific Lines wanted to reprint it in their magazine; the New York Central wanted to put it on their menu cards; the Southern Pacific in its *Bulletin;* the Traffic and Transportation Association in their monthly, and the Pennsylvania Railroad in *Train Talks.* The reprints authorized to date add up to around 1,000,000 copies.



## *Half-Century Ago*

One of the most heart-warming letters we've received this month is from Miss Margaret Ann Watts, of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Miss Watts sent in the photograph you see in this column and wrote: "This is a picture of my aunt who was quite a beauty. Her name was Ella Bray. She was a strawberry blonde with brown eyes. She died when she was nineteen. She was about sixteen when the picture was taken in Socorro, New Mexico, fifty years ago."

## *Great-Great-Grandson of the Revolution*

The article on Eli Whitney's second invention (Page 28) is the second Roger Burlingame has done for us this year. The first was on the rifle that won the Revolution. This rifle was developed by the expert gunsmiths of Pennsylvania, one of whom bore the name of Albright, another that of Henry. Shortly after publishing this article we received a subscription order from Chester E. Albright, a member of the Philadelphia engineering firm of Albright & Friel. Mr. Albright informs us that "the said Albright in this article was the great-great-grandfather (born in 1718) of the writer. The said Henry was the grand son-in-law of the said Albright, who learned his trade as a gunsmith in his factory at Lititz, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. The writer of this letter was born in the summer of 1859, and recalls the life of the Albright family. Very few of this kin are left to carry on the name of this branch of the family."

## *Farm Quiz*

After worrying with SCRIBNER Quizzes for a good many months, Mrs. J. V. Stevenson of Streator, Illinois, de-



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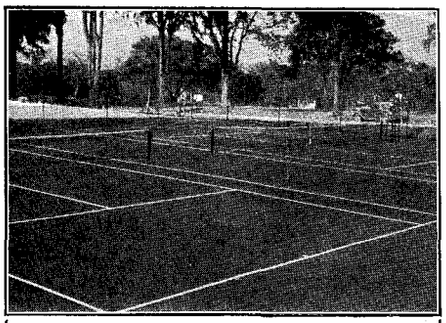
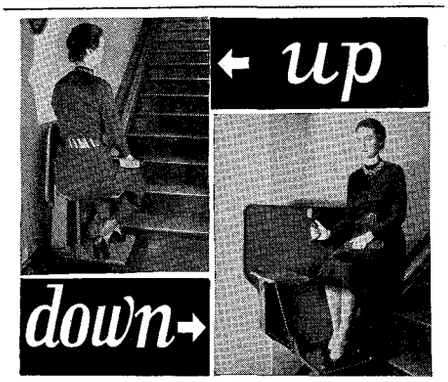


## A True Grass Bounce — and All-Weather Play

Corkturf is the only permanent tennis court surface which gives the real grass bounce. Although it is resilient and easy on the feet, it *is* a permanent all-season court, permitting play almost immediately after rain and early in the spring and late in the fall. No winter protection is necessary and the court remains always in good playable condition without any care or maintenance expense.

*"A Permanent Investment in Beauty and Service"*

**CORKTURF, INC.**
**412 Court Street · Utica, N. Y.**

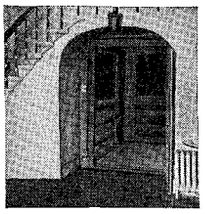



## WHY SHORTEN YOUR YEARS

***By Needless Stair Climbing?***

Stair climbing is a dangerous form of over-exertion for many persons, as doctors will tell you. The Sedgwick Electric Stair-Travelor, pictured above, carries one or two persons up or down stairs by merely pressing a button. The Sedgwick Electric Elevator, illustrated below, is available in car sizes to meet all family and guest needs. Every Sedgwick is designed for long service and greatest possible operating economy. Readily installed in any residence at moderate cost. Deferred payments, if desired.

*Every Modern Home Should Have An Elevator*



SEDGWICK
MACHINE WORKS
143 West 15th St.
New York
*Established 1893*

**WRITE FOR BOOKLET**

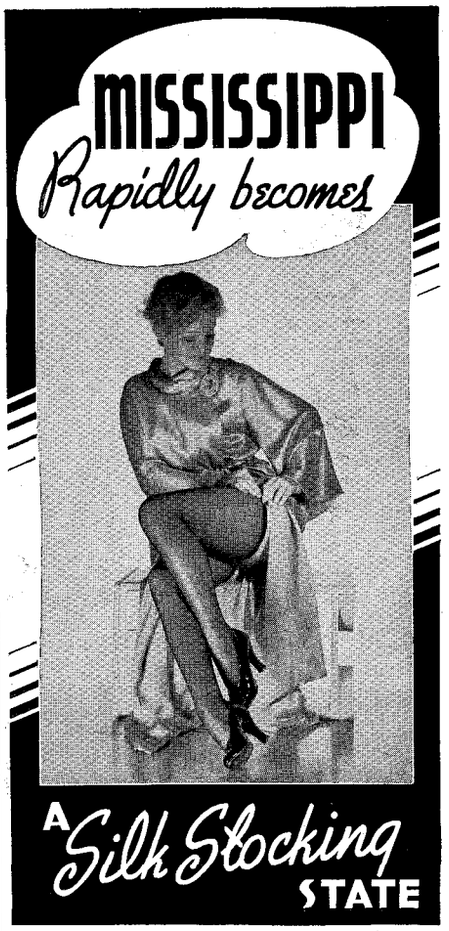
Sedgwick

cided to do a turnabout. From the heart of the farming district, she sends in the following agricultural quiz. Only one member of our staff broke eighty on it. (Answers on page 95.)

1. Peanuts grow—on vines, under ground, on trees.
2. A gelding is a—cow, mule, horse.
3. A young Tom is a—chicken, turkey, duck.
4. Whey is the by-product of—distilleries, dairy plants, packing houses.
5. An ear of corn always has—an even, odd number of rows.
6. A whiffletree is used on a—churn, buggy, goat.
7. Bluegrass is—blue, red, green, yellow.
8. A "heaver" is a—cow, horse, pig.
9. A shote is a—rabbit, hog, fruit.
10. The number of pounds of milk the average cow gives per day is—100, 80, 16, 3.

### *Notes*

In 1925 Stanley Jones sold his first published short story to SCRIBNER'S and immediately gave up his advertising job to make writing his full-time work. Since then his stories and articles have appeared not only in SCRIBNER'S, but also in the *Post, Collier's,* and other magazines. He met Steve Hannagan a couple of years ago when both of them were working with Lord & Thomas advertising agency. Both men have offices in the same building now and so Mr. Jones was able to keep close tabs on his subject. . . . Brice Taylor is an employee in the Government Printing Office in Washington, formerly a country newspaper editor and timber cruiser in the Southwest. . . . Jackson Edwards is a pseudonym. . . . Helen Wertheim, who lives in Asbury Park, N. J., has two daughters—aged five and eight—and, she writes, "a practical, and at times baffling, opportunity to indulge my favorite hobby—child psychology." . . . Kurt Steel is the author of *Murder for What?, Murder of a Dead Man, Murder in G Sharp,* and *Murder Goes to College.* This last-named novel was filmed by Paramount. . . . Genevieve Willcox Chandler is a South Carolinian who saw service in the World War. She was a Y. M. C. A. worker with the 42nd and 4th Divisions and, on her return from France, she married a sergeant of the 30th Division—the one that broke the Hindenburg Line. Her home is at Murrells Inlet. . . . Lucius Beebe is on the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune.* One of his books is about trains. Among a great many other things, he writes a syndicated column called, "This New York."




Full-fashioned hosiery from Mississippi mills is now a reality. This recent and rapid addition to the state's expanding list of new industries has revealed that Mississippi offers experienced hosiery manufacturers those requisities so necessary to efficient and profitable operation—

1. **A climate favorable to intricate knitting machinery.**
2. **Long hours of daylight and sunshine.**
3. **Friendly and intelligent workers.**
4. **Fast distribution facilities—to all markets of the New South and the Nation.**
5. **Communities that cooperate with industry to the mutual advantage of business and labor.**
6. **State laws favorable to sound industrial development.**

Hosiery knitting is only one of the state's many industrial activities that are enjoying profitable operation. Investigate the New Mississippi! A friendly people, an ideal climate, an abundance of raw materials, plus laws favorable to sound industry, await you. Your inquiry will be considered confidential. Write—

**MISSISSIPPI**
**INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION**
**A Department of the State of Mississippi**
**JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI**

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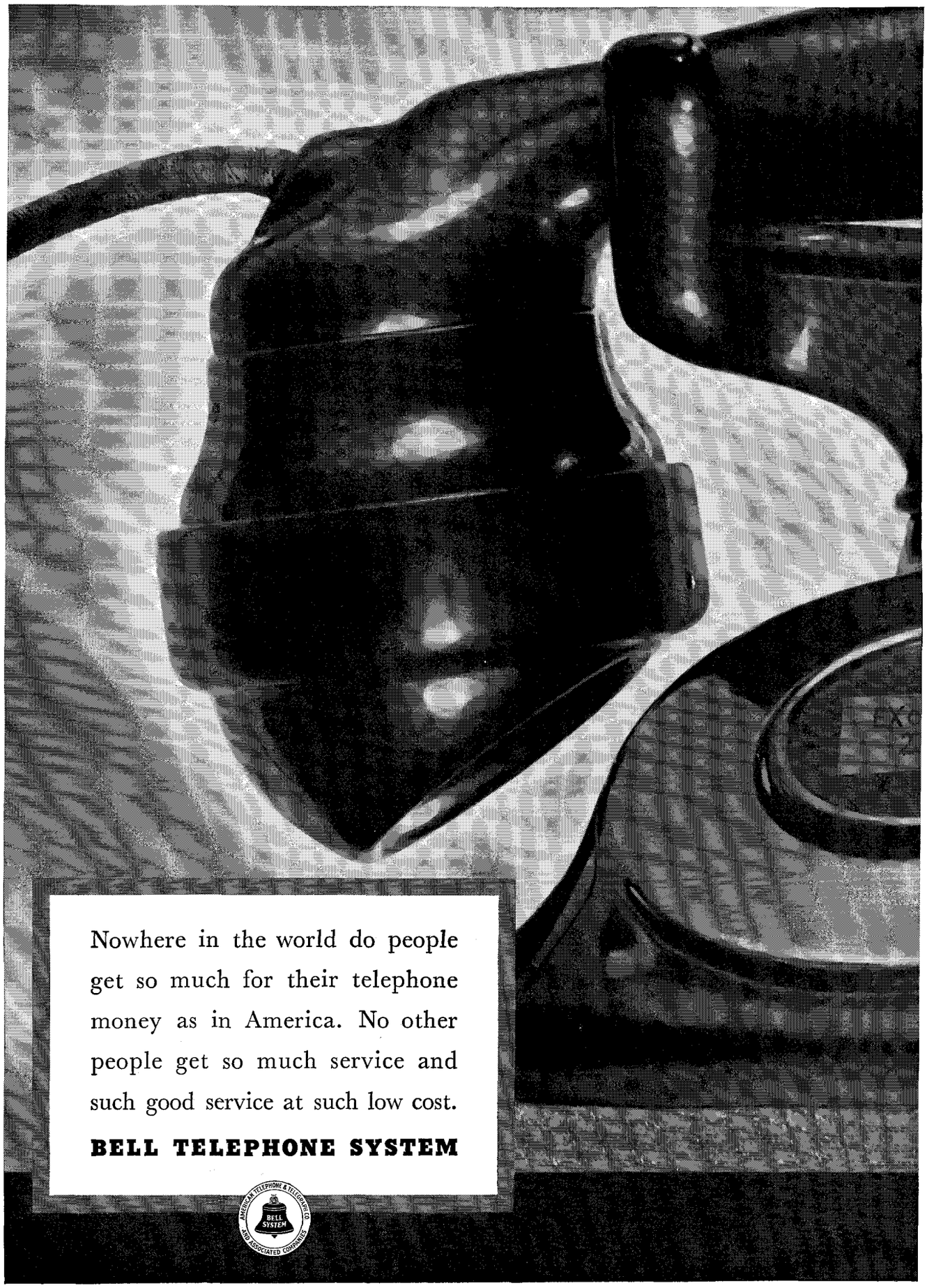
# THE BIGGEST TELEPHONE VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY



Nowhere in the world do people get so much for their telephone money as in America. No other people get so much service and such good service at such low cost.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

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Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume 103, Number 5 May, 1938

# STEVE HANNAGAN

## BY STANLEY JONES

ACCORDING to Hannagan . . ."

Hardly a day passes without the printing of these three words in the paragraphs of some of the country's leading newspapermen. It is the three-note symbol—or sign-off—which accompanies fresh publicity on Steve Hannagan's clients.

It is also the tributary tagline of newspapermen who like Hannagan not only for his news, but for himself. Steve is a newspaperman's press agent. Reared in the newspaper business, he was writing signed articles for metropolitan dailies at seventeen, directing publicity for the first event to attract 100,000 paid spectators at twenty. Now only thirty-eight, he has become a living myth, one of the most successful press agents in the country.

Most people accept Hollywood's portrait of a press agent as a stunt man, without realizing that he has come to be more potent, socially speaking, than a hundred Nicholas Murray Butlers all talking at once. Publicity grabbing may be part of his work, or none—his main task may be to keep his client *out* of the papers. The press agent affects the lives of millions of persons because he has a hand in the preparation of material for the newspapers, magazines, newsreels, movies, radio, and other avenues of attention. He influences in ways subtle and otherwise what we eat, where we go, what we think. And his most effective work is done, not among "the masses," but among the middle- and higher-income brackets where God is supposed to have distributed brains more plenti-

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *the press agent who is already a living myth . . . how he works, what he earns . . . how he changes the habits of millions of people*



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*Pretty girls get no fees when they pose for these publicity pictures. "They're glad to do it for Hannagan"*

fully. He is the motivating force in the spending of millions of dollars every year.

## II

In an age of "public relations counselors" Hannagan calls himself a press agent, and he will admit, under severe grilling, that he is a good one. His record indicates that he is not talking through his hat, which he wears cocked on the side of his head in the oblique fashion of the late Odd McIntyre, an early idol.

Hannagan started out from Lafayette, Indiana, to write his way to fortune. His principal equipment consisted of a cap, a grin like a slashed cantaloupe, a nose for news, and a terrific amount of energy. He has today, as then, the sustained energy of a turbine with direct pipe line to a gusher. Words do not issue from Hannagan in streams; they explode in jets. Behind a shrewd Irish-American face, thoughts stampede for the exits of expression. When they burst forth, marshaled by quick gestures, no one within earshot is in any doubt as to where Hannagan stands.

Leaving the town of Lafayette, Hannagan paused briefly at Purdue University. To his logical mind, it seemed illogical that a student should be making more money than the professors who taught him. At the time, he was earning $28.50 a week as City Editor of the Lafayette *Morning Journal,* plus $25 a week as correspondent for metropolitan newspapers. At nineteen, then, he took a step which he was later to repeat. He accepted a decrease in income to write sports for a "bigger town" paper, the Indianapolis *Star*—salary $30 a week.

Hannagan next took a flier at advertising copy. The Russell M. Seeds Company hired him to extol "Pinex," a home cough syrup, Milk's Emulsion, and "Don Sung," a Chinese remedy which made hens lay . . . according to Hannagan. He also advertised the Stutz Motor Company's "Bearcat" car. So ran the road to the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, his first big-time promotion.



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The first 500-Mile Race roared into America's motor consciousness in 1911. It attracted some thirty daredevils, drew a crowd of 50,000. When it was resumed, after a lapse in 1917 and 1918 because the Speedway had been used as a flying field, directors became dissatisfied with the publicity. Carl G. Fisher, who had $5,000,000 in his pocket from the sale of his Prest-O-Lite Company, hired young Hannagan to step it up. Automobile reporting took a new turn. Hitherto concerned almost exclusively with motor parts and their workings, it lacked human interest. Not knowing a spark plug from a crankshaft, Steve did the only thing a good reporter could do—he wrote about the men who drove the cars. Tommy Milton, Ralph DePalma, Barney Oldfield, Roscoe Sarles, Joe Boyer, Howdy Wilcox. Hannagan's typewriter spilled their lives, their families, their superstitions, their "color" into columns from coast to coast.

Editors liked these faster paced stories. The Speedway got more publicity than it had ever had . . . crowds got bigger . . . and Hannagan became as much a part of the Indianapolis motor classic as the checkered finish flag. Last year 170,000 people paid to witness its thrills. Hannagan's outfit still supervises this promotion, but most of the work is now done by Joe Copps, one of Hannagan's associates.

In 1921, Hannagan flew all over the country with Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, who was then promoting the Rickenbacker motorcar. In this interim between Speedway races, he had touched fame in the persons of Ray Long, Jimmy Quirk, Roy Howard, and O. O. McIntrye—of whom only Howard now survives. These contacts fired him with an urge to go to New York. Howard sent him to Karl Bickel, then president of United Press, who hired him at $50 a week. Hannagan was willing, again, to slash his income to get to a larger field.

From United Press, in which he covered anything from Police to Features, he did a long stretch with N.E.A. Service. With this background, plus a flair for contacts and business, Hannagan was now ready for the job which made him best known.

## III

Having watched his protégé vindicate his choice at the Indianapolis Speedway, Carl Fisher turned South, to build an incredible pleasure empire out of nothing. He pumped sand and soil from the floor of Biscayne Bay over the stumps of a mangrove thicket to make Miami Beach. In 1923 he called Hannagan to tell the unsuspecting world about it.

Hannagan drove straight to the heart of things. What did he have that California lacked? This: You could bathe here in January in a surf warmer than Los Angeles' in August. And what is the chief crowd come-on in surf bathing? "Why, LEGS, you damn fool!" said realist Hannagan. *Only* in Florida waters could hard-pressed newspaper editors find pictures of Gorgeous Girls with Lovely Legs in midwinter.

Riding this simple yet compelling sales theme, Steve Hannagan built publicity into an art and a big business at Miami Beach. In the doing, he created the Miami Beach News Bureau, a publicity service which has been the model for countless other resorts. His Florida staff consists of eleven old-time newspapermen, headed by competent Joe Copps, a placid native son. They are on the job five months a year, and the municipality esteems Hannagan's services to the tune of $25,000 a season.

How does the city estimate its dollars and cents return on this investment? In the past three years building permits have been issued for new construction in Miami Beach to a figure exceeding $30,000,000. Yacht anchorage, another business barometer, continues to rise. If all the Miami Beach news developed by Hannagan had to be bought at space rates, it would probably run to more than a million dollars.

Hannagan refuses to estimate—or professes to refuse to estimate—publicity value by the number of clippings it draws. He has other ways. "At Miami Beach, we use garbage to check our attendance. All garbage is either scowed miles out into the ocean for dumping, or sent to Miami's incinerator. In either case it must be paid for by weight. So we keep a very accurate check on the 'Garbage Graph' at Miami Beach—its ups and downs tell us exactly how we're doin' in the number of visitors."

"Home-town paper please note" was another notable Hannagan origination. Credit Steve with the idea of sending pictures and write-ups to home-town papers. This stroke, a part of his fundamental merchandising of Miami Beach, was engendered purely by his own small-town heritage. *"Anybody,"* he says, "from *any* town, who went to Florida in the winter and could be pictured in a bathing suit, was important enough for a picture back home."

In pictorial news reporting, both static and newsreel,



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*Typical Hannagan stunt photos: Every Christmas at Miami Beach, Santa Claus poses in his bathing suit*

Hannagan relies a great deal on one thing—contrasts. Bathing girls on skis . . . Fur wraps over bathing suits in fashion shows . . . Ice hockey in tropic surroundings . . . Santa Claus in swimming. Along with his girls, however, Steve Hannagan developed some rather unusual rules for his press-agenting. He covers bad news in his territories, such as robberies, shootings, or hurricanes, with the same detail accorded the good. All he asks, blow fair or foul, is that MIAMI BEACH be mentioned.

One of his first wires to the United Press read: "FLASH—Julius Fleischmann just dropped dead on polo field here don't forget MIAMI BEACH date line." He reported the doings of Alphonse Capone, whose Palm Island home was just across the Bay from the Yacht estate of William K. Vanderbilt, with the same factual care devoted to visiting bluebloods, journeymen pugilists, or record swordfish.

This strange conduct on the part of a press agent won the press, traditionally suspicious of the free-space boys. Both businessmen and public relations counsels can sit at the knobby Hannagan knee and learn simple things of value from the way Miami Beach was promoted from a sand spit into a highly profitable pleasure resort. Hannagan himself might say:

*When the newsreels want an action shot, Hannagan gives them one. This one is a waiters' race along the beach*

"Be honest about your aims. If your clients have a real purpose for their product, their project, or themselves, you can be truthful and accurate. People will always go for your stuff—*if* it has news and is interestingly presented.

"When trouble crops up, don't run from it. No man in a jam ever hides if his conscience is clear and if he wants to remain in a business which *depends* on good will.

"Once you've won the confidence of people, don't ask too many favors."

Hannagan gets mad when anyone suggests that a few favors judiciously distributed among friends might give him an assist or two. He says, "I've got a lot of friends and if you'll show me the personal-service business that can be run without them, I'll buy the drinks. Every man past the panty-waist stage knows that the world revolves on a 'You kiss me and I'll kiss you axis.' I get help and I like to think I offer some in return."

Hannagan doesn't care much for any distinction between news that just happens and news that is created —"as long," he says, "as the event *actually* occurs. We do lots of crazy things in our pursuit of contrasts for our publicity releases. In one season at Miami Beach we had an Austrian nobleman sliding down a manufactured snow

*A picture which has both legs and action is the Hannagan ideal. Here's Rosie (a Hannagan employee) and friends*

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slide on skis, bang into a swimming pool with a background of palm trees. At the same time, with snow packed deep around the hot springs pool out at a Western winter resort, we had a girl in a bathing suit diving off a springboard covered with snow!

"These things were true—they happened. Hence, they are honest news."

## IV

FROM 1924 on, Hannagan handled not only Miami Beach and the Indianapolis Speedway, but several interesting people. Let it be said here that he will attempt to build nobody into a name personality unless that person has a legitimate business reason. Socialites and similar fry find no welcome at Hannagan's house. A prize fighter, on the other hand, or a dance team (Veloz and Yolanda are clients)—they're "business" in themselves.

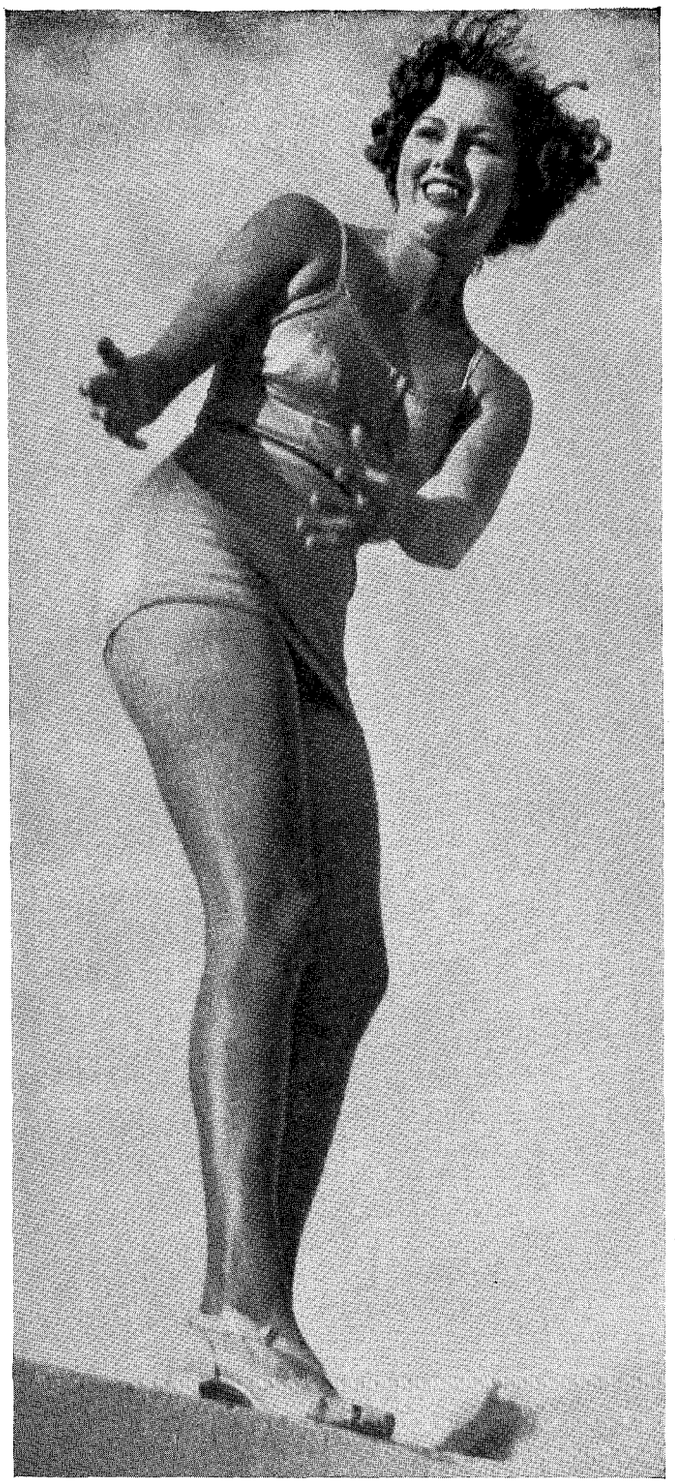
Hannagan spent part of every year from 1924 on with Gene Tunney, a type of pugilist new to the sports world. Hannagan took stock, recognized the paradox of genuineness and novelty, and exploited the fact that Tunney was "The prize fighter who read Shakespeare." He did this long before a match with Dempsey was projected and remained with Tunney until he retired. Thereafter, with Dempsey, Hannagan publicized the Sharkey-Stribling fight at Miami Beach in 1928, when Tex Rickard died. Their efforts resulted in a gross of $407,000—the second largest non-championship gate in boxing's history.

The build-up of the fight wasn't easy, and Hannagan's friends like to kid him about one incident. The news broke that Dempsey had been shot at by a night prowler. Reporters flocked to the scene, but not a bullet hole in the house could be found. This caused the Westbrook Peglers to begin raising their eyebrows, and the next day, according to some of the reporters, brought a nice, obvious bullet hole. Hannagan is still being kidded about this, but in his serious moments he claims he was framed.

Gar Wood is a sportsman who can thank Hannagan for righting his public relations speedboat after the Harmsworth Cup fiasco with English Kaye Don in 1931.

Before the race, reporters had heard Wood say that he was going to lead Don over the line. By so doing—"beating the gun" was what it amounted to—Don would have to turn with Wood and cross the starting line a second time, leaving Wood's *second* boat in the race (an inferior one) to go on to a hollow victory. So it worked out, with the added misfortune that the Englishman upset at high speed in Wood's wake during the race. The whole affair was a tragedy of misunderstanding, and Gar Wood was accused of very poor sportsmanship.

Hannagan induced Wood to come to New York. There Wood's pre-race remark was explained to the press: "Wood *had* stated that he intended to lead Don over the line. But by 'leading,' he meant to go over ahead of his rival, *not* ahead of the gun. He had intended to cut it close enough to stay within the rules, but to reach the first turn *first*. This was of vital importance, since the boats were evenly matched, and experts agreed that the strategy of victory lay in the race to the first turn."



*Of all bathing girl shots, this is Hannagan's favorite. It has the three publicity virtues: verve, beauty, action*

In any event, Hannagan did a job. To wind things up, Wood came to New York the following year, when Don returned. He met him at the pier, posed with him for news shots, greeted him later at Detroit. In addition, he offered the Englishman all facilities for participation, such as boat lifts and me- (*continued on page* 81)



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# Royal Diversion

## BRICE TAYLOR

THE ROAD, if it could be called such, was truly abominable. For two hours after leaving the Dallas highway we had jolted along the dim country trail, careful not to miss one of the white rag markers in the drifting mist. These we would locate on barbed wire, on fence posts, in bushes, or lying innocently on some brown hillside. Only the interested realized these apparently innocuous white strips blazed a trail to a Texas cockpit.

It was a gloomy day. My friend, Landers, was anything but talkative. He smoked, drank, and drove without speaking, seeming to resent any intrusion on his prerogative of silence. After a few efforts I gave up. The drive seemed interminable. The rural scene palled, and I dozed until Landers stopped to question a man walking along the road with a shotgun on his shoulder.

"Guard," he explained briefly, as he started the automobile again. "If I hadn't stopped, he would 'ave shot twice."

"At us?" I questioned.

"Naw. As a warnin'."

"As a warning?"

"To the fighters." He spoke with some scorn. "How'd he know we wasn't the Law?"

I wanted to ask other questions, but Landers' noncommittal answers made me shy. I lit a cigarette and waited, and a few minutes later we drove into a clearing in the woods. There were perhaps fifty automobiles parked nearby.

Here were men and women that might be seen at any sort of country affair. I recognized more than one face, a lawyer, a county official, a fellow reporter, a schoolteacher, but naturally the majority were farmers from the surrounding countryside. Training fighting cocks was a side line many of them found profitable, and a day at the fights was a real holiday. There was drinking, but the crowd was orderly and everybody seemed happy.

A fight started soon after we arrived. We crowded around the cockpit, which was merely a round place scooped out of the ground with a center line and two end lines spaced a certain distance from the center. A referee was standing in the ring. On either side of him stood men holding the cocks that were to fight.

"Ever'body ready?" the referee barked.

"Two on the Red Quill," Landers said.

"Bet," a man across the pit called.

Landers glanced at him and nodded.

Once more the referee held up his hand.

"Gentlemen, bill your cocks."

Placed beak to beak the two cocks pecked viciously at each other.

"All right," the referee's booming voice came again. "On the line."

The men backed to the lines at each end of the pit. They held the cocks on the ground until a count was made then released them to a strangely thrilling fight. There was no backing down, no running, no fear. It was a fight to the finish eagerly sought by both cocks. This one, how-

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ever, was brief. The Red Quill was too fast, too accurate. His opponent, a gray Texas Ranger, lay dying, gaffed to the heart, a minute later.

Landers took the two dollars.

"How'd you know?" I asked.

"That was one of Turner's Red Quills," he said significantly.

Turner, I learned, was one of the best breeders and trainers in the Southwest. His fighting cocks were sold all over the country and they held an unusual record for success. His reputation was high among the men who followed the game.

I saw Turner during several of the fights, a tall, seedy-looking man wearing gray knee boots and a gray coat. His hatchet face was a mass of wrinkles, and tobacco juice oozed from the corners of his humorous mouth. Everybody spoke to him as a friend, and it seemed I had known the man always after being around him a short time.

"Somethin' big's in the air," Landers told me after

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one of the fights. "Turner 'n' Baker's 'bout to tie up."

I waited silently.

"Baker is Turner's worst enemy," Landers offered.

"Grudge fight?"

"And how! Turner's got a cock he calls the Old Man. He's beat five o' Baker's best cocks in the last two years. Turner don't wanta fight but I gotta idea they'll arrange it."

This was the longest speech I had ever heard Landers make. I waited for more but after standing around a minute he was off to find out about the fight.

I began thinking how this sport of kings had degraded, had fallen out of popular esteem. I was thinking of old Themistocles inspiring his army against the Persians by showing them a cockfight, thinking of Plato and his friends watching the annual fight at Athens, of the Roman interest in the sport. I thought of Henry VIII and his royal cockpit at Whitehall, of the ardent support of James I and Charles II, of Hogarth's keen-eyed interest, of the spread to America. Then the gradual prohibition.

Once cockfighting was loved all over the world. Today only the Spanish-speaking countries and the Orient do not have laws against it. Although it is still widely carried on under cover in America, most of the states have banned the sport. We were seeing the fights subject to arrest.

I found Turner and Baker surrounded by a group of eager, expectant people and edged my way in.

"Tell you what I'll do, Baker," Turner was saying, his blue eyes twinkling. "I'll bet you five hundred on the fight without seeing your bird."

"A thousand or nothing." Baker kept wringing his pudgy hands. "You've taken me 'nuff times."

"All right," Turner agreed, "but don't blame me if I train 'em better than you do." He grinned and everybody laughed. Turner's humor was infectious.

Baker waved to one of his men who brought a beautiful white cock from a crate near by. The bird had long, slightly bowed legs and was a perfectly shaped game weighing exactly four pounds. His eyes literally shot fire. A gasp of admiration went up from the crowd. This must have been the faultless form at its best, a thing to bet on, to feel confidence in.

"That's a Dom, Turner," Baker said, a note of triumph in his voice. "Got him from England. If he don't take your Old Man, I'll quit fighting."

"I may hold you to that," Turner said, but his brown, happy face had lost its accustomed grin for a time.

He weighed the Old Man, as fine-looking Red Quill as had ever been seen, and standing a little aside saw that the long silver spurs, or gaffs, were strapped over the cock's clipped spurs correctly. For some time he held the Old Man in his arms lovingly, talking and rubbing his head against his cheek. At last he came back to Baker.

"I'll make it two thousand," he said. "And I'll put my car up for four hundred more. How 'bout it?"

Baker's fat face blanched. He looked at Turner, then at the white cock, at the crowd, then back at Turner.

"Gimme a minute, Turner."

"You wanted to fight, didn't you?"

"Sure," Baker hesitated, "but that's a hell of a lot of money."

"Not getting yellow, are you, Baker?"

Baker turned back. "Who's yellow? That cock o' mine'll whip two of your Red Quills."

"Let's go then."

"All right," Baker growled. "The bet's on."

Betting was lively but there were no odds. Despite the fact the Old Man was a veteran, the perfection of the Dom made it a matter of pure chance. I took a two-dollar bet, merely because Landers did, on the Red Quill. We were all glad when the preliminaries were over and the cocks were on the line ready to fight.

The count was made, but Turner's handler, overstrained and nervous, held the Old Man too long. The Dom was on him almost before he could get started. Falling backward the Red Quill parried as well as he could, presenting a pair of death-dealing gaffs working like machines, but the Dom had cut him deeply under the wing. Nothing could have stopped that white cock's attack, and it was only by an intimate knowledge of the game that the Old Man saved his life.

Circling rapidly, the cocks smashed together on the center line with an impact like football players. Fighting desperately they rose up, up over the heads of the gaping crowd, then came slowly to earth, the Old Man on top. The Dom extricated himself as they landed, jumped entirely over his enemy, and attacked from the rear. The Red Quill was growing groggy but seemed prepared for just such a move. He turned a quick forward somersault, carrying the Dom with him, and came up on top again. With incredible rapidity he wrapped his bowed legs around Baker's prize cock and shuffled, but the Dom was not there.

He had slipped from the Old Man's weakened attack, badly stuck but still fighting. Through eyes already closing, the Red Quill saw him coming, a fiend with outspread wings and slashing spurs. He met him with every ounce of power at his command. It was useless. A white streak, the Dom closed in and shuffled twice. The Old Man was dead.

Standing quietly by while the crowd cheered madly, the Dom erected himself and crowed, crowed defiance to all the world. Then he toppled over dead, his heart's blood slowly discoloring his snow-white breast.

It was fascinating. For some time I stared at the two gallant birds lying on the ground while the crowd went about its business of collecting bets, drinking and jesting about the fight. I was still there when a grinning old Negro picked up the cocks for a picnic the next day.

"Well, seen enough?" Landers was standing beside me.

"I guess so," I muttered.

"Meet you at the car in five minutes."

He drifted off among the trees. I noticed tears filling my eyes and started for the car. A man seems such a darned fool when he is crying.



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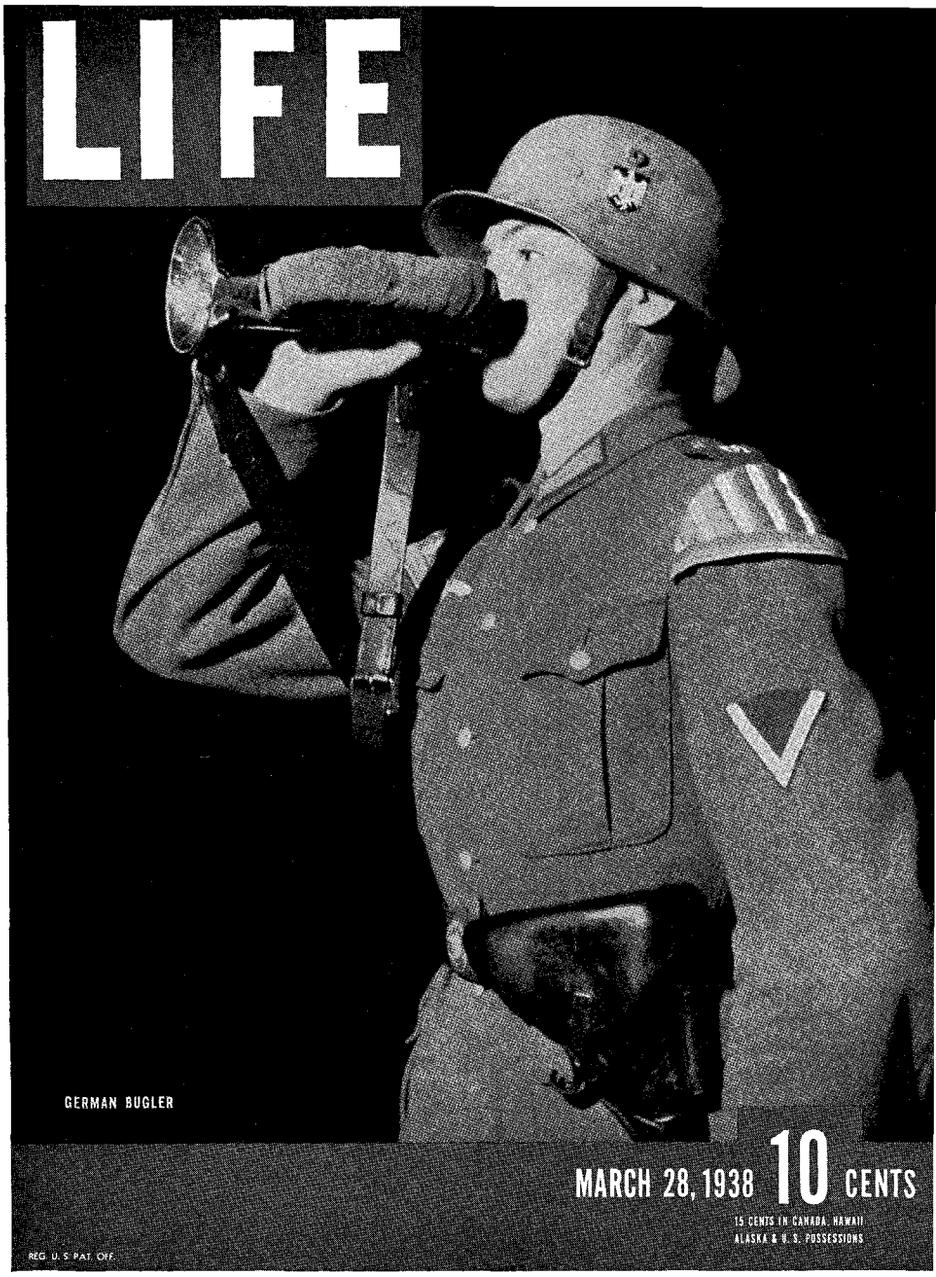
# ONE EVERY MINUTE

## JACKSON EDWARDS

*Picture magazines—the problem publications of the decade . . . selling 16,000,000 copies a month, making and losing millions of dollars*




SORRY—no more *Life.*"

"It's just out today!"

"They're all gone."

"Not even *one* left?"

"Just one—I'm holding it for a lady."

"I'll give you a quarter for it."

"Well, okay."

As the young man turned with the copy under his arm, a woman in a mink coat announced, "I'll have that copy of *Life* you promised to save."

"Sorry, lady, it's after five. You didn't come in. I just sold to him."

She turned to the young man. "I know I've no right to ask you . . . But I simply must have a copy of *Life* . . . I've invited a lot of friends to come to a cocktail party—promised them I'd have a copy of *Life* . . . Would you mind, very much? . . . If you'd just let me borrow it for a few hours, my chauffeur'll return it before eight."

This actually happened. And in the past year the presses of a dozen picture magazines have been running at terrific speed to satisfy the public's demand for picture magazines. Yet, go back a few years ago and you will find *Mid-Week Pictorial* struggling to push its circulation beyond a paltry 25,000. More than a dozen foreign picture magazines were available in metropolitan libraries and newsstands, but they went practically unnoticed by public and publishers alike. What happened?

Simply this: Pictures were rediscovered as language. Late Paleolithic Man's knowledge that pictures could be made to tell a story was capitalized. The significant difference between the old unsuccessful *Mid-Week Pictorial* and today's picture magazines is that the old technique of publishing pages of unrelated photos has been dropped for stories-in-pictures.

Today, over sixteen million copies of picture magazines are bought every month. The number of photographs reproduced runs into the thousands. Yet they are only a selection from the hundreds of thousands sent to editors.

Obviously, pictures are the life blood of the picture magazines. Magazines get them by the thousand from picture syndicates and newsphoto services. Publicity men and professional and amateur free-lance photographers are the next highest source, and last, staff photographers. The staff men take only a fraction of the total, but they account for a very high percentage of the pictures actually used.

On the go all the time, these staff photographers see how differently people react to having their pictures taken. A *Life* photographer tells of journeying through a steel mill where, the instant steelworkers noticed his camera, they'd assume highly dramatic poses. Another photographer, taking pictures of high-school life in San Antonio, was amazed at the students' sophisticated co-operation: they didn't pose; they didn't look at the camera; they behaved naturally. A photographer sent to photograph Man



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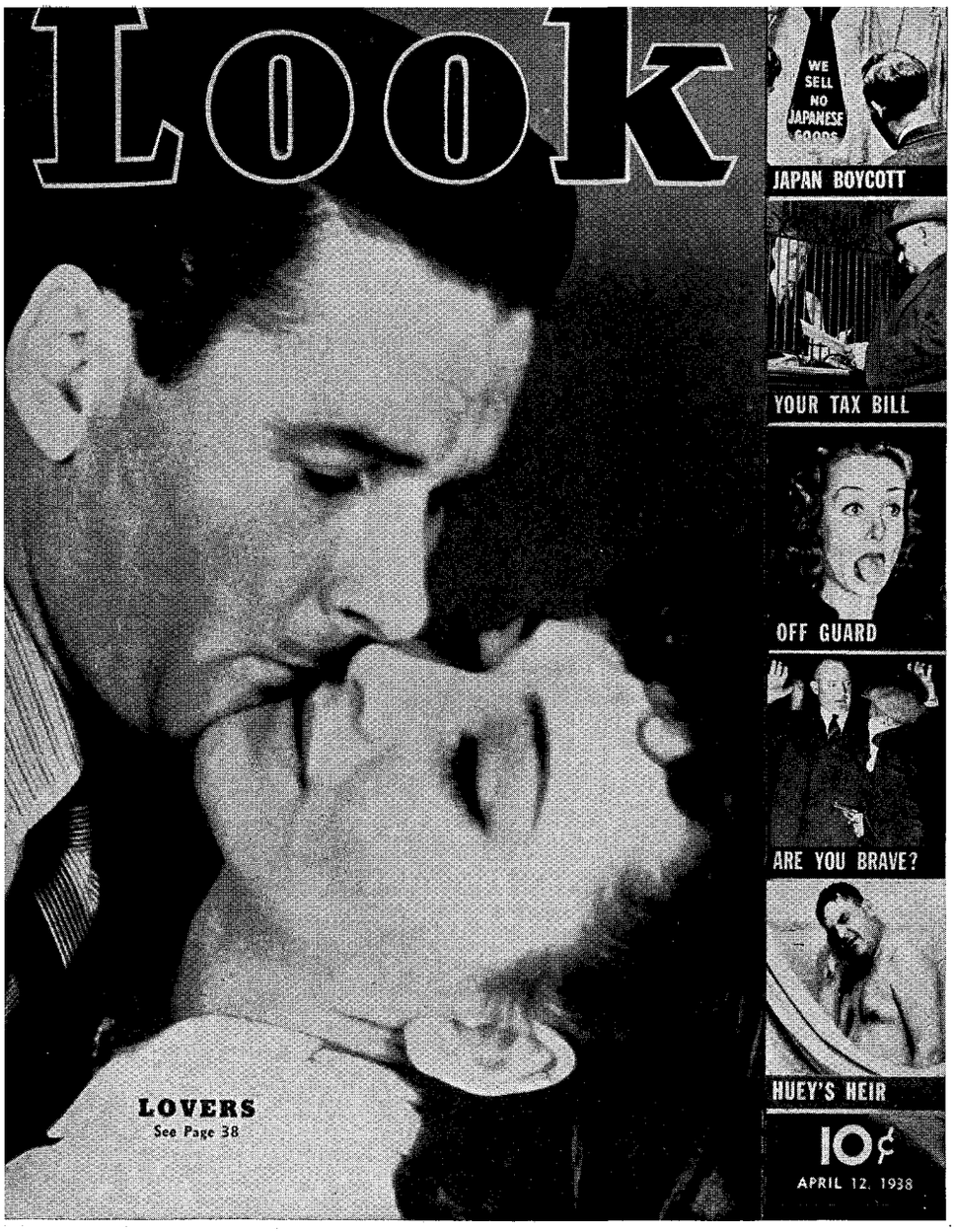


o' War came back saying that he could get no interesting pictures. Man o' War had been photographed so many times he insisted on looking at the camera.

Photographers and photography have come a long way since the old days, when a photographer used clamps to hold his subject's head steady. But the idea for a picture magazine is almost as old as the century. In the past thirty years probably five hundred people have been bitten by it. But magazine ideas are worthless unless accompanied by money. Without the backing to give it a whirl, the idea might as well not have existed. In the picture field nothing really happened until the idea was pulled out of the air by two publishers who had money as well as brains.

## II

Tracing the origins of the picture magazines is something like unraveling a web constructed by a dozen or more spiders. The histories of Time Inc., the Des Moines *Register & Tribune,* the defunct *Daily Graphic, Mid-Week Pictorial,* the New York *Daily News,* Dr. Gallup, the movies, advertising photography, foreign picture magazines, improved cameras and films—all provide some of the elements from which the picture magazines grew.

It is all very complicated. Take *Life,* to begin with. Back in 1931 Henry Luce, the publisher, stared out over Manhattan's skyline. *Time* lay heavy on his hands. It was a big success, and, by any standards other than *Time's,* so was *Fortune.* Luce, who never played, had more than enough money to invest in something. He had a hankering to own a big metropolitan newspaper. With his *March of Time* he had his fingers in radio. The early 1930's found him getting into motion pictures, becoming a director of Paramount Pictures, dickering for another magazine called *Architectural Forum.*

Still he was unsatisfied. There was the old need to build something big, epoch-making; there was the money and the ambition, and there, of course, was the picture-magazine idea. Luce perhaps reflected that each week American citizens saw many pictures in newspapers and movies, art pictures in art magazines, scientific pictures in scientific journals, travel pictures in the *National Geographic,* movie stills in the movie magazines. But nowhere was the cream of the world's pictures brought together; nowhere could mankind sit down once a week and look. . . .

Luce's friends warned him . . . "*Time* and *Fortune* are not edited for mass readership. You don't know how to edit for the masses!" They warned him, but he went ahead.

*Time* and *Fortune* helped him to a new slant on the type of pictures people were most interested in seeing. Subscribers showed special interest in certain pictures made by a Dr. Salomon, who had developed a remarkable technique for getting into places where he wasn't wanted to shoot pictures of the high-and-mighty with their mouths agape, collars off, and hair down. For instance, such pictures as those he made of Hoover and Laval. Dr. Salomon, although he is officially not so credited, should go down in history as "The Great Leveler," patron saint for all candid cameramen. He was the first cameraman to bring to perfection the fine art of clicking his shutter at the exact wrong moment.

*Fortune,* too, helped by attracting such photographers as Margaret Bourke-White and Peter Stackpole. Luce saw some fine pictures. And in the winter of 1934 he saw something of J. Stirling Getchell, the advertising-agency man. Getchell was well-known for the dynamic photos he used in Plymouth's advertising. Before him, automotive ads had been illustrated with unrealistic drawings. He helped to change that and he got interested in everything photographic. He had ideas of his own about a picture magazine, and when he heard of Luce's interest he asked for a dummy. Thus began another complication in the history of the picture magazines. It is difficult to determine how much Getchell had to do with shaping *Life,* but he was responsible for one competitor, *Picture* (1938–1938).



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But nothing much happened in 1934, and before Luce decided to go ahead, he investigated possible picture sources. He hadn't proceeded far when he came to the interesting picture experiments being carried on in the Des Moines *Register & Tribune,* owned by the Cowles. The Cowles were personal friends of Luce and Larsen. They were shown an early *Life* dummy and in turn showed Luce and Larsen their dummy.

The Cowles were after mass circulation, something Luce wasn't thinking about then. There was another important difference—in the long run probably even more important. Luce, essentially a teacher, wanted a magazine that disseminated news-in-pictures. Gardner Cowles, Jr., the younger brother of John, now editor of *Look,* was convinced that the pictures should be chosen because they were in themselves interesting, not because they happened last week, or the week before. Both agreed on one thing, however —a picture is the shortest distance between an idea and the human mind.

During the fall of 1935 Luce and his personal assistant, Dan Longwell, spent their Saturday evenings in Luce's private office, down on their knees with all of *Time's* weekly gathering of newsphotos spread over the plush carpeting. Late one Saturday night, according to this story, Luce and Longwell, after selecting a spread, were looking at their pictures when in came a cleaning woman. Luce showed her the pictures and asked if she'd pay a dime to look at them every week. Whatever her answer, late 1935 found Kurt Korff, of the *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung,* joining Time Inc. In January, 1936, a *Time* experimental department was organized to work out the forthcoming picture magazine. The plans were shrouded in secrecy, and not even all *Time* staff members knew what was up. It was whispered to the regular staff that this mysterious project was a new picture section for *Time.* That spring, partial dummies on the famous floods were developed; also an illustrated promotion piece for *The March of Time.* Then Kurt Korff left and disappeared into the Hearst organization.

*Pictures, Inc.* was formed. It had first magazine reproduction rights for photos of the Associated Press, Acme, International News, and Wide World. But *Life's* editors quickly learned that ordinary newsphotos rarely have what *Life* wants. More dummies were made up, one that summer, another in the fall. Referring to them, Luce has said: "They didn't help much—you can't tell how to edit a magazine until it's actually being published."

Although Time Inc's. picture magazine was nameless, an advertising department had been formed and was trying to sell space. Space salesmen made the most of the lack of a name by getting in to see advertisers on the pretext of asking them for suggestions. Everybody associated with *Time* was in a dither trying to think of a name. Among those suggested were: See, Look, Focus, Picture, Photo, and Parade. Luce himself came in one day, crying that he had found the right name. He wanted to call the magazine *Dime.* Then, for want of something better, Parade was used tentatively, until someone referred to the magazine as Uncle Harry's Show-Book. The name stuck, took the fancy of its namesake, Henry Luce, and became *Show-Book.*

Space salesmen, without even a dummy to show, solicited advertisers, promising a circulation of 250,000, but found it difficult to sell at $1500 a page. One typical advertising agency's opinion of the proposed magazine was: "We are open-minded on the proposed *Show-Book,* realizing that Time Inc. is qualified by experience and success. Since success frequently breeds success, this new mag offers an exciting gamble to the advertiser, but the payment of 140% premium in order to be in an entirely new mag seems entirely too high.

"The orders *Show-Book* quote so glibly are not worth the paper they are written on until the mag is published. There's lots of hysterical talk about the mag going to half a million or so!" Such was the majority opinion of those in the trade. However, by October, $1,700,000



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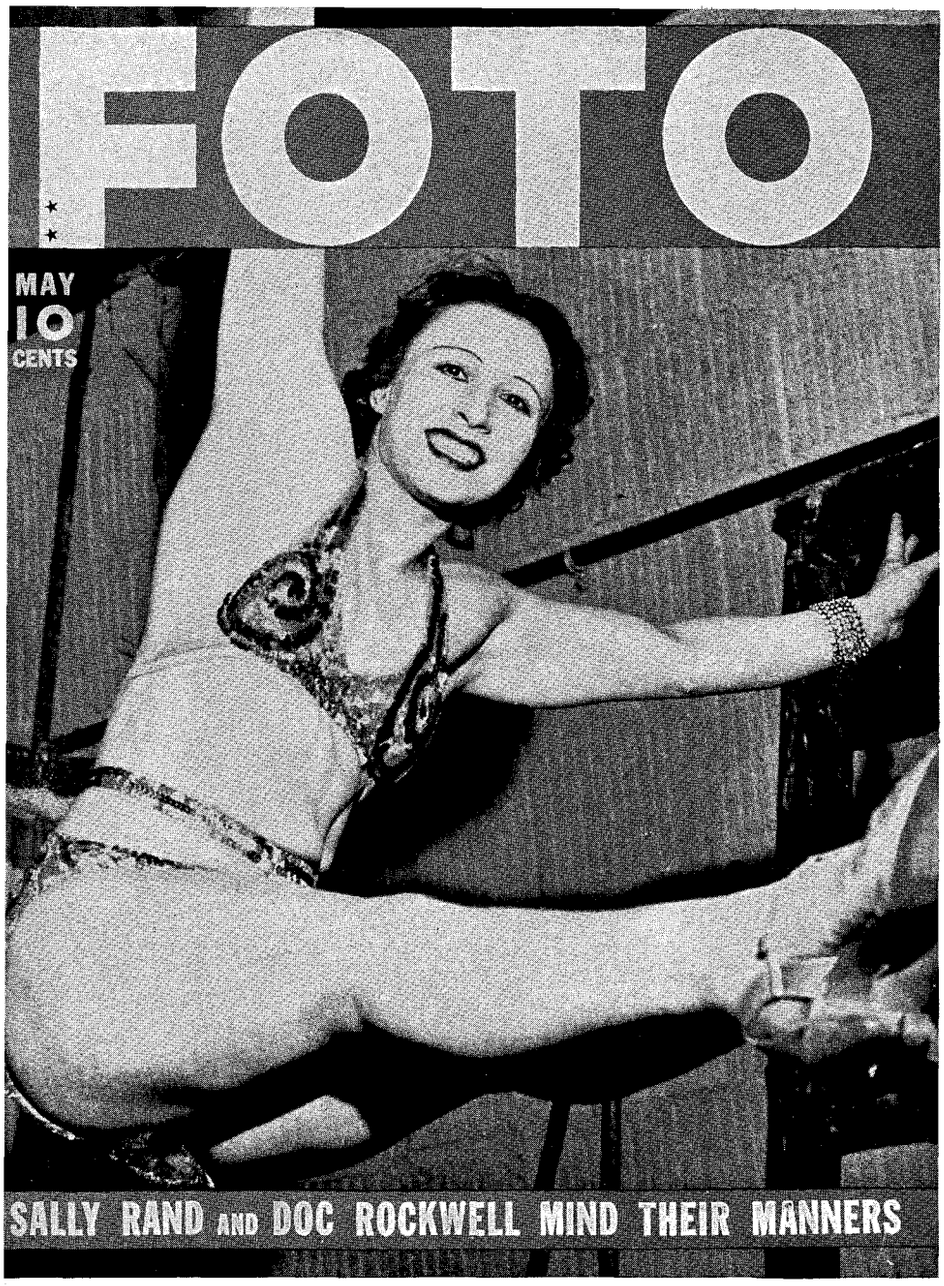


worth of advertising contracts had been signed up—contracts which were to cost much grief and money when *Life's* circulation boomed.

Before *Life* was out, however, the first of the new picture magazines appeared. Monte Bourjaily, eight years general manager of United Features Syndicate, had taken over the old New York *Times' Mid-Week Pictorial* and revitalized it. His first issue came out on October 10, 1936. His second sold over 100,000 copies, four times that of the old *Mid-Week*. But it was not to last long.

Meanwhile, an early confidential prospectus announced the purpose of Time Inc's. new magazine: "To see life; to see the world; to eyewitness great events; to watch the faces of the poor and the gestures of the proud; to see strange things—machines, armies, multitudes, shadows in the jungle and on the moon; to see man's work—his paintings, towers and discoveries; to see things thousands of miles away, things hidden behind walls and within rooms, things dangerous to come to; the women that men love and many children; to see and to take pleasure in seeing; to see and be amazed; to see and be instructed . . . this is the mission to be undertaken by a new kind of publication, THE SHOW-BOOK OF THE WORLD."

Not until just before publication was a title finally obtained. For $92,000 *Time* bought the title of the humorous monthly, *Life*. Actually *Time* had allocated $150,000 to buy the name, but while the dickering was going on, the old *Life* stockholders got panicky and accepted *Time's* early offer. After all—$92,000 is a lot for a four-letter word.

In a second prospectus Time Inc. announced to an unsuspecting public: "*Life* will show us the Man-of-the-Week . . . his body clothed and, if possible, nude." It will expose "the loves, scandals, and personal affairs of the plain and fancy citizen . . . and write around them a light, good-tempered 'colyumnist' review of these once private lives."

This way of describing *Life* was perfectly normal. The early dummies, for instance, always carried one nude. Word about these nudes went all over New York, and many a poor fool expected to find the first issue full of them. But whether or not Luce planned it that way, he quickly found he could get along without nudes. Subscribers had been solicited largely from *Fortune* and *Time* files at the "charter rate" of $3.50 a year. Sight unseen, *Life* secured more than 200,000 paid-in-advance subscriptions. The first issue, dated November 23 (1936), appeared, went to subscribers, and 200,000 copies were put on the newsstands. They sold out immediately. Dealers grumbled, compiling advance lists when reorders remained unfilled. Second-hand dealers charged $1 a copy, and to say that *Life* was a gigantic and immediate hit with the public is to err on the conservative side.

For some months to come there weren't enough copies to go around. The inability to obtain enough highly coated paper or to get presses whose ink would dry fast enough were the much publicized reasons for not supplying the public's demand. However, *Life* said that each issue was setting Time Inc. back $50,000. Advertising rates had been set too low. *Life* was a big success—and losing a fortune.

## III

LIFE is still experimenting, knowing that it can be improved. Before it began, its editors had no experience in using pictures as a language. They were writers. Today they are still writers and more apt to think in words than pictures. Luce says in his instructions to his editors, "Every *Life* story must have a definite angle . . . must be straightforward, clear-cut, simple. . . . Every story should be a superlative—never, never should any *Life* story deal with the second most beautiful girl!"

*Life's* layouts have set the style for others to follow. They are as unobtrusive as possible. Luce hates tricky layouts—caustically referring to them as "cookie shapes."



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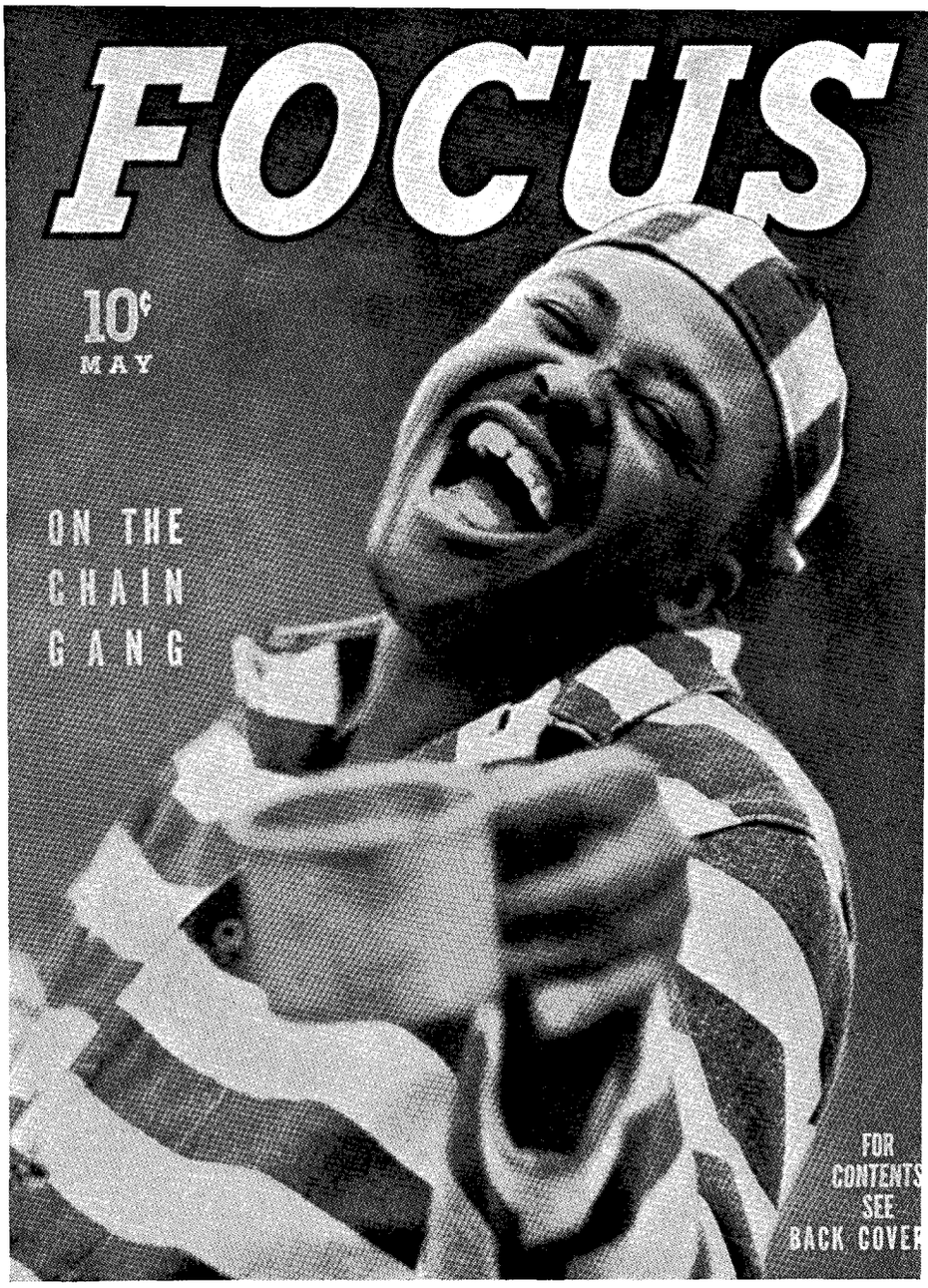


"Pictures," he says, "should stand on their own." He never looks at pictures closely, but stands away, head cocked, to escape the smoke of his cigarette, and scans the layout quickly, inevitably asking, "Does it make sense?"

But *Life* is afraid of pictures—a regular Pollyanna. Often it doesn't print its most striking photograph. Its editors struggle constantly to keep down sensationalism, terror, fear news, and horror. The reason: Pictures in themselves convey such stark realism. Because it's essentially a news magazine, a lot of its pictures are interesting solely because they are timely; six months after publication they become drab. Once, against his associates' protests, when Luce printed The-School-for-Undressing pictures, a sex series other picture editors would not have thought twice about, the batch of critical letters received was too much; no more sex for sex's sake in our *Life,* say the editors.

*Life's* big editorial problem, which it has not as yet satisfactorily solved, is to get a true picture synopsis of news stories. It easily gets pictures of most news events, but is hard put to get sequences which tell a complete story. Not many people are going to buy *Life* to see the newsphotos they've seen ten days ago in the newspapers. *Mid-Week Pictorial* tried that and died. *Life,* to function as a newsphoto magazine, has found it must get the behind-the-scenes and background photos—not available to newspapers. To do this it is relying on its dozen staff photographers.

In the first few issues, it was apparently Luce's plan to print information entirely. Now he has changed his philosophy of *Life* somewhat and permits some emotion as well as information. Concurrent with his marriage to Clare Booth Brokaw (playwright Clare Booth), Luce's publications have reflected several other changes of his philosophy. The old Luce was always serious, primarily interested in people. Previous to his second marriage, his interest in Art was small. *Time's* interest in Art had been motivated primarily by a story concerning the artist. But *Life,* born after his second marriage, with its reproductions of the old masters, evidenced his interest in Art for Art's sake. Again—Luce, for the first time in his life, is beginning to play. Formerly, he seldom attended parties, café-society life, or found much time for tennis. So to Luce's new married life might also be traced *Life's* interest in parties.

## IV

Life has broken practically all money-losing records. Getting six cents a copy from newsdealers, it went through 1937 spending slightly more than ten cents to put that copy on the newsstands. Today, its costs per copy are under ten cents, but high editorial costs, expensive paper and printing are not all. Losing money selling copies, *Life* has also lost money when it sold advertising. Before anyone knew what its circulation would be, the magazine's advertising department went after all contracts it could get, with rates set for a circulation of 250,000. When *Life* rode to well above a million, advertisers holding contracts jumped in with full schedules to get the circulation premium. *Look,* taking a lesson from *Life,* waited a year before accepting ads, then based their advertising rate on actual circulation delivered. *Life,* with advertising from its first issue, has lost four and five millions. During 1937 alone, it lost $3,424,000—more than $65,000 an issue. This tremendous loss changed the entire financial picture of Time Inc. Instead of a net income of $2,747,233 in 1936, it had in 1937 a net income of but $168,430. *Life's* losses wiped out the gigantic *Time* profits, $3,069,000. They then wiped out the trifling profits of Luce's *Architectural Forum,* and on top of that nearly three-fourths of the *Fortune* profits, $498,000. Coincident with *Life* losses, Time Inc. cut dividends from $2,264,475 in 1936 to $1,426,046 in 1937 and paid these reduced dividends, not out of net income, but out of accumulated reserves.

Any magazine except *Life* would be inclined to keep



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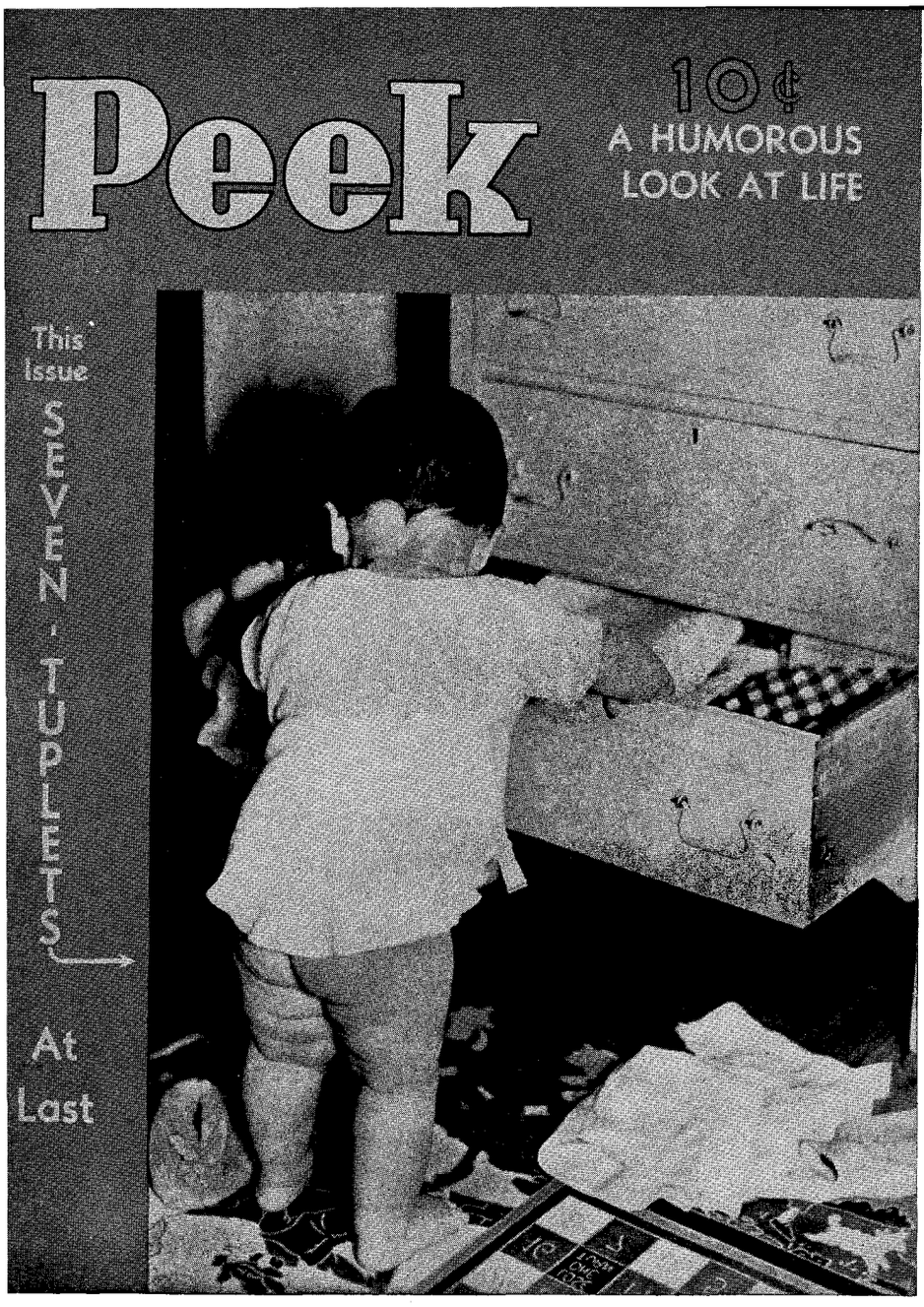


quiet about such losses. But with typical audacity, Publisher Roy E. Larsen drew up a special letter to all charter subscribers to crow about *Life's* losses, and sent another broadside to newsdealers. He topped it off with a full-page ad announcing: "LIFE has balanced its budget." It gave this explanation: "More than $10,000,000 of new capital has been invested in LIFE by publishers, printers, paper-makers."

But when will *Life* get into the black? When will it begin making up for its gigantic losses? Will it ever become a *Time,* making three millions a year, or a *Fortune,* clearing one-sixth that amount? These are the questions asked today, but no one, in *Life* or out, has the answers. *Life* itself has said this year that it can expect little profit until the nation gets out of the economic dumps. Today it maintains that an operating profit may be expected any month. It has made remarkable advertising gains since the first of the year. In 1937 it was averaging forty-six pages of advertising an issue, most of it carried at the old rate of $1500 a page. The new rate of $5700 went into effect in January. That month *Life* averaged ten and a half pages of advertising an issue. In February it averaged fourteen, in March eighteen and a half. In April it expects to break twenty, in May to average even better than that. Thus, if one is right in saying that *Life* can make a little money on twenty-five pages an issue, then one can say that *Life* is moving swiftly toward the point of making a little money. But if twenty-five pages an issue is the point where it turns from red to black, then *Life,* averaging fourteen pages an issue during the first quarter of 1938, has started its third year with some fairly steep losses. It will be difficult to wipe these off during the lean summer months, but probably possible to make up for them in the fall.

Where *Life's* beginning was motivated by a man's desire, *Look* evolved from a scientific study of reader interest. In 1925, the publishers of the Des Moines *Register & Tribune,* Gardner Cowles and his sons John and Gardner, set young Dr. George Gallup to work vexing busy housewives with his "scientific method of measuring reader interest." Dr. Gallup is today known for his political poll and for his advertising researches. A decade ago he was flashing the preceding issue of the Sunday *Register & Tribune* in the faces of housewives asking them, "Did you read this story? . . . How about this? . . . And this?" Dr. Gallup found actual proof of something a number of smart men had previously suspected: namely, that newspaper readers preferred to look at pictures rather than read type.

With this proof of pictures' popularity before them, the Cowles began experimenting with their Sunday rotogravure section. Substituting for the usual rotogravure hodge-podge page of pictures, a headline and a series of related pictures with captions, they boosted their Sunday circulation from 200,000 to 300,000.

In 1933 they established a roto-picture service, and supplied themselves with the type of pictures they wanted. Their narratives-in-pictures became so successful that they syndicated roto pictures to twenty-six large newspapers. But like Luce with his news magazine, so the Cowles with their newspaper activities: they were not satisfied. Luce was not satisfied when he pushed a second and then a third magazine into the black; neither were the Cowles when they took over a newspaper up in Minneapolis. From 1933 on they were actively preparing to publish a picture magazine, and were constantly testing their ideas in the Sunday roto section of the *Register & Tribune.* When *Life* appeared in November, 1936, *Look* was among the first advertisers. As a matter of fact, *Look* had for some time been ready to publish, but decided to wait and see what would happen to *Life.*

On January 5, 1937, they brought out the first issue of *Look* which had a print order of 400,000. *"Look,"* said the Cowles, just before publication, "is to be regarded in



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no sense as a competitor of *Life*." Inasmuch as *Life* is printed on fine-coated stock by both letterpress and roto, and *Look* was to be done on cheap paper by roto alone, *Look's* promotional piece announced tactfully, "Don't look for coated paper or fancy printing. Do look for reader interest!"

*Look's* first issue sold out. Its second issue sold well over 1,000,000 copies. Such was the accomplishment of the Cowles, who, a few months before, had said they knew nothing about magazine publishing.

## VI

Long ago, William Randolph Hearst, stealing an old proverb from the Chinese, said, "A picture is worth a thousand words." Gardner Cowles, Jr. pointed out, "As newspaper editors we had long been concerned with the fact that the public, generally speaking, won't read long columns of type in any newspaper or magazine explaining heavy-weight, important public problems.

"The most notable publication successes of the last decade have all been publications which condensed their contents more than their predecessors: (1) the *Reader's Digest* substantially abbreviated, and in the public's opinion improved, long-winded magazine articles; (2) *Time Magazine* condensed the long-winded newspapers; (3) the New York *Daily News* further abbreviated the news and then added many pictures.

"We concluded to found a picture magazine and to try to develop a 'picture language' . . . that would interest the millions in subjects which they avoid when they see those subjects in long-winded type articles."

No picture language, however, can replace words in the communication of the abstract language of ideas. But the language of ideas has always belonged to an essentially small stratum of intellectuals. Whether it is possible to express abstract ideas, for the benefit of this small group, in the more simplified language, is hardly worthy of speculation. However, after several years of work on the problem, Cowles says, "Our experiments convince us that nearly every kind of story can be told in pictures with very little type."

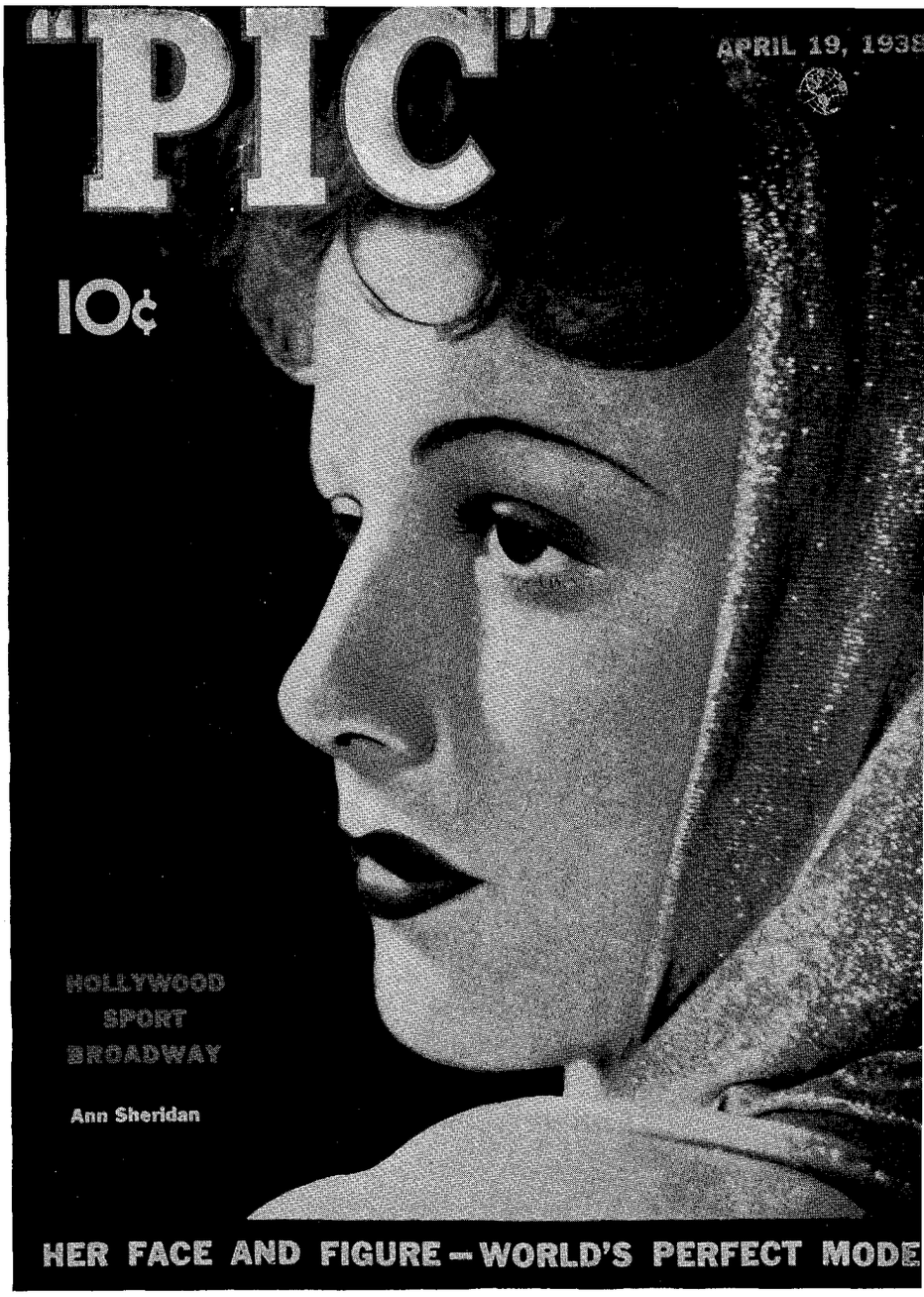
*Look's* early established editorial policy was old stuff, tried and proven. In 1932, the late Morrill Goddard, long-time editor of the *American Weekly,* published a small volume entitled, "What Interests People and Why" . . . which "revealed the editorial strategy by which has been won the world's biggest circulation of all time" (7,000,000).

On the concluding page of this book, Mr. Goddard lists his "Sixteen Elements of Human Interest." Some of these or their subtopics are listed in juxtaposition to what *Look's* editors, after their experiments, acknowledge as *Look's* basic "classification of human interest:"

| *American Weekly* | *Look* |
|---|---|
| 1. The Rich & Prominent | 1. Personalities |
| 2. Love | 2. Romance |
| 3. Beauty, Culture, Fashions | 3. Beauty & Fashions |
| 4. Self-Interest | 4. Self-Improvement |
| 5. Concern for Animals | 5. Child & Animal Interest |
| 6. Amusement, Recreation | 6. Movies & Stage |
| 7. Religion, Mysticism | 7. Religion |
| 8. Health Fads, Science | 8. Health & Popular Science |
| 9. Adventure, Thrills | 9. Adventure & Travel |
| 10. Humanitarianism, Crime, Charity, Vice | 10. Social Problems |
| 11. Sports | 11. Sports |
| 12. Curiosity; Abnormalities | 12. Curiosities & Oddities |
| 13. Inventiveness, Escape from Boredom, Thrills | 13. Fiction |

*Look* is called sensational because it presents the most striking pictures it can buy. Its editors, however, do not like to be regarded as sensationalists. As Gardner Cowles, Jr. said,

(*continued on page* 102)



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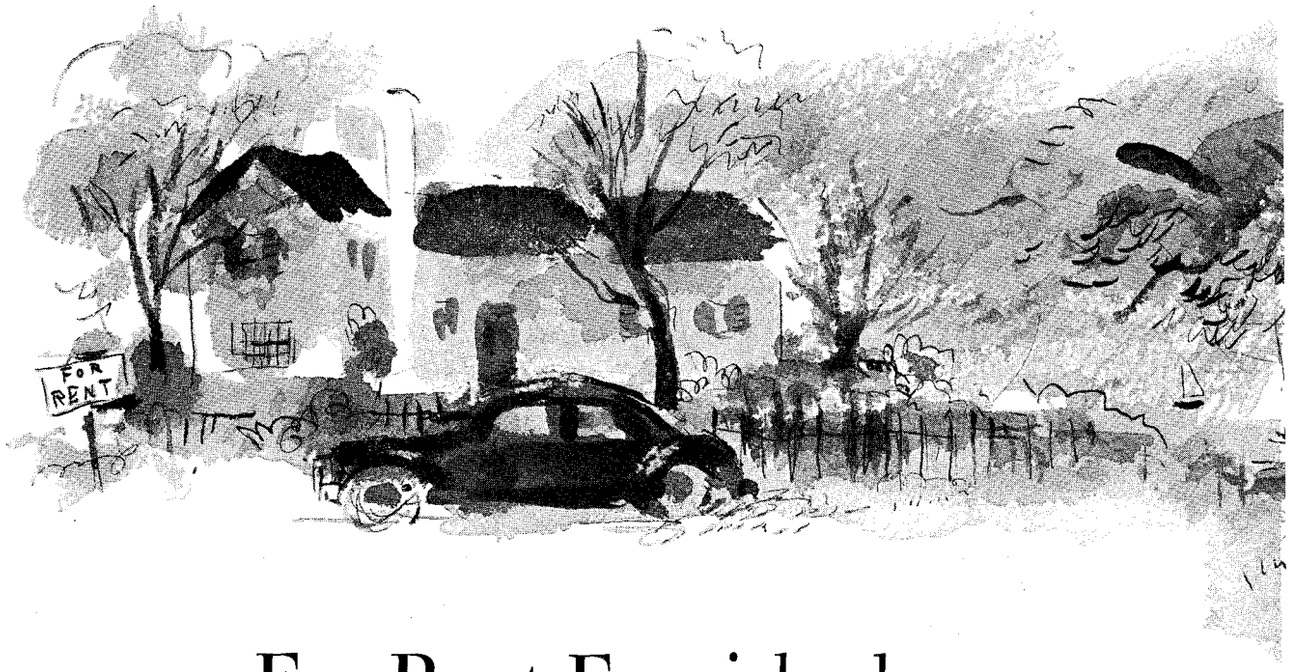


# For Rent Furnished

## HELEN WERTHEIM

THEY arrived in trains, the renters, stepping proudly down from the Pullmans which the railroad company added each year to the ordinary coaches which sufficed for the winter commuters. Or they arrived in motorcars which were grander and more imposing, at least to my childish eyes, than any other motorcars in the world, just as the people in them were grander and more imposing than any other people in the world. Sometimes, when I was a little older, they even arrived in planes. But diverse though their modes of traveling were, the summer people had three things in common. They were rich, beyond the dreams of any of us natives; they lived in New York or its environs, in the midst of excitement and adventure; they played all the time, whether they were on the beaches, or at the country clubs, or in the homes they took away from us for the summer. And it was a conviction with me that they had one other characteristic in common too. They were odious, thoroughly and without exception, odious.

Until I grew up and married, I lived all my life in a resort town on the New Jersey shore. As the child of people who depended on the summer rental of their home for most of their income, I was forced each spring to move from my beachfront home inland, to a little bungalow which, like most places near, but too far away from the ocean to benefit by the sea breezes, was hotter than any city apartment. How I resented the more fortunate people who occupied my own home during those sultry months. I'm afraid I shall always resent them. Even though now, whenever I go back to New Jersey, I am among, if not quite—oh never quite—one of, the summer people, I still resent them. Every once in a while, when I see them riding around in their cars, descending in their sleek new planes at the Red Bank Airport, or disporting themselves on the beaches, the same feelings which oppressed me as a child, when I watched them enviously, oppress me again. For I loved my own home, and the knowledge that I had to share it with strangers made it all the more precious, while it made the strangers all the more offensive.

I wonder if the other hundreds of people who were raised as winter residents of summer resorts in New Jersey, Long Island, Connecticut, and other parts of the United States, are among those nomads of modern cities who flit from apartment to apartment every time the mood comes over them. Or has their background given them the same passionate love of their homes and household gods that it has given me? Do they feel as I feel about the people who hired their homes, casually, for a month or two, the way they would hire some hotel rooms for a party?

Each spring, when the realization that summer is approaching steals over me with the first warm day, I remember sadly the time when, at the age of seven, I first became conscious of this thing which was to haunt me for so many years.

Sally Lee, the little girl who lived next door, and I were skipping home from school in a highly elated frame



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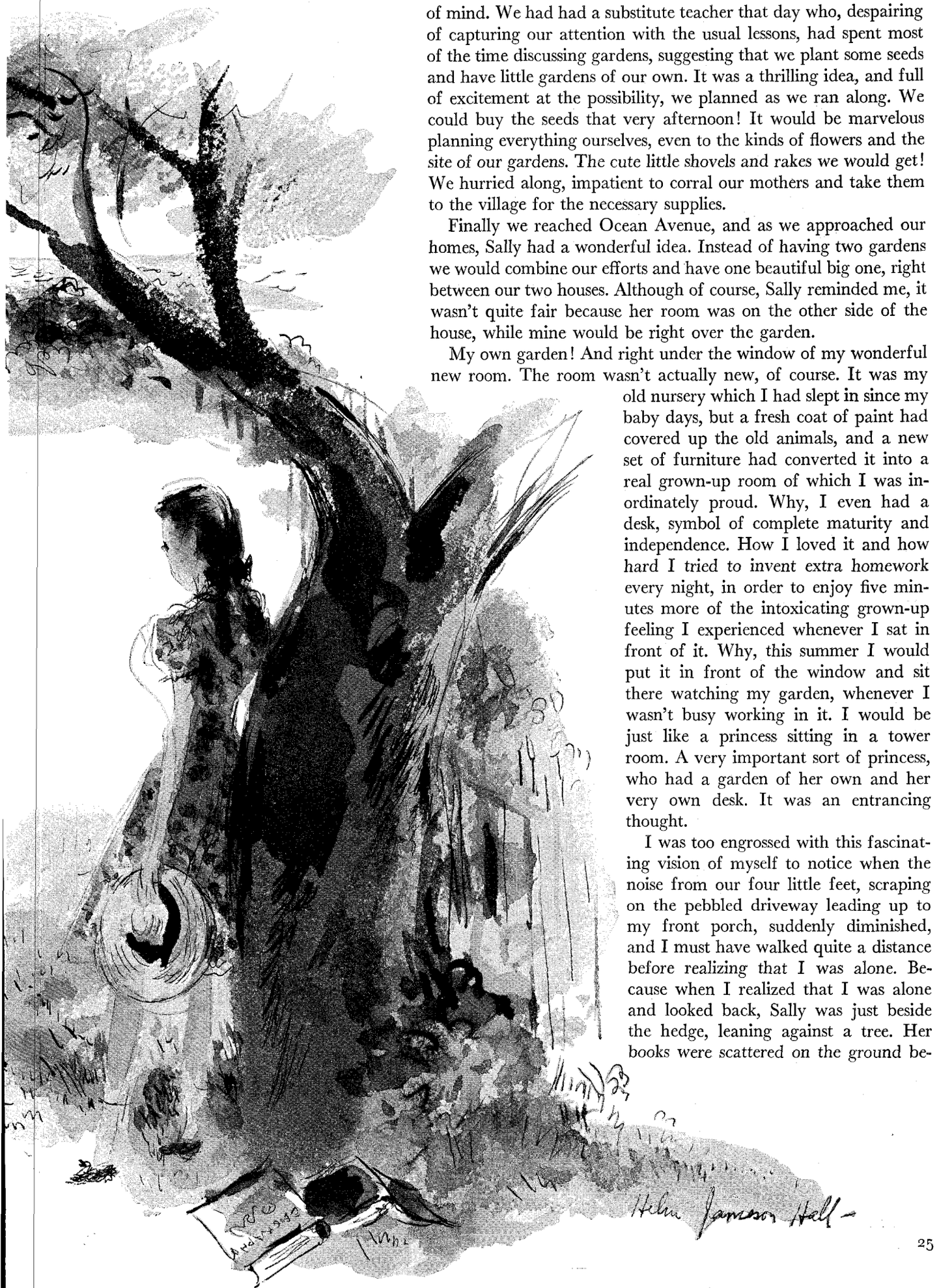

of mind. We had had a substitute teacher that day who, despairing of capturing our attention with the usual lessons, had spent most of the time discussing gardens, suggesting that we plant some seeds and have little gardens of our own. It was a thrilling idea, and full of excitement at the possibility, we planned as we ran along. We could buy the seeds that very afternoon! It would be marvelous planning everything ourselves, even to the kinds of flowers and the site of our gardens. The cute little shovels and rakes we would get! We hurried along, impatient to corral our mothers and take them to the village for the necessary supplies.

Finally we reached Ocean Avenue, and as we approached our homes, Sally had a wonderful idea. Instead of having two gardens we would combine our efforts and have one beautiful big one, right between our two houses. Although of course, Sally reminded me, it wasn't quite fair because her room was on the other side of the house, while mine would be right over the garden.

My own garden! And right under the window of my wonderful new room. The room wasn't actually new, of course. It was my old nursery which I had slept in since my baby days, but a fresh coat of paint had covered up the old animals, and a new set of furniture had converted it into a real grown-up room of which I was inordinately proud. Why, I even had a desk, symbol of complete maturity and independence. How I loved it and how hard I tried to invent extra homework every night, in order to enjoy five minutes more of the intoxicating grown-up feeling I experienced whenever I sat in front of it. Why, this summer I would put it in front of the window and sit there watching my garden, whenever I wasn't busy working in it. I would be just like a princess sitting in a tower room. A very important sort of princess, who had a garden of her own and her very own desk. It was an entrancing thought.

I was too engrossed with this fascinating vision of myself to notice when the noise from our four little feet, scraping on the pebbled driveway leading up to my front porch, suddenly diminished, and I must have walked quite a distance before realizing that I was alone. Because when I realized that I was alone and looked back, Sally was just beside the hedge, leaning against a tree. Her books were scattered on the ground be-

Helen Jameson Hall



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side her, and she was staring straight ahead, in the direction of the porch. Alarmed, I ran to her, but when I saw that she was apparently all right, but that in spite of this she wore the saddest and most dejected expression on her usually gay little face, I began to laugh.

"You're just jealous because the garden's going to be under my window," I teased her.

The accusation did not affect her in the least. She continued to lean against the tree and stare. Finally I saw what she was looking at. A car stood in front of my door.

I had forgotten about the renters. We had both forgotten about them. Other years we had been too young to be much impressed by anything but our toys. But now, now in a terrible moment, I remembered the little bungalow and the hot streets of the other side of the town. I looked at my lovely home and the blue sea in back of it. It had never looked so beautiful. The people who had arrived in the car were still standing on the porch, waiting for their ring to be answered. Only once before had I felt anything like the despair which took hold of me. I remember saying to Sally, "I feel just like I felt last year when I went to the hospital to have my tonsils out."

"Those are summer people. It wouldn't do any good for us to have any gardens. It would be for *them,* any garden we planted now. I wouldn't plant a garden for *them,* Mary," Sally said.

I agreed that I wouldn't either, and it was hopeless to think of having one out at the bungalow which had practically no grounds around it, even if I had wanted to. Besides, I never saw Sally in the summer, since her family always took her to a different town after they rented.

"Do you think those people will look in my desk?" I asked in a panic. "I couldn't bear it if they looked in my desk."

"They'd do *anything*. They look in the closets. I know that. Let's go and sit on the beach. I don't want to go home."

So we went and sat on the beach for the rest of the afternoon. We talked about summer people and how we envied them and hated them. About Sally's cousin in Ocean Grove who, as soon as her parents rented her house, had to go and live in the town tent colony. But by a tacit agreement we did not again mention our gardens.

That night when I went to bed, I lay awake for a long time, listening to the familiar sound of the waves lapping against the shore. They seemed to be droning a sad farewell lullaby to me. The moonlight came through my window and shone upon my wonderful new furniture. My desk glistened in the white light.

Hours later I fell asleep and dreamed that a miracle had happened. By some marvelous chance the house changed color so that, instead of being beautiful, it was very, very ugly. Far too ugly for a wealthy city person. So of course no one leased it, and I lived there all summer and had a lovely garden. I slept happily until dawn.

As I grew older, the conviction that I had no real home of my own, but that I dwelled in a set of rooms which were like a display in the window of a department store, became stronger and stronger. My hatred of these fortunate people who took possession of my house as soon as the warm weather increased its desirability became greater as the galling realization was brought home to me that renting was indeed a necessity. It was dreadful each spring to have everything exhibited to the prying and often critical eyes of strangers. It was worse to hear them disparaging our dearest possessions, as I showed them around, trying against my strongest wishes to cajole them into preferring our house to the others in the neighborhood.

Once the summer people began coming down to inspect houses it was impossible to rest comfortably. Sundays, in particular, were nightmares. It seems to me that on that day there were people parading around the house from morning until night. Once in a while if the weather was poor, we would forget about the real-estate agents and their clients for a few hours and relax. But it was a taut, wary relaxation, like the sleep of a nervous, high-strung person.

How many times I remember being interrupted when we settled down on one of those rainy days—my brothers, sisters, and I—to whatever interested us most at the moment. Whether we were young and the game was rough, or we were older and engaged in bridge or reading, the living room, when we were really having a good time, took on an air of utmost confusion. Inevitably, as soon as the surroundings became really chaotic, a car would stop outside. In a moment, everyone would be on his feet colliding with someone else. But how adept we were at transforming the upset place into one of respectable neatness. In two minutes everything was, if not in its place, completely out of sight under a cushion, rug, or piece of furniture. Oh, of course once in a while, after we settled back in our places, breathless as the prospective renter entered, some extraneous article might be protruding from under the piano. But on the whole we were very clever about it.

But the fun for the time being was always spoiled. I would have lost a book. Someone else would have lost interest in whatever game had been occupying his attention before. Father would be speculating on the possibility of having to accept the real-estate agent's ridiculously low offer, or take a chance of being forced to accept a still lower one if he didn't. Things were never the same after one of those visits from the summer people.

Of course once the house was rented, that part of it was over. But the cleaning and the refurbishing! Of course, everything had to be polished and shipshape for the new occupants. How many times my back has ached just because some finicky woman had disliked the color chosen for the porch chairs by the former tenant. How many times I have seen my mother sink down into a chair, exhausted after a day of cleaning. Her eyes would be closed, and the tired lines of her face would be etched



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in brown dust collected from some musty attic corner.

And then going back in the fall with everything to do over again. Alcohol stains on half the tables. Cigarette burns on the rugs. Broken dishes and furniture. Even the walls would be marked if the tenants had happened to have children.

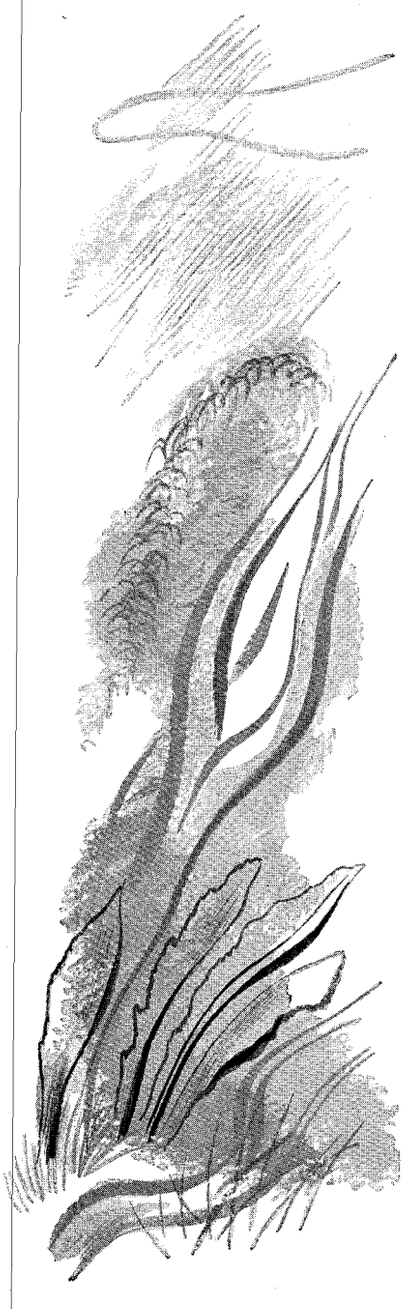
Your house is never the same after you have rented it to summer people!

It's difficult for me to believe that I am myself a summer person now. I hope that soon I can buy a summer cottage so that I no longer will have to rent one from one of the natives whose family occupies it through the long winter months. At any rate, I never go to inspect a house personally. I could never do that. The thought that some little girl may be watching furtively from the driveway will always deter me.

I wouldn't want any child, ever, to think of me as a summer person!

# THE LITCHFIELD HILLS

## Edgar Lee Masters



Here there is silence like a shell which roars,
And no air stirs. And now the heaven uncloses
Like an uncurtained sky-light and discloses
The hills afar on which the sunlight pours,
Leaving the dark green of the brother hills
Untouched and deep in shadow,
Above the rain-green meadow,
Above the yellow fields marked off in drills.

A tawny top below a moon thin sliced,
Like a catawba, is dabbed with Lilliputian
Cedars and pines that in the light's solution
Stand out like cloves with which a loaf is spiced.
Beyond the wall are apple branches looped
With blossoms like the bridal
Wreath, which await the tidal
Power of the sun when water flags are drooped.

As evening comes the sun sinks down to sleep.
With all the sky of mackerel-mists swept cleanly
The moon grows bright serenely,
And sounds of herds about the valleys creep.
And one lone cloud, whiter than mountain fogs,
Hangs with the sunset, near the purple edges
Of a northern hill, while sedges,
And meadow pools are loud with singing frogs.

The evening star appears, and winks the drift
Of clouds upon their undiscovered mission,
That sail without prevision,
And end in rain, and clouds of fragile thrift.
And rings of Saturn like a top may drone,
And sing with far Uranus,
And sun spots which disdain us,
Here Earth all silent wheels the vast unknown.

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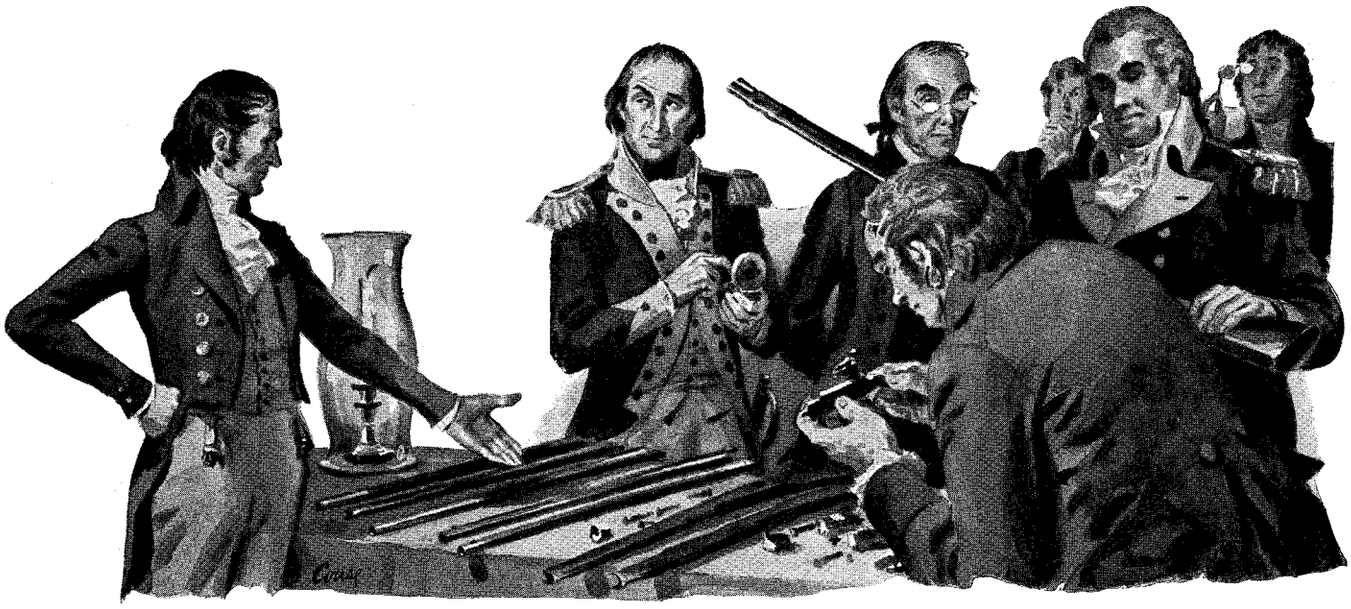

# Eli Whitney's Second Invention

ROGER BURLINGAME

THERE is hardly a school child in America as far advanced as the eighth grade who cannot tell you the story of Eli Whitney and the cotton gin.

Such a youngster will explain, glibly, how Whitney, after graduating from Yale, got a job as tutor for a Carolina family, set sail from New England, met on shipboard the widow of General Nathaniel Greene, and ended in Georgia as a guest on her plantation when his job faded. He will rush on to tell that there, in the barn, Whitney worked out his epoch-making and world-rocking invention which, unhappily, was immediately stolen from him to the enrichment of the wicked and worthless appropriators. At this point, he will bring the story of Whitney to a close and recite the stupendous effects of the gin on the evolution of American society.

The rest of Eli's story is curiously omitted from the textbooks by which most of us were instructed in the facts and romance of our country's history. If it is there at all, it is disposed of in a sentence of casual mention. Thus the eighth-grade scholar and too many adult Americans do not know that the great gin was an absurdly simple contrivance which might have occurred to any Yankee whittler who had been in the cotton country; that it required no technical knowledge and little mechanical skill; that its greatness depended upon a perfect concatenation of circumstances; that Whitney's ineptitude for business caused him to spend years of his own valuable life and another man's fortune defending a personal cause which was lost at the very start; and most important of all, that the great achievement of his life had nothing to do with cotton but was the basis of all mass production in the world. Yet the schoolboy, glib as he is about the social consequences of the gin, has never heard of "interchangeable parts."

We cannot, of course, ignore these consequences, however unimportant the gin may have been technically. Where we go wrong is in laying all these consequences at the door of Whitney himself and calling him a great genius merely because the effects of this particular brainstorm were so colossal. Doing this we ignore the long preparation of society for this invention and for its effects. We forget the pressure which forced it into existence and the fact that Whitney, a mechanic, happening to be present at the bursting point, so to speak, was merely a handy instrument, a pawn, a link, a fuse-lighter—you may mix your metaphors indefinitely explaining what he was. There can be no doubt that if Whitney had not invented the cotton gin at the particular moment when he did, someone else would certainly have done so, within the year.

We are coming to know that this has been true of many inventions. They are brought into existence in response to an irresistible social demand. We can easily see what happens to an invention in which society has no part. Hero invented the steam engine in the first century after Christ. It was used as a toy to amuse or mystify people who believed in magic. Society was not organized in such a way that the steam engine could perform any other function. For the same reason, the astounding devices of Leonardo da Vinci in the fifteenth century have remained in his notebooks to puzzle and amaze students



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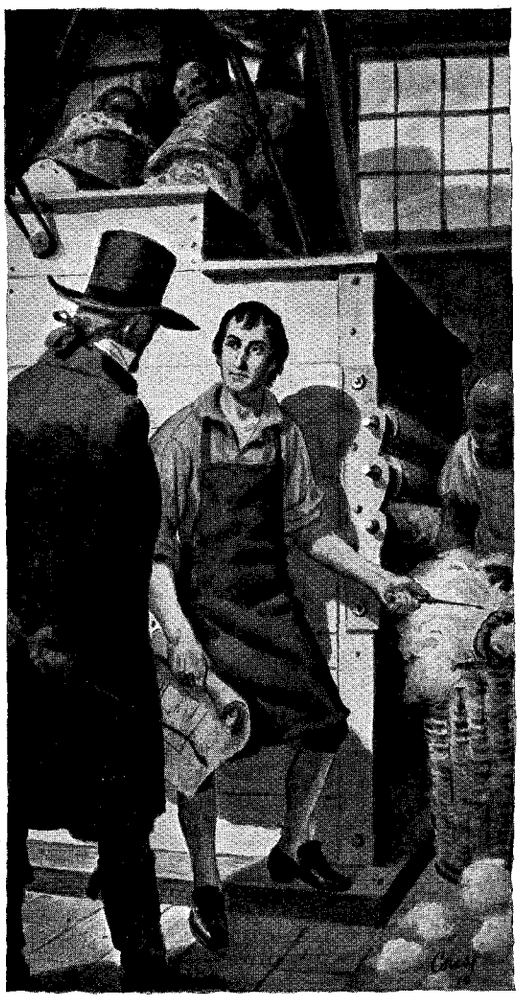
of technology ever since. Not only was the demand resistible; there was no demand at all. But society had invented some four-fifths of the cotton gin by the time Eli Whitney appeared in Georgia.

In 1792, the demand for green-seed cotton was unnerving the impoverished planters of Georgia and the Carolinas. Unlike the black-seed variety which could be grown only on the coastal islands, it flourished everywhere. All about them, the planters, discouraged with rice, saw a potential paradise of wealth. The only thing that stood between this cotton and an infinite market was the fact that it took a day for a slave to separate one pound of it from its sticky seeds.

At this tense moment, along came a young mechanic from Massachusetts. He was happily situated as the guest of a woman who was extremely popular among the planters. He was not engaged in work of any mechanical nature. On the contrary he was studying to be a lawyer—a profession for which he was peculiarly unfitted, as later events proved. He was probably nostalgic for machinery. Suddenly a number of planters arrived for one of those long visits common in the South and, hearing, over a dinner of game and Burgundy, that a skillful young tinkerer was present, *suggested to him* that he design a machine for cleaning cotton.

He jumped at the suggestion and made his machine; when the planters saw that it did the work of fifty slaves by the mere turning of a crank, they were, naturally, dumfounded. They told him that his machine would change the face of the country, that it would make fortunes for everyone, including himself, and advised him to keep the whole matter a profound secret until he received a patent. They then rushed out and, as quickly as the communications of the day would allow, spread the glad news throughout the Southland. Overnight, poor, debt-ridden planters saw themselves as millionaires. By the time Whitney got his patent, his "gin" (Southern term for "engine") was turning almost everywhere. And, with the new American patent law what it was, the gins continued to turn long after his Federal monopoly came through.



## II

I HAVE no intention to debunk Eli Whitney. On the contrary, I mean to show what a truly great genius he was and how the cotton gin has obscured the real achievement of his life. But I must recall, for a moment, the events that followed the gin. I must do this because that story points, better than anything else, the existence of another demand which was the midwife of his second invention.

After his brief study of law, Whitney plunged with new intensity into the operation of his gin. He patented his invention and went bravely out to make his fortune. Instead of making it, he spent most of the next five years with lawyers defending his patent. The story is told that, in one courthouse in which his case was fought, the noise made by a near-by bootleg cotton gin was so loud that the arguments of counsel could not be heard by the court.

Between suits, however, he made a singular effort to realize, on the gin, the money he was losing to the lawyers. With Phineas Miller, second husband of his hostess, Mrs. Greene, he organized a company. Normally we should suppose the function of this company would be to manufacture gins. Yet, galloping across a scene utterly incomprehensible to a twentieth-century student, the textbook writers tell us that Miller and Whitney did not go into the wholesale manufacture of gins. Instead they tried to install gins at strategic points, expecting the planters to bring their cotton to be cleaned. They do not tell us why.

The answer to that question is the whole introduction to the story of Whitney's second invention. The answer is that the country was still in the artisan period of history. Nowadays it occurs to us without hesitation to take our capital and start a factory. This did not occur to eighteenth-century inventors. Their only recourse was to hire all the carpenters and mechanics available, give them plans and specifications, and set them to work with hand tools. Each artisan would then make a complete gin and when he had it finished he would start another. No two completed gins would be exactly the same. In other words, there was no machinery for making machines.

Anyone with a flair for tinkering, having once seen a gin in operation, could have made something like it to work faster than sleepy black fingers. There were mechanics of a sort on all the plantations. They came to Whitney's strategic points, watched for a while, went home and made their own. It was all very simple. When the slow-moving legal machinery threatened their new fortunes they were bitter against Whitney.



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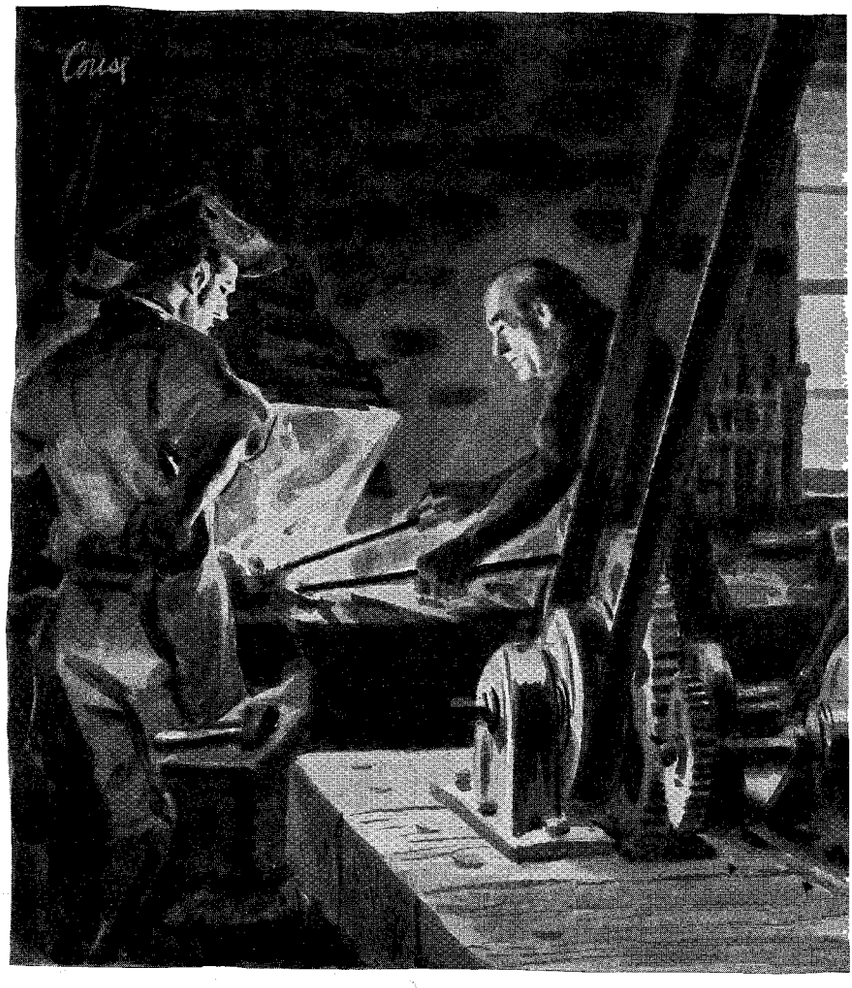
## III

We think of these years of fight, discouragement, and debt as wasted for Whitney. Yet the operation of genius in the human mind is an inscrutable business. Perhaps, through those years, there developed without his awareness his colossal new design. Perhaps, even, it was more conscious than we know. Perhaps he went on wondering why he could not have made enough cotton gins to meet the demands. Perhaps, above this undercurrent of thought, he felt the growing pressure of inarticulate demand all about him, closing in on him and goading him on.

Yet the climax came, not through popular demand. It was not a cry for "Yankee notions"—clocks, locks, or gadgets, nor an irresistible need of grinding, spinning, or carding machines, though all these demands were in the air. It was the need of government to arm the troops of this proud young nation with machines called muskets.



Whitney was by no means a stranger to the government. Jefferson, Vice-President in 1798, had helped him to get his patent four years before. Jefferson was an inventor himself and sympathetic to other inventors. Other officers of government had watched Whitney's fight, felt confidence in him. Undoubtedly it was his closeness to these people during the hard years that made him know their need as they knew his. That is why, perhaps, the demand for muskets was the particular agent of his new awakening.

Nevertheless, his letter to Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury, is a little uncanny as we see it standing bare and isolated on the record. Whitney was an austere man, his thought remote, his expression laconic.

"I should like," he wrote, "to undertake the manufacture of ten to fifteen thousand stand of arms. I am persuaded that machinery moved by water, adapted to this business would greatly diminish the labor and greatly facilitate the manufacture of this article. Machines for forging, rolling, floating, boring, grinding, polishing, etc., may all be made use of to advantage."

This clear, simple statement shows that his new invention was complete in his mind. Under all the bickerings, disputes, debts, borrowings; uninterrupted by accidents, illness, the mean attacks of rivals, racketeers, leech-lawyers, and creditors, the great design had drawn itself, consciously, or unconsciously, line by line, behind some locked door of his mind. In that silence he had changed, for all time, the aspect of the world and the organization of its society. He had invented the mass production of machines.

*Our first Henry Ford . . . how after making cotton king he turned out an invention greater than the cotton gin*

## IV

The mass production of machines is, today, such a commonplace that it is hard to think of as ever having been invented. Yet it was a true invention in any sense we may care to use that word and, though the process seems highly complex today, it was, in its essence, the work of one man. Most of the improvements are modifications of his principles. To understand it, we must first understand the manufacture of machines as it existed before the invention. We have seen a glimpse of it in the making of the cotton gin. Let us look at it again in the case of the musket.

Muskets were made by gunsmiths. The gunsmith, let us suppose, made a barrel, using an inch rule to measure it, laboriously shaped and bored it, and put it aside. Then he carved out the stock in such a way that the barrel would fit it. Then he made the lock, part by part, and put it together, trying everything as he went along. When these things were done, he assembled his gun, did a little finishing here and there to make the parts fit, and when it was all together, he began another. No two



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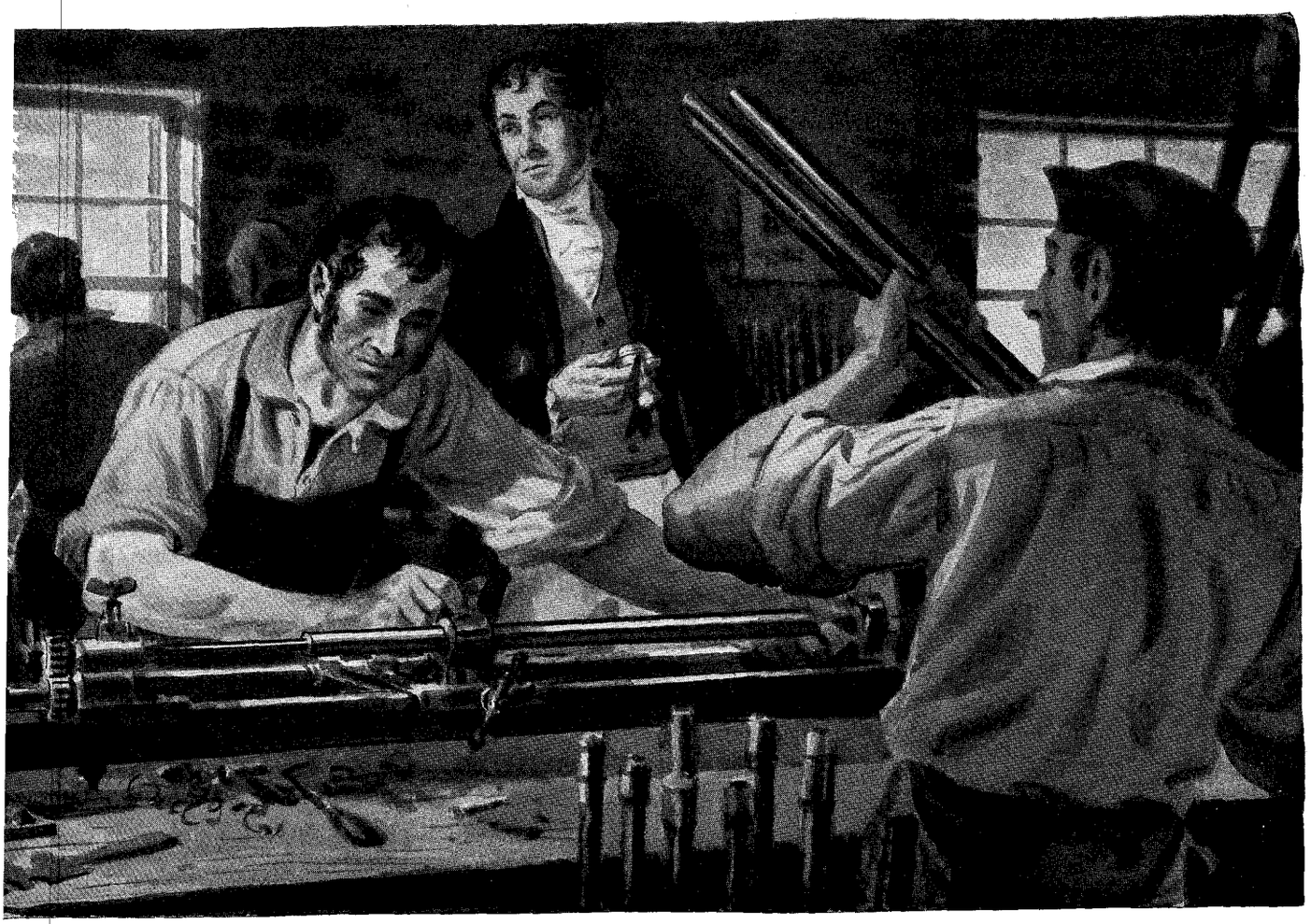

muskets were quite alike. This, then, was the system when Whitney signed his contract with the government.

Whitney's contract called for the completion of 10,000 muskets in two years. He did not meet it. We cannot avoid a sense of awe at his concentration during this period. He seems to have gone entirely out of a world in which time limits and contracts existed. When the two years passed and only a handful of muskets could be found in his factory, he seems to have looked up with slight irritation at being disturbed but unruffled by the legal lapse of his contract.

The government was less calm about it. As men's minds worked in those days, to produce 10,000 muskets in two years you must produce 5000 in one year, which is 96.2 muskets a week or 16.03 muskets a day. When, after two years, there were only a few hundred finished, Whitney's customers became a little restive.

To quiet them, he journeyed to the national capital with a box. He opened the box in the presence of an august board of government officials and army officers, and laid on a large table, ten barrels, ten stocks, ten triggers, and so on in separate piles. He then suggested to an expert that he pick, *at random,* a piece from each pile and lay them together. Whitney then assembled from the random pieces, a complete musket. He continued the process until there were ten of them.

We may imagine these dignified persons a little shy, a little awed, like children at a party picking cards for a magician's tricks. It is doubtful if any of them saw, in the final rabbit which Whitney pulled out of his hat, the whole basis of mass production in the world. Some of them were frankly skeptical. Captain Decius Wadsworth, the inspector of muskets for the government, said, "I am of the opinion that there is more to please the imagination than real utility in the plan." But it is certain that most of them were deeply moved by the miracle because, immediately afterward, the government extended Whitney's time and advanced him money.

The principle he demonstrated was the principle of interchangeable parts. This principle was made possible by the invention of the jig.

The jig is a device which is used to guide a tool. If you place a fifty-cent piece on a piece of paper and use it to draw a circle you have used a jig. A stencil is also a kind of jig. If you have ten openings or holes to cut in planks of wood or sheets of metal, it is laborious and inexact to measure and cut each hole separately. But if you first cut the ten holes in a metal plate, apply the plate to each plank or sheet, and so use the pattern holes to guide your cutting tool, you will be sure the holes will be exactly alike and according to specification. These are simple forms of the jig. In principle it is a substitute for the falli-



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ble human eye and hand in applying measurement. Whitney used more complex forms of it to guide tools in making the various parts of a musket and making them identical.

After the jig came the repetitive machine—a machine which repeats a motion or a series of motions over and over. This kind of machine was already in existence. Some of them cut, headed, and pointed nails; the nail came out complete and this, though somewhat miraculous, was acceptable by the thought of the day.

No repetitive machine could turn out completed muskets, one after the other, each a perfect replica of the others. But one repetitive machine could turn out successive, identical barrels. This defied the thought of the day. A musket resulted from a continuous process of varied operations. You made the barrel, then you changed all your tools, made the stock, shifted again and made the lock. The only repetition came when you began all over again. To make a hundred barrels, lay them aside, make a hundred stocks, put them in a pile, and so on until all the parts were made and then assemble them was unheard of. The reason it was unheard of was that by eye and rule measurement the parts would not have been identical, hence not interchangeable, and assembly would have been impossible.

Whitney's final need was to make his machines automatic and thus meet the shortage of skilled labor. To anyone familiar with a modern automobile plant, it does not look as if he went far in this direction. Parts of his guns had to be finished by hand. Parts were carried from one machine to another by hand. Yet to a student familiar with the methods which preceded his factory, he seems to have progressed an immeasurable distance.

## V

The first uneasiness of the government was natural because no one understood what was going on either in Whitney's mind or in his factory. They did not realize that he was spending the first two years making and organizing automatic machinery; that at the end of that time all the preliminary work on 10,000 muskets had been done—that the factory, in 1800, was as ready to produce 10,000 muskets as the gunsmith is to produce one musket when he has his tools and his materials before him.

This general lack of understanding was one of the reasons he did not fulfill the time clause of his government contract. It must have been difficult indeed to explain the machines to the men who made them. Besides this there was a shortage of skilled mechanics. America was still, in those days, largely an agricultural country. And the mechanics Whitney could use had to be picked with care. They must be not only skillful but highly adaptable. They were engaged in developing an invention which would remove the necessity for their skill from future generations. They were bringing the handicraft era to an end.

This, then, was Whitney's great achievement, not the cotton gin. The gin was a quick flash in the mind of a whittling boy. The jig and the processes which used it were the scientific design of a mature genius worked out through sleepless weeks of intense labor. And which, after all, had the more constructive effect on the future of America? We have lost our supremacy in cotton. As an aftermath of slavery to which the gin gave new birth, we have a race problem of considerable complexity. We have, too, a Southland which has hardly yet recovered from a war that the gin helped to cause. But from the jig and interchangeable parts we have come into the industrial leadership of the world.

The tempo of Whitney's day was so slow and communications were so haphazard that it was half a century before his invention became known to the world. In the meantime it was abundantly used in America. Simeon North followed Whitney and executed government contracts for muskets on Whitney's process. Samuel Colt used it for his revolvers. Yet when, in 1851, at the London Exposition, English experts saw a small exhibit of American rifles, they met interchangeable parts for the first time. The encounter caused such a stir that the British Government sent a commission to America to study the factory where they were made. They ordered enough machinery and took home with them enough workmen to establish the Enfield factory in England. From that time on, Whitney's invention was known throughout the world as the "American system."

Meticulous collectors of facts may inform me, if they wish, that interchangeable parts had been thought of before Whitney. It is probable that every invention in recorded history had been thought of before it was invented. To invent a thing does not mean to think of it. It means to design it, to make it, and to prove that it will work. The classic example of a pre-Whitney interchangeable-parts invention (so-called) is that of LeBlanc in France, also applied to muskets. Jefferson had seen this carried as far as the lock. But later, when Jefferson tried to find LeBlanc, he had disappeared without apparently ever completing his muskets. It has also been suggested that a man who made clockwheels in quantity deserves credit for Whitney's invention. It could be almost as sensible to say that type identically cast in a mold and then used in a printing press was an invention of interchangeable parts. The merit of Whitney's invention is in its adaptability to every purpose, as we may see by a visit to any modern factory.

I hope that future historians, living in an industrialized age, will not dodge the simple task of presenting to modern students the invention which has made them modern and the responsibility of giving the inventor credit for something worthy of a great mechanical mind.

It is high time that the picture of this superman turning the crank of a gimcrack which, however useful, was the result of a few days' tinkering, disappeared from our schools and from our memories. Let us remember, rather, a man who, by inventing the mass production of machines, changed for all time the aspect of the world and the organization of its society.



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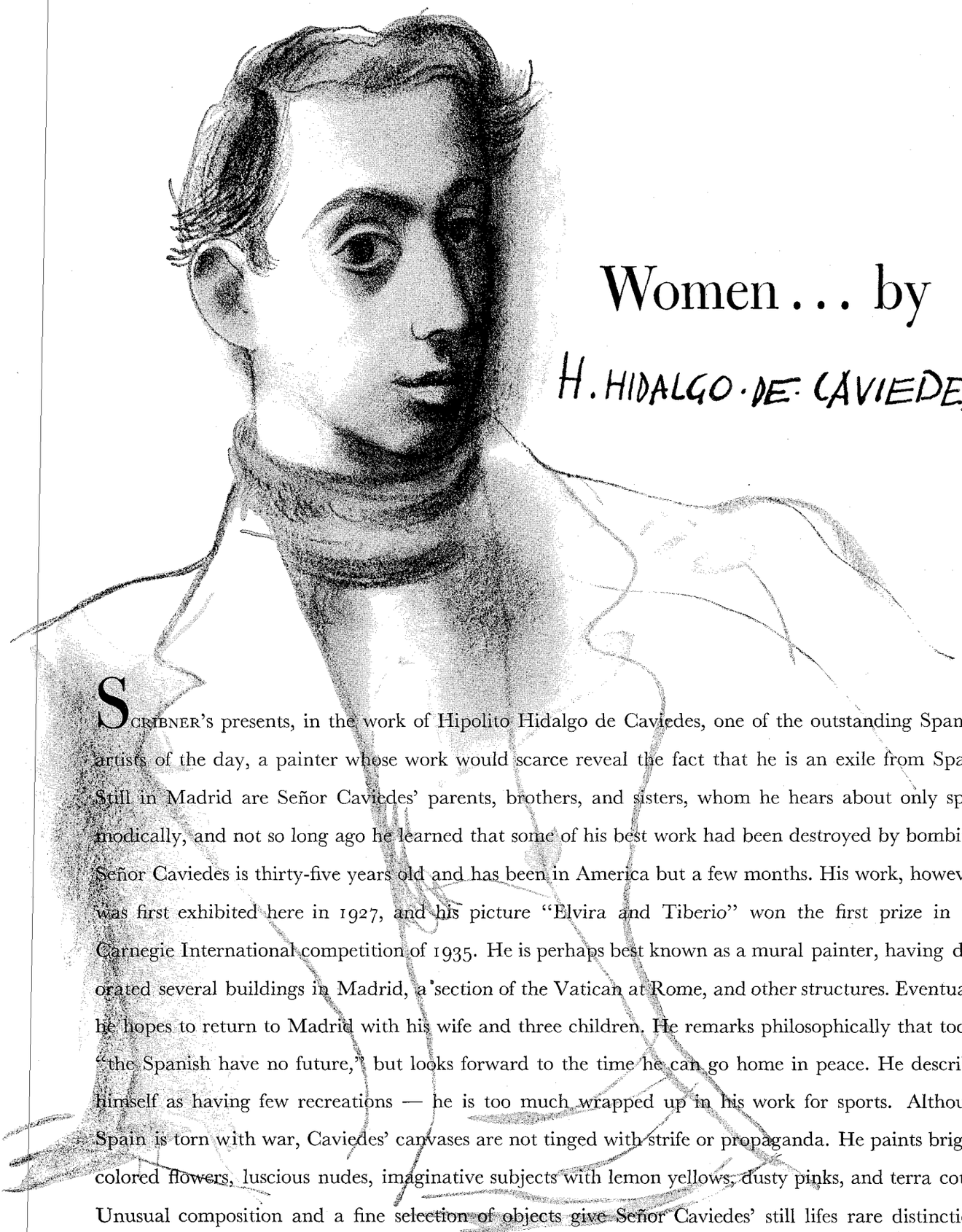

# Women . . . by

## H. HIDALGO DE CAVIEDES

SCRIBNER'S presents, in the work of Hipolito Hidalgo de Caviedes, one of the outstanding Spanish artists of the day, a painter whose work would scarce reveal the fact that he is an exile from Spain. Still in Madrid are Señor Caviedes' parents, brothers, and sisters, whom he hears about only spasmodically, and not so long ago he learned that some of his best work had been destroyed by bombing. Señor Caviedes is thirty-five years old and has been in America but a few months. His work, however, was first exhibited here in 1927, and his picture "Elvira and Tiberio" won the first prize in the Carnegie International competition of 1935. He is perhaps best known as a mural painter, having decorated several buildings in Madrid, a section of the Vatican at Rome, and other structures. Eventually he hopes to return to Madrid with his wife and three children. He remarks philosophically that today "the Spanish have no future," but looks forward to the time he can go home in peace. He describes himself as having few recreations — he is too much wrapped up in his work for sports. Although Spain is torn with war, Caviedes' canvases are not tinged with strife or propaganda. He paints bright-colored flowers, luscious nudes, imaginative subjects with lemon yellows, dusty pinks, and terra cotta. Unusual composition and a fine selection of objects give Señor Caviedes' still lifes rare distinction.



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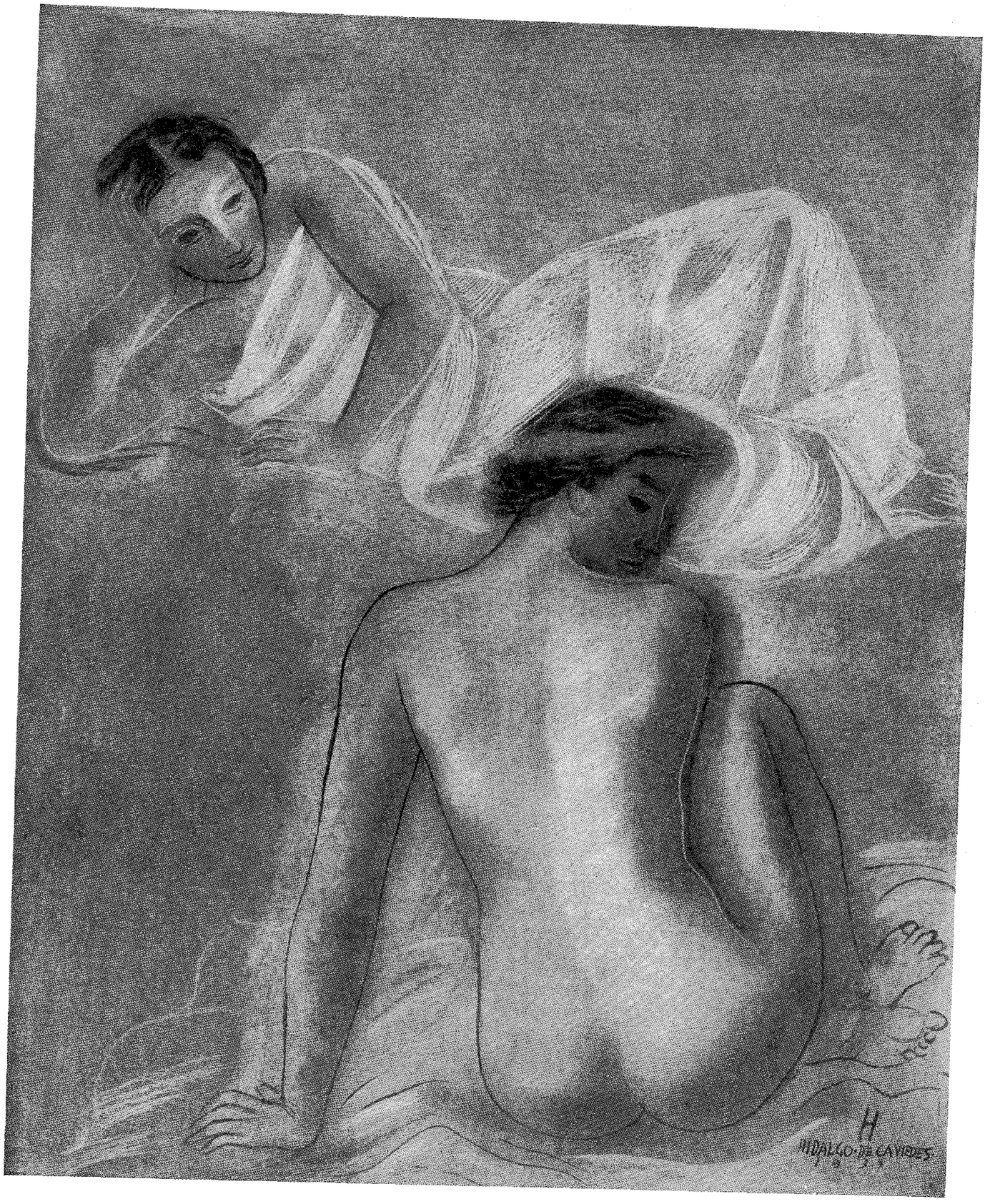


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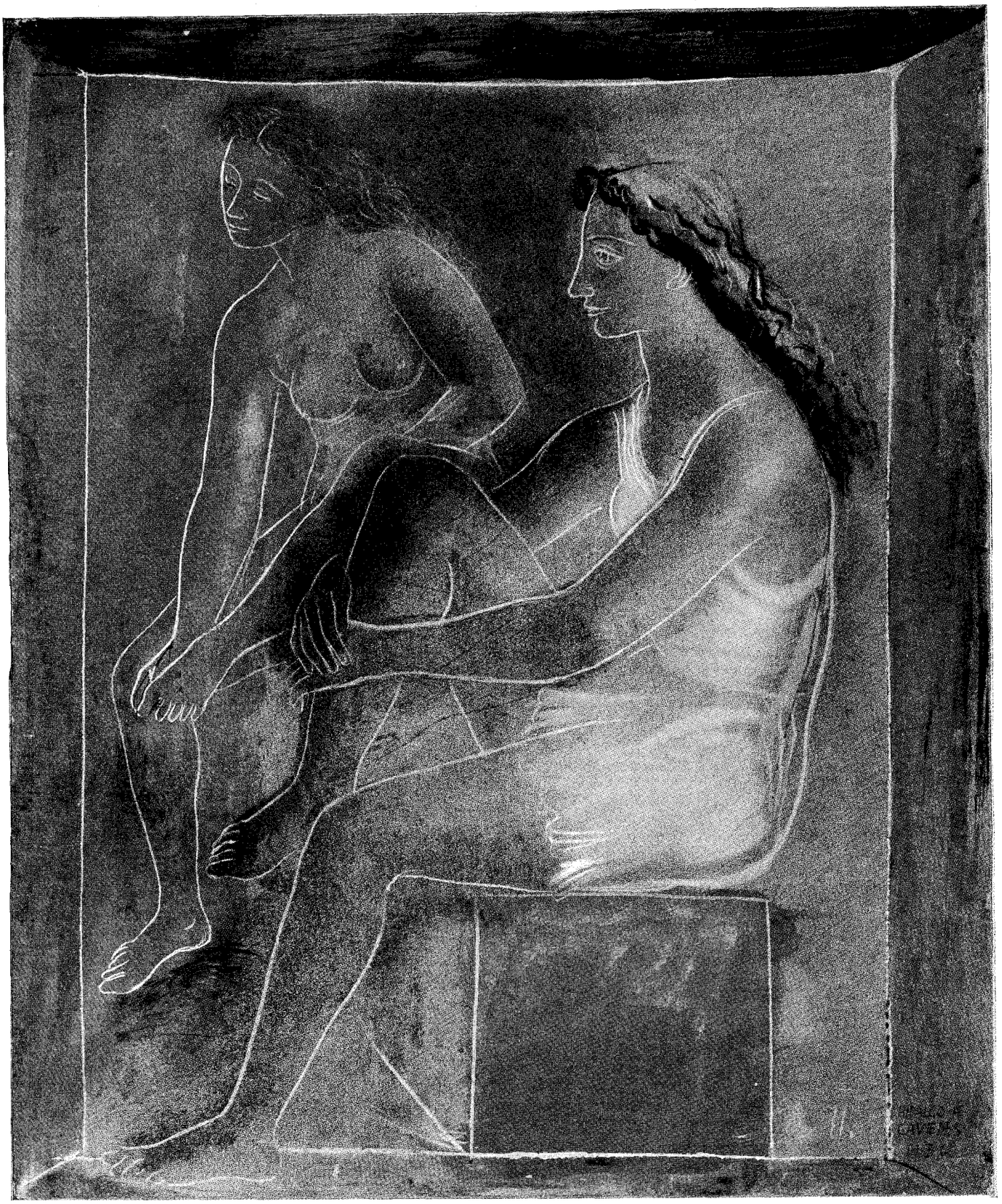

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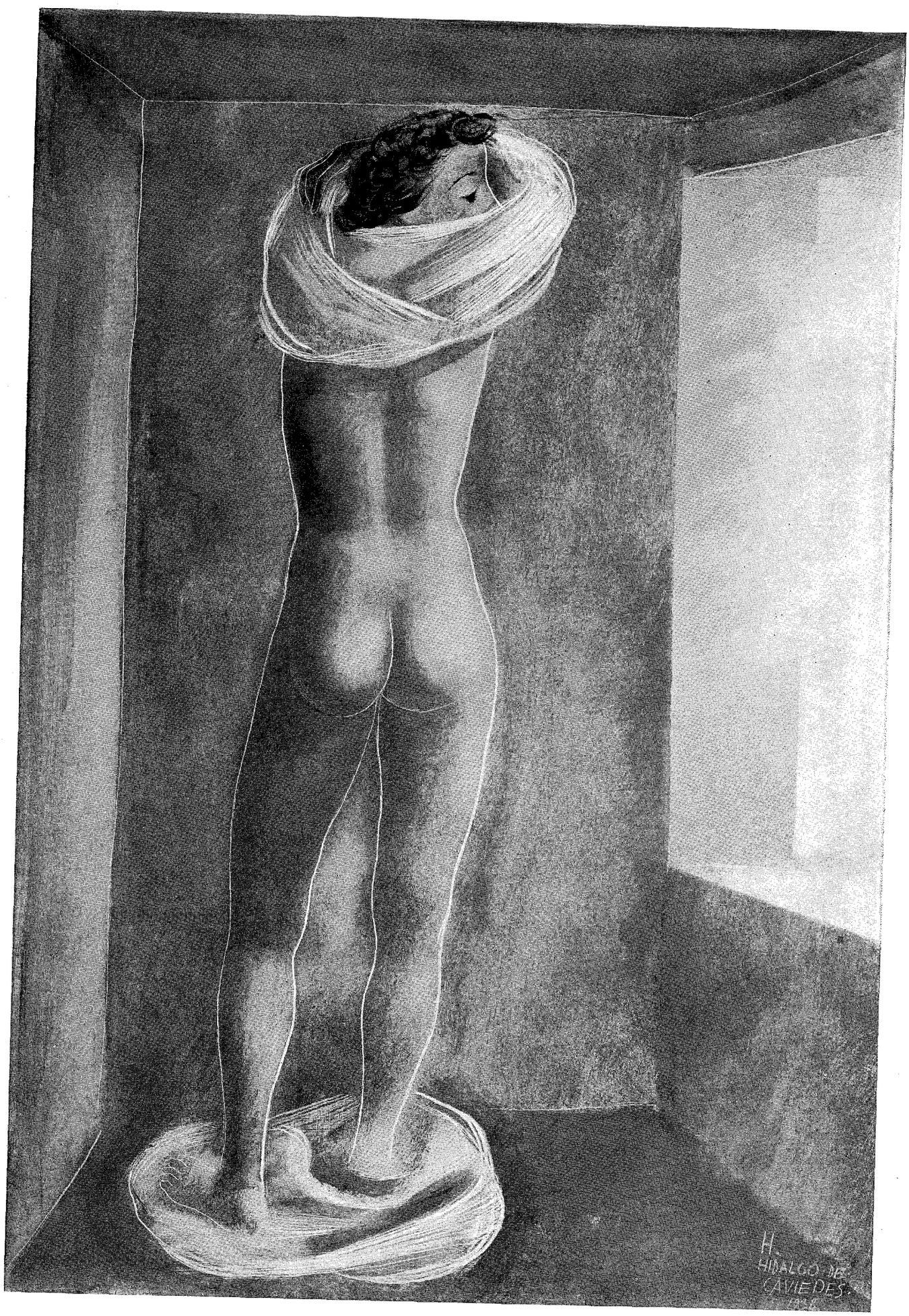


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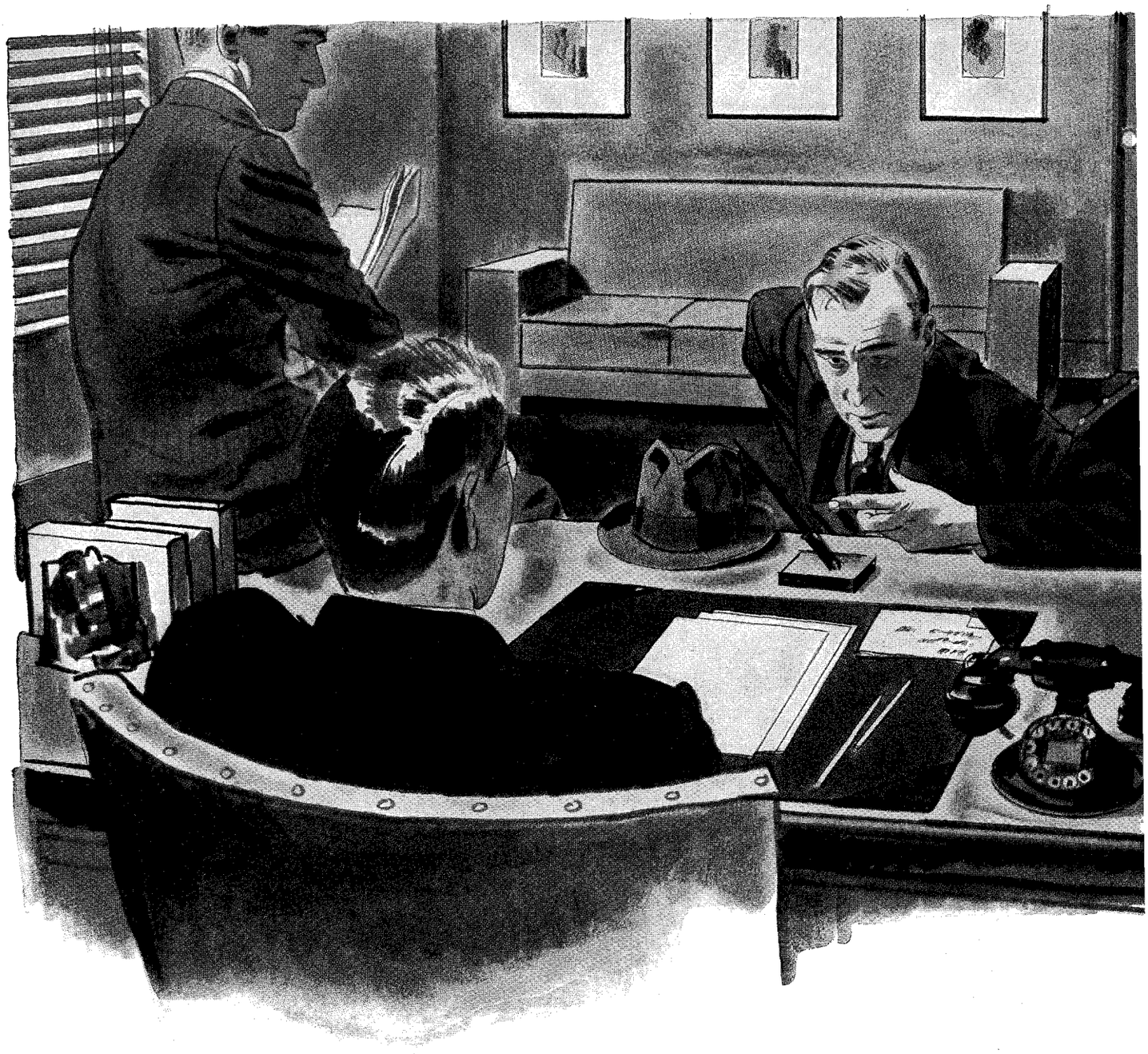

# Murder Is a Fact

## KURT STEEL

THE OFFICES of the national weekly, *Fact,* were publicized by *Fact's* alert young ideagenic (the word was their own) promotion staff as "the nerve center of immediate history."

One day out of every week—Tuesday—even a dull visitor must have sensed the modest rightness of the phrase. Tuesday was closing day for Friday's issue. On Tuesday *Fact's* waiting room, where murals of men and machines and ships and grain splashed from wall to wall, pulsed with a special tension. Men came and went through the room, their words quick, phrases hastily clipped. Those who waited in chromium chairs below the flaring murals caught, one by one, the signal of a sharp-faced boy at the reception desk and rose to plunge through a wide, studded door.

When the door swung open it disclosed a long corridor leading to a distant light-filled room where typewriters clattered, automatic printers spread their barrage of



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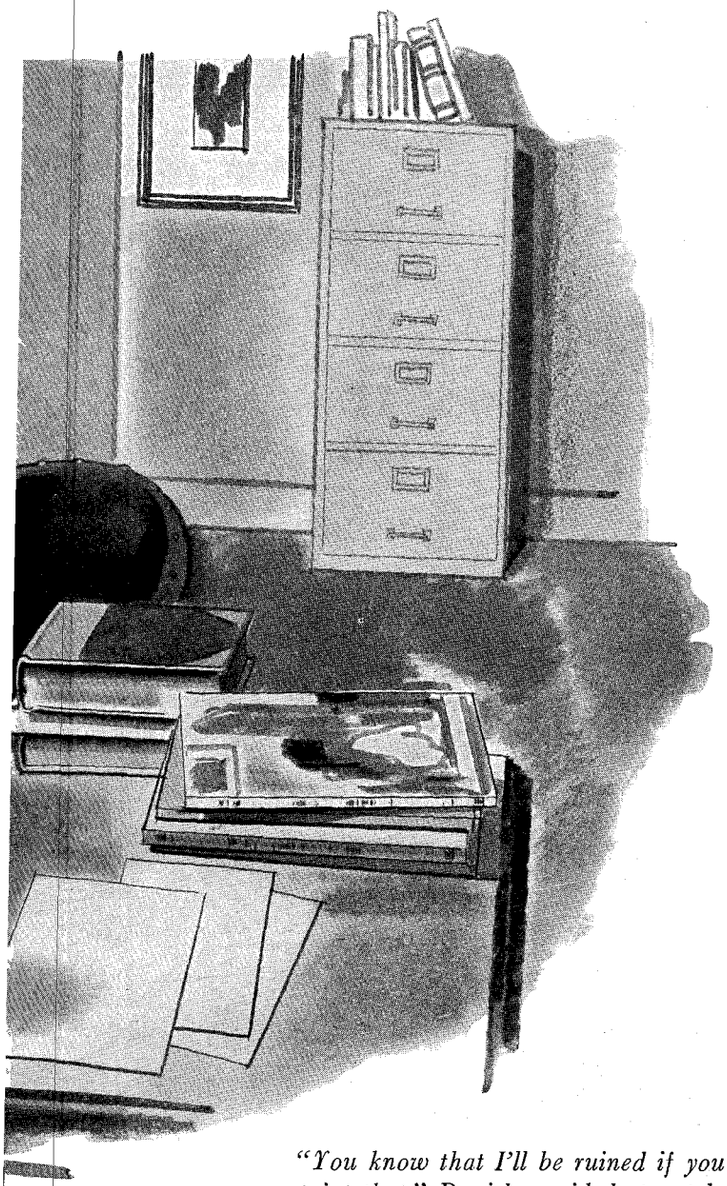

*"You know that I'll be ruined if you print that," Danisher said desperately*

monotonous clacking, doors in glass partitions slammed, bells rang, the mingled clamor overflowing and washing back and forth in the corridor like flood tide in a lagoon.

It was the not undocumented boast of *Fact's* editorial staff that on Tuesdays, when Friday's issue was going to bed, they hurtled through the work of seven metropolitan city rooms under a pressure no city editor could have stood for three hours. Only the digits in this boast were ever protested by newspapermen.

On a certain Tuesday in August, while the tumult was at its midafternoon peak, Baird Henderson, tall, angular, chief of *Fact's* editorial staff, stepped into the corridor from a door bearing his name. He carried a sheaf of paper, and as he strode along, his sharp cynical eyes scanned the top page. Henderson's long asymmetrical face was fatigued, but through the fatigue there showed a mordant amusement, traces of which were rarely absent for long from his mouth, his casually observant gray eyes.

A door opened, and Henderson collided with *Fact's* slighter, compact, intense editor, Hugh Flint. An expression of nervous annoyance leaped into Flint's sharply angled face.

## *The Scribner Serial — a high-tension story of death in a magazine office*

Henderson said, "I was looking for you."

"What is it, Baird?" Flint's tone was sharp.

Henderson held out the papers. He rubbed one cheek and his mouth slanted. "Dynamite."

A messenger carrying a locked pouch ran past them. A boy came up, said, "Mr. Flint," urgently. Flint, his sharp, nervous eyes on the page Henderson had given him, ignored the boy who waited respectfully.

At thirty-eight Hugh Flint, vice-president of the corporation he had envisaged while still a Harvard undergraduate, had already achieved a success which might have baffled a lesser man. Son of a watchman in the Whitford Cotton Works, he had as a youth impressed the elderly childless Cornelius Whitford and been made that tycoon's protégé. At Harvard, where Whitford sent him, his driving genius had propelled him into high undergraduate political places and fused an alliance with Philip Norton, whose social and financial connections were exactly what Flint needed in order to realize his one burning ambition—the establishment of a magazine whose power would be as the power of any ten of its predecessors. Between them Flint and Norton had founded Fact, Incorporated, staffed it with Harvard colleagues of their college days, and brilliantly had guided *Fact* to its destiny. No member of the organization, with the exception of Flint and Norton, was ever mentioned by name, and thus on these two was indivisibly focused the brilliance of *Fact's* reputation—on Flint, fiery originator, and Norton, *Fact's* sapient business director.

Baird Henderson, classmate of Flint's and Norton's at Harvard, quiet dependable third of a trinity that had made Yard history, had at the inception of *Fact* been entrusted with the detailed carrying out of Flint's meteoric ideas, and was by now as indispensable in the vivid life of the organization as Flint himself—a fact on which Henderson, troubled with neither Norton's financial ambitions nor Flint's lust for power, had never considered it worth while to insist. Save for rare periods of introspective revolt, Henderson was content to enjoy the anonymity which Flint's and Norton's combined shadow gave him. When rebellion did warm him on occasion he was wont to turn the mild acid of his amusement on the flickering spark and extinguish it.

Which was exactly what he was doing now as he waited for Flint to finish reading the copy he had handed him.

Copyboys, more messengers, young men in eyeshades hurried by. Henderson did not take his ironic eyes off Flint. "Just a little libel in it, Hugh?"

Flint answered shortly without looking up. "The facts always libel someone. That's why they're facts." He thrust the sheets at Henderson. "Time to remake 'Personalities' to take this?"

Henderson looked at his watch. "Twenty-seven minutes."



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"Fine," Flint snapped, his unquiet eyes bright. "Remake 'Personalities' and give this Danisher business two columns."

"Why not send a man out with a gun to shoot Danisher? Simpler that way."

Flint frowned sharply and strode away. Henderson watched him a moment, glanced at the typed pages in his hand, drew his mouth down, and returned to his own office.

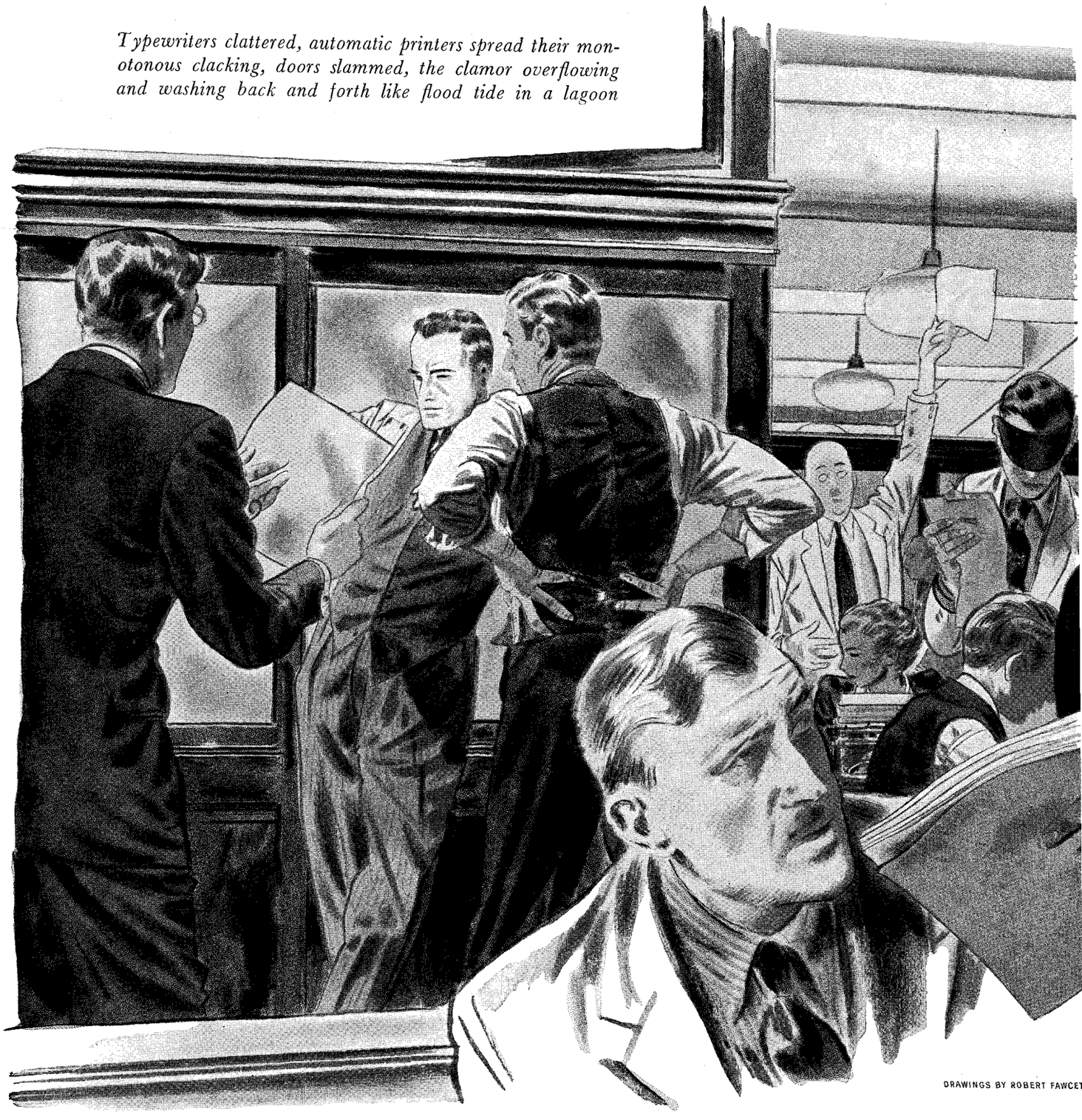
A moment later there was a rap on the panel. Henderson said, "Come in."

The boy who had waited respectfully for Flint to finish reading as he stood in the corridor entered. "Mr. Flint wants you, Mr. Henderson. He's in the cable room."

Halfway down the corridor, Henderson entered a square room where a dozen telegraphers sat in cubicles, each with a depleted roll of manifold feeding into his typewriter like the web of newsprint into a press. Several of the keys were still clicking, but their tempo was relaxed. The wires, each leading to one of the earth's current hotspots, would be held open until the last form was plated up, but it was clear that the flood had already receded from this outpost.

Flint was leaning over the shoulder of one operator

*Typewriters clattered, automatic printers spread their monotonous clacking, doors slammed, the clamor overflowing and washing back and forth like flood tide in a lagoon*



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT FAWCET

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whose fingers were translating a dispatch into type. "Jake," he said crisply as Henderson approached, "get a confirmation on that Tokyo riot. We'll try to hold for it."

The man hitched his quadruplicate sheets nervously, leaning forward with weary fingers to adjust the roll from which they unwound. His key leaped into life.

Flint turned, saw Henderson, and motioned him to the door. Outside, he said frowning, "Baird, Danisher is out front. I'm sending out word to have him talk to you."

Henderson stared at the other, one mobile eyebrow lifting. "Thanks."

"You're not afraid of him?" Flint challenged.

"Why?"

"Will you talk to him?"

Henderson shook his head.

"Why not?" Flint barked.

Henderson said, "Scenes are bad for my nerves. Send him in to see Phil," he suggested.

Flint's eyes narrowed. He said, "All right. Tell Mac," and walked rapidly away.

Henderson stood a moment, his eyebrow still lifted. Then, hearing his name called, he turned toward the wide noisy room at the end of the corridor where the Production Manager was signaling him. Along the far wall a battery of clacking automatic printers made endless din. Operators worked tensely at keyboards, punching tape that writhed into the clattering senders. Boys trotted along, snaring sheaves of last-minute revisions on spindles —last-minute revisions that would beat Sunday editions of every newspaper in the country. Behind a triple-glass wall a score of youths with earphones and breastplates sat poised over copy that had been sent through the machines thirty minutes before and was even now being read back in proof over a thousand miles of telephone cable from the humming production and distribution plant in the Middle West, where forms were being tightened and presses were already pounding out the back pages of the weekly run.

## II

HENDERSON, returning by way of the quieter, depopulated art room, encountered Philip Norton talking to the Art Editor. He told Norton that Flint had suggested Norton see Danisher. "Pleasant little prospect," he added.

Norton frowned. The frown, like everything else about his erect, athletic person, was faultless; it lent gravity to the smooth pinkness of his face, touched rounded jowl and the cleft of his chin with a passing austerity. A perfectly controlled frown, a frown unquestionably in leash, efficient, amenable, like all Norton's gestures, to the exigencies of time and place. The frown vanished.

"Thank you, Baird. I'd like for you to be there too, if you will," suavely.

Henderson's mouth twisted.

"You arranged the research and know more about what we have found out than I do, you know."

"I'll come in." Henderson walked away.

"Thank you, Baird." Norton turned to the Art Editor and continued his calm discussion. When he had finished, he went to his paneled office where the financial policy of *Fact* was shaped.

Here he was met by a wiry youth with slate-colored eyes sharpened by octagonal, rimless glasses.

When Hugh Flint had, the spring before, announced his intention of adapting to journalism a device hitherto monopolized by football coaches and Hollywood studios, he had aroused amusement in the publication world and thrown a hundred college campuses into ferment. In short, Flint stated that henceforth *Fact* would scout the colleges for journalistic talent, signing promising upperclassmen to write for the magazine after their graduation. The harshness of the criteria by which such *enfants terribles* were to be selected, however, was manifest at once. Only one was chosen the first June.

His name was Clark Malory, and his admiration for Flint was of the order of pure hero worship. Malory had exhibited this in his sophomore year by dragooning a dozen of his fellows into an organization patterned on Fact, Incorporated, and by publishing at his family's expense a collegiate weekly which followed its professional model so closely as to be accused by some captious critics of plagiarism. The sprightly tone of the publication, its success in producing two journalistic beats which metropolitan dailies were honest enough to recognize as such, and above all Malory's reiterated and passionate admira-



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tion for the Editor-in-Chief of *Fact,* all brought him to Flint's attention, and to the informed it was matter for no surprise when Clark Malory was announced as the recipient of the first *Fact* contract to be awarded an undergraduate anywhere in the nation. *College Humor* carried an encomium, Clark's coterie began referring to him as The Future Editor of *Fact,* and Clark wore his mouth differently.

During this summer he was being inducted into the close fraternity of the *Fact* staff, and was currently serving as Norton's assistant while the regular incumbent took his vacation.

Now something in the youth's manner made Norton frown. He asked, "What is it, Clark?"

The Future Editor of *Fact* said in a terse editorial manner, "Trouble, Mr. Norton."

"What kind of trouble?"

Polished highlights on the rimless glasses sharpened. "Danisher is here."

Norton's frown vanished. His round, pink face was imperturable, competent. He nodded.

"Shall I have Mr. Flint talk to him?"

The merest echo of Norton's frown flitted over his calm eyes. "Do you think he could do it better than I?"

Clark flushed. He said, "I'll have Danisher come in."

Norton glanced at his watch. "Call Henderson. Tell Danisher he can have three minutes, no more."

A minute later he rose from behind his desk as the door opened and a tall, spare man with angular jaw and jutting chin was ushered in. Clark Malory looked after him for an instant, his youthful eyes hard, his cheeks still flushed. Then he closed the door, and Danisher and Norton were alone for a moment.

"Mr. Danisher?" Norton asked cordially.

"I am." Danisher's eyes, deep beneath their furze of brow, glittered. "I hear that you are planning to print——"

The corridor door opened, and Baird Henderson strode into the room. He looked sharply from Norton to the stranger.

"This is Mr. Danisher, Mr. Henderson," Norton said smoothly. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Danisher?"

"I want to know if it's true that you are going to print a story about my face lotion containing——"

"Mr. Henderson," the Production Manager cried, rushing through the door which Henderson still held open, "Johnson's come in with a double spread for Black and Black. How in God's name we going to——?"

"What can you cut?" Norton asked Henderson.

Henderson rubbed his cheek, his bloodshot eyes on his watch. The tumult in the corridor quickened moment by moment, eddied into the room like the lapping waves of a flood at crest.

"Youth movement story," Henderson rapped out. "Sent it through five minutes ago and——"

A boy skidded through the door and thrust a sheaf of soiled dummies into the Production Manager's hand.

"Do sit down, Mr. Danisher," Norton urged.

"My God," the Production Manager wailed, looking up wildly from the sheets in his hand. "Twenty-four's been plated up for two days. What's this tripe from Buenos Aires doing in——?"

"We are printing a report from the laboratory which —" Norton began to Danisher.

"I should like to see that report, Mr. Norton."

"I'm sorry, Danisher, but——"

"*What* did you say to do with this Buenos Aires——?"

"Replate page twenty-four," Henderson snapped.

The Production Manager's drawn face sagged. He murmured something and wheeled to charge out of the room and upset a messenger boy. The door closed slowly, muting the clamor that swelled ever higher.

"That report," Norton said easily, almost genially, to Danisher, "indicates that every woman who uses your cosmetics runs the risk of paralysis or death, Danisher."

"*Not* every woman," the manufacturer said in an intense voice. "Ten thousand women could use it with perfect safety——"

"And the ten thousand and first be stricken——"

"I found out about it myself only yesterday," Danisher said desperately. "Believe me, Mr. Norton, it's the solvent, just the solvent." His voice was hoarse. "I ordered every ounce of that solvent destroyed at once."

"It is a fact, though, that fifty thousand jars of cream went out of your factory in the ten days you used this particular solvent?"

Danisher's mouth jerked.

Norton nodded. "And *Fact* prints the facts, Danisher."

"It may have *been* a fact," Danisher broke in. "I'm not disputing that. But I've taken steps——"

"How long have you been manufacturing cosmetics?"

"We've used that solvent only ten days. It wasn't our fault. The samples——"

"The samples *we* analyzed were purchased in a Broadway store. They came from your factory day before yesterday. Is that not right, Mr. Henderson?"

Henderson nodded.

Danisher's eyes beneath their overhanging brows were opaque. "You know that to print that will ruin me? You know that only one woman in ten thousand runs any risk——?"

"I'm sorry, Danisher," Norton broke in evenly. He smiled. "No other publication in the world would have the courage to print the facts about one of its most profitable advertisers. *Fact* has that courage, Danisher. *Fact* is telling the women of America——"

Danisher said hoarsely, "Even if you knew that I've destroyed the solvent, that——"

There was a sharp rap at the door and it burst open at once spilling the anxious Production Manager into the room. "Sorry, Mr. Norton," he threw at the desk, "but, my God," to Henderson, "you can't put a double truck in place of that story. Cuts a third of a column too short."

"There is no time to change now," Norton was say-



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ing regretfully to Danisher. "Isn't that right, Baird?"

"The book's closing," Henderson agreed without looking up from the dummy over which his pencil was hovering.

The Production Manager gave Danisher a scornful glance. "Christ himself couldn't unlock those forms."

Norton's ready frown flitted. He said, "So you see, Danisher, we——"

"I've recalled every one of those jars," Danisher rasped, his gaunt face flaming. Then, as Norton's impassive face did not change, the manufacturer suddenly whirled and left the room.

The Production Manager hurried out immediately after him, grimly studying the form Henderson had blue-penciled.

Before the door clicked softly shut behind him, a gong rang five times. The clamor beyond the corridor diminished perceptibly.

Henderson drew a deep breath, dropped on the arm of a scarlet leather chair, and felt wearily for his pipe.

*The tall, gaunt man stood in the doorway, staring at Julia. She reached for the hammer*

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He said, "Well, another issue washed up." When Norton did not speak, Henderson looked at him. "Started something, haven't we, Phil?"

"You mean Danisher?"

"That was the name," Henderson agreed. He felt for his tobacco pouch, failed to find it, and got up from the chair arm.

"I presume we can handle Danisher," Norton said easily. Then, "You're through, Baird?"

Henderson rubbed his cheek and yawned suddenly. "Hope so."

"How about a drink?"

Henderson shook his head. "Sorry. Date." He looked ironically at Norton. "I hope you know what you've started, Phil."

"I think I do."

"Fine."

Henderson went out, still searching pockets for the missing pouch.

Norton rose and stared out over the city, sweltering under its heat haze.

Clark Malory, coming into the office, said, "Mr. Norton."

Norton turned. "What, Clark?"

"Will there be anything else?"

Norton smiled suddenly. "Mr. Flint told you, I believe, Clark, that there would be no time clock."

"Yes."

"The editorial staff of *Fact* is expected to quit at five o'clock one day a week, Clark. One day only, Wednesday."

"I know, Mr. Norton." Malory was not amused at the traditional jest. "On Wednesdays they may quit at five because on Wednesdays they do not work. I know, Mr. Norton."

"Why do you want to go, Clark?"

The boy hesitated an instant. Then an irrepressible eagerness showed through his man-of-the-world manner. "Mr. Flint and Mr. Henderson are going to meet Monica Leeds for cocktails. Mr. Flint said I might go with him."

Norton smiled. "So you want to meet Monica Leeds? Why?"

"She is the greatest woman journalist in the country," scornfully.

Norton laughed. "You share Flint's opinion, I see."

"What if I do?"

"Don't be ashamed of it. It's a good opinion to share. Run along. I've some dictation I'd like you to do, some memos I don't want the secretaries to handle. I'll put it on cylinders, and you can come back tonight and get it out." He waved his hand. "Run along and touch the hem of the Leeds skirt."

## III

HEAT, harsh, implacable heat of sun on steel and mortar, hung sluggish in the street. Idled motors, clotting at intersections, charged the air with gasoline reek; flat oily fumes of asphalt blanketed the pavement; from sweltering shops there seeped a medley of odors, of heat-ripened fruit, spilled beer, the tough dry smell of leather, the limp sickishness of drugs.

Monica Leeds, sitting by a curtained window that walled out the heat and made the Chatham Bar an oasis of cool washed air, stared into the broiling street outside. A certain angular stubbornness in her face grew more pronounced, high-lighted by the interest that burned now in her gray eyes. They were eyes whose animation was quick, spontaneous, matching fluently the play of humor about her mouth, intelligent, shrewd, their lambent liveliness a foil to the stubborn line of jaw and chin. Although her daily column was syndicated to twenty-two of the country's leading newspapers, Monica Leeds conformed neither in mien nor manner with the conventional sketch of the woman journalist. Wholly individual, she required neither artifice nor affectation to signalize this. She was thirty-three, unmarried, and, by reason of a career which had been wholly satisfying, unresentful of either fact.

She looked up as three men came toward her table, Baird Henderson tall, loose, his hands riding the pockets of a tweed jacket, his tired eyes deep in their bony hollows warm and bright as they rested on her, Hugh Flint beside him looking sharply over the room, nodding as the occupants of a dozen tables here and there greeted him with gestures. Behind them walked Clark Malory, his youthful mouth scornful, his eyes adolescent lamps of deference.

Monica Leeds held out her hand. "Hello, Baird." She added, her voice neutral, "How do you do, Mr. Flint."

Hugh Flint's nervous features eased in a quick smile, his restless eyes lighting, his thin lips compressing immediately as an expression of pain leaped afresh into his uneasy eyes. Henderson, watching, saw Clark Malory wince with sympathetic anguish as he caught the unguarded twinge in Flint's face.

"Mind awfully our butting in like this?" Flint asked, his voice staccato.

"Not at all."

"This is Mr. Malory, Miss Leeds."

Monica smiled on The Future Editor of *Fact,* said pleasantly, "I've read about Mr. Malory."

Clark Malory swallowed and his mouth forgot for a moment to be scornful. "That's awfully kind of you."

"Not at all," Monica said in a tone that dismissed him. She turned to Henderson. "Finished?"

"Don't we look it?"

"You're sure Clark and I aren't intruding?" Flint protested. "Perhaps the two of you——"

"Please. I'm flattered." She smiled. "There is a popular myth that Baird and I enjoy being alone. It has absolutely no basis in fact, has it, Baird?"

Henderson grunted, rubbed his eyes.

Flint said, "I didn't know."

The unsureness that marked his words reflected from his manner in its nervous, brittle urgency. Clark Malory, watching him closely, tore his glance away and gazed around the room with a worldly (*continued on page* 67)



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# don herold examines:

## chimpanzees

As I age (I am now 97, Eastern Standard Time, thanks to my consistent consumption of cod-liver oil with viosterol, plus clean living in moderation), the conviction grows within me that most of the sterner virtues are the bunk, except as by-products.

The trouble with them is, they result in such terrible people. I believe a perfectly fine human race could be built up purely on a religion, philosophy or platform *of fun.*

I recently spent a whole day in the companionship of two young chimpanzees, and they (and I) had such a glorious time of it, such a magnificent day of rollicking nonsense, that I kept feeling, the whole day long, that we people had somewhere, somehow, got sidetracked from our real destiny. If we descended from monkeys, we certainly descended the wrong branch of the family tree.

These two wonderful chimpanzees had more real fun in life in this one day, than the average human gets out of life in a year's time. I am a better man for the experience, and I hope I did not contaminate the chimpanzees spiritually with my presence.

I kept thinking how much better these two chimpanzees are than Hitler and Mussolini and the President of the New York Stock Exchange and John L. Lewis and Bishop Manning and James L. Farley and Tom Girdler, ninety per cent of our U. S. Senators, most of the Presidents of the United States, most of the presidents of anything, all the generals in the Japanese Army, Nicholas Murray Butler, and Miss Perkins.

The only people I could think of at the moment who are equal to or better than these chimpanzees were Fred Astaire, Walt Disney, Sonja Henie, Mrs. Herold and the children, Mrs. Lou Jones and several other folks in Bloomfield (Indiana), Ed Wynn, Toscanini, Bill Robinson, Helen Keller, Rosy Bliven, Frannie Shinn, Benny Goodman, Guy Lombardo, Grace Moore, a lot of painters and dancers and singers and Pullman porters and trap drummers and window washers and newsboys that I know.

I consider equal to my monkey friends those people who are kind and who are grinding out fun and humble service, and I seem to cross off those who make a grim business of religious, political, or nationalistic convictions or sheer money-grabbing.

When we monkeys began to guess about the destiny of man, economic systems, etc., we went haywire. We should have stuck to our monkey business. I sometimes feel like defining religion as our hatred of our fellow men who don't agree with us in our ideas as to the brotherhood of man. And I'd hate to give you my definition of politics.

In *Of Mice and Men,* the farm hands are berating one of their fellows for spending his savings on a big spree, several years previous. "But," he said, "*that* is the week I remember. All them other weeks I don't remember."

Now when I suggest a religion of fun, I would qualify it to mean fun in the long run. Fun today at the cost of fun tomorrow isn't fun. Fun injurious to others bounces back and isn't *net* fun. And these two restrictions just about take care of morals.

I wish, somehow, that we could all start over as chimpanzees.

## 4 hawaiians

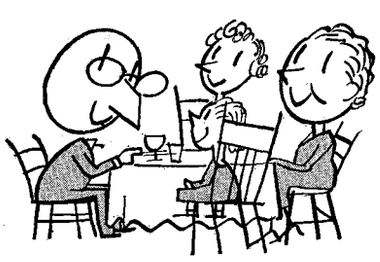
Every once in a while, sitting at the dinner table, I look at my family and find myself surprised.

How did they get there?

All of a sudden, they seem all new and unusual to me as if they had just been sent up by an employment agency or a casting office, to be my family.

They never get to be old shoes.

It seems so funny for me to have a family to myself. I'm still a kid, in my own mind.



I used to be a bachelor, eating alone in restaurants. And here I am with a wife and two red-



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headed kids and a dog, all eating at the same table.

It wasn't because I wanted the human race to go on. I've never been especially keen about the human race. I think the human race could end tomorrow, and nobody would miss it. It wasn't because I wanted to reproduce myself. One of me is a plethora.

I used to be Mr. & Mrs. Herold's little boy, and here I am with two daughters.

It's appalling.

Well, I like them, so I guess it's all right.

## civilian bombs

There's wholesome candor in the statement by our army that it will not bomb civilians in our next war, because it doesn't pay. I'm glad that they did not put it on a humanitarian basis.

It is very fine and nice of the Japs to bomb women and children. I am always glad to see a Chinese war film with women and children dead in the street.

When I see this, I feel that the world is getting somewhere. If this keeps up, there's some hope that we'll someday get the idea that we don't want war.

There is nothing so helpful to war as the hypocrisy that it can be gentlemanly and chivalrous and fair and clean and picturesque and romantic.

Now, I believe, if you are going to war, that you should fight as unfairly as possible—gouge, bite, cheat, hit below the belt, steal, and lie. And kill women and children. (Either that, or admit frankly that the women and children don't pay.)

All nations are stinkers at heart. There probably isn't a nation in the world really worth fighting for unless it's Finland, Denmark, or Switzerland. Or, of course, maybe America, under certain conditions. I'd be one of the first to enlist to fight against any nation that would attack the Walt Disney studios in Hollywood.

If we nations weren't all stinkers, we would have all pounced on Japan like terriers on a rat the day she started to steal China. But we are too scared of each other to join in any such united discipline to a racketeer nation. One or two nations couldn't do it alone. It would have to be unanimous, righteous indignation, like a lynching.

As individuals, we would never stand by, neutral, watching robbery and rape. But, as nations, we are too circumspect, and with some justification at present, to leave our own doorstep, for fear the neighbors will come in and rob our pantry while we are out on an errand of justice.

All of our national and international orneriness is hidden under white shirts and diplomatic dish-dosh.

I think it is a step in the right direction when Japan says, "None of your business how big we build our ships," or when our army says "it doesn't pay" to bomb women and children.

Let's be the rascals we are, and then maybe we'll *see* what rascals we are.

## mr. murray

I wish my papa and mamma had provided me with more dancing lessons and less book learning. I believe that it is possible to be completely happy with one's feet, whereas all that you get out of your head may be headaches.

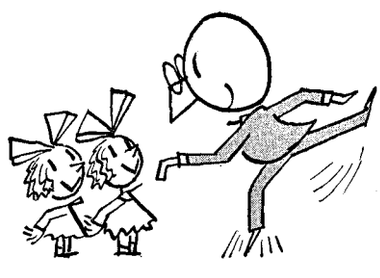
I'm serious. I think that dancing should be the No. 1 item in the education of every child. I think it is the surest way of putting a youngster in tune with the cosmos. There is rhythm in the planets and there ought to be rhythm in people.

Our daughter Barbara was headed for a life of cynical, sinister, ice-cold, intellectual self-isolation if anybody ever was. She was a brainy misanthrope at six. But her mother had the intuitive good sense to hustle her off to a dancing school, and I sincerely believe that dancing has been the finest thing that ever happened to Barbara. At college age now, she has an acid mind that would soon burn the world to an ash, if she had nothing else. But she, thank God, has rhythm. She's in tune with the infinite, and can tap and swing and shag with the elements. She's now a satisfactory human being to herself and to us.

I've realized lately that my own rhythm needed a lot of streamlining. I've found myself growing grumpy. So I marched myself up to Arthur Murray's, and I'm having the time of my life in my foolish forties. Well, I'd rather have them foolish than frigid.

You have to start in like a baby learning to walk, and you have to get rid of that 1917 gallop, but after a few days of instruction you convalesce from your pristine awkwardness. Your feet may hurt, but your soul soars.

This Murray school is one of our great American industries. Some 200 teachers are employed in the Murray classes in New York and elsewhere. The New York school is a marvel of efficiency and organization. To the dozens of classrooms are "piped" a selection of fox trots, tangos, waltzes, rumbas, etc., which the instructor can select by turning a knob. Chimes ring on the half-hour, and the cash register rings merrily all the while. You may enter the place thinking of "a dancing master" as a sissy, but if you are a businessman, one of your thrills, before you are through, will be in coming to marvel at Mr. Murray's business acumen and talent for making things hum.



And you'll get a little rhythm in your blood, and your Mrs. and your kids will feel a lot less like shooting you every time you pop your bald head in the door.



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# O'Precious

## A SHORT STORY

## BY GENEVIEVE W. CHANDLER

Not far from the King's Highway, where the cars race north and the cars race south all day, is a weather-beaten, shabby little cabin with two small rooms. The one thing that makes it different from all the other little cabins on the old abandoned rice fields is the saw-toothed cornicing—an unnecessary but charming bit of frivolity that could be indulged in 'way back there in the "Reb-time day," when slaves multiplied fast and jobs had to be manufactured to keep them busy.

The inmates of this weather-beaten cabin lived close to Nature. They understood her every mood. When Uncle Welcome said, "I blive a storm coming!" and waggled his long forefinger toward the frightened rice birds that were coming to the very doorstep, the wise man battened down his storm shutters. When Aunt Yanniky said, "To-day I drop pea; I'll hit the wind and moon!" the woman who wanted her peas to bear well and not be devoured by insects wisely went and dropped her peas. And living close to Nature, they lived close to God. While accepting all His manifold gifts, they never failed to give credit where credit was due. They lived things in the cabin with God. They sang:

*I'm going to trust in the Lord!*
*I'm going to trust in the Lord!*
*I'm going to trust in the Lord!*
*Till I die!*



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Without this trust they would have been lost like the poor babes in the wood. They did not know this. They did not analyze. They just trusted.

The first thing you see when you enter the little cabin is Frizzle hen. She is frizzly because she came out of the egg backwards and she came out of the egg backwards because—but that's another story! Aunt Yanniky's Frizzle stands in the center of Aunt Yanniky's bed on a faded patchwork quilt and cackles and cackles and cackles. Hearing her announcement, Aunt Yanniky comes smiling from the one room to the other—a smoky little kitchen. Her prayer has been answered, for, had not Frizzle laid that egg, poor little sick great-grand would have gone to bed with an empty tummy. And great-grand must be kept alive. O'Precious the old man seed—all the seed she and Uncle Welcome have to leave when they pass over Jordan. And Welcome shall be making that passage soon. Was he not one hundred and four? Couldn't he prove that by old Cap'n tombstone? Wasn't he twelve when they bury old Massa to Turkey Hill graveyard? Yes. And Yanniky pressing him pretty close. She has no tombstone to prove her age. Her age got lost. It burned up in the cabin to Turkey Hill with the family Bible that she and Welcome had started out with—way back there after Freedom.

And now the lone survivor of their family of fourteen was the bundle of bones and skin that Daddy Welcome held and chuckled over . . . while the wrinkled old Yanniky waddled out to beat up Frizzle's contribution and put in the few drops of monkey rum to give great-grand strength. There should have been more than this one babe, but the eldest daughter failed to breed and all the grands and all the sons and daughters had gone on before, leaving this weakly mite.

Right greedily the baby welcomed food. The eggnog was licked down to the last drop. She had good use of her tongue. Good Master, help Yanniky to keep victual on hand for the mite!

Besides Uncle Welcome, Aunt Yanniky, baby grand and rats and cat, the cabin had no living tenants that mattered. The crickets and moths and fleas and bugs didn't count. Wasn't she raised on the old proverb "What your eye don't see, your heart won't grieve"?

The family, however, numbered seven. Seven hungry head to feed. Fourteen hungry eyes stared Aunt Yanniky in the face! But the ox ate shucks, and Frizzle she ate worms and the pig wampee which grew rank and wild in the abandoned rice fields. How about the dog? Dog catch he own rabbit.

True, there was rice. By shaving close, by almost counting the grains, rice would last till October harvest. But the baby couldn't eat dry like she and the old man. They had gone so long "eating dry" that as a matter of course they took a fork and picked the dry rice from the black iron pot three times daily and uttered a "T'ank God!" But the mite, O'Precious, was getting lighter every day and what to give it to lap up with its little tongue was all that mattered very much right now.

Now Frizzle. The hen was almost human. Didn't she help feed the family? Wasn't she a miracle? She'd take a worm and bit of grit and sleep and make an egg of it! And she was an inheritance, like the cherished firedogs from the old house where they were born, or like the old millstone at the front steps which could not be bought for love or money—(the old stone that the "old original" labored with in the rice mills and when there were no longer rice mills to labor in, Ma and Pa put to the doorstep. When you have the weather and the rain gush off the eaves, the stone won't let 'em puddle to the doorstep. "Ma and Pa foots rest on them stone. Missus, can't part wid 'em. Keep dem for good remembrance!") The first Frizzle was the gift from Yanniky's grandmother to Yanniky's mother, and Yanniky herself had inherited what remained for seed when her dear old mother, weary of well-doing, had slipped away in the night. Many Frizzles had come and gone since that day and many had died of old age; the hawk had flown away with more than his share; the wise old fox, guessing that Uncle Welcome was deaf, had known no fear, but feasted often, wiping his whiskers and long red tongue on cream-colored, frizzly feathers. But in this household a Frizzle had never graced the table roasted, stewed, or fried—regardless of the fact that many of the days and weeks and months were meatless days and weeks and months. "Frizzle ain't to eat. People put thing like cunjur ball and pizen round your doorstep. Frizzle scratch up sich as that and eat 'em. Frizzle eats too much o' pizen. That how make they ain't fit put in the pot. Frizzle fowl too ugly. But that make they so good for scare 'way hawk!"

No. Meatless days did not come just now and then with wartime to the shabby little cabin that smiled out on the cypress trees in the swamps of Waccamaw. Oh, yes, plenty coon. God make too much o' varmint. But, now he reach his one hundred and four and tramping down hill with his one hundred and five—why Uncle Welcome's a little feeble for the chase. If one versed in such things were to read the language of his foots, it were easy to see that the old man was a natural-born Nimrod. His foots built for long running. The toe been long, and Lord, the



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nail! Most like eagle claw! These old foots been tramping! They tramped before Sherman's rage; they are tramping still. Often as he sits of an evening on his doorstep or in sunshine by the vocal old pump in the early morn, he talks to King Jesus in song. One of the spirituals that he have from the old Reb-time people, who sang it in the little classroom that now stands with trumpet vines hiding its dilapidation, is his best love. When he closes his eyes and sings this, he can see the King. Soon will the welcoming smile say, "Well done, Welcome old man!" And it did not seem to Uncle Welcome that he was doing anything unusual when he traveled along his daily road eating his cold rice and singing:

*I'm tramping, Lord, I'm tramping!*
*Heaven going to be my home!*
*Got a tedious journey but I'm tramping!*
*Heaven going to be my home!*
*I got my religion and I'm tramping!*
*Heaven going to be my home!*
*Got no mother but I'm tramping!*
*Heaven going to be my home!*

O'Precious is the basket name they gave the mite. And when the last drop of egg had gone down the little red lane, what was left for O'Precious' breakfast? Nothing 'tall but dry rice—nothing 'tall——

The child was put to bed on the one Frizzle never laid on, and though it was hot July, a sheet was spread over —face and all. Then Aunt Yanniky, sick at heart and mighty tired in the knee joint, went out in the cool of the evening to chop the 'matoes and taters, for she was too sick with worriment to sit down or lie down. And when, the 'matoes and taters chopped clean, she progressed to the cream-crowder patch on the sunny side of the cabin, and pulled the hot dry sand up to the pea foots as she covered the foots of each hill of peas, she released for Heaven a prayer.

"Do, Jesus! YOU know down to the last hen. What I going to do King Jesus? You ain't want O'Precious for starve! No Fadder! You's a Merciful Fadder! One puny little sparrow don't fall till you tell 'em to drop! Master, what I gwine cook for that child breakfast?"

And when, having reached the end of her row in two senses of the word, Aunt Yanniky turned and started back, there, dogging her heels and picking up grubs and worms turned up by her hoe, ignorant that she was God's instrument, followed Frizzle!

Now Frizzle, you know, was 'most human. Hadn't she laid in the bed, eaten in the kitchen, slept by the fire in bitter weather, and shared corn nubbin? So as Aunt Yanniky stooped and tenderly picked up her friend and

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smoothed away at feathers that would never lie straight, a salty shower fell with the thunderbolt of her confession:

"Child, the Lord say use you. I feel like you Isaac and me old Abraham. But, Frizzle, us got to save the old man seed. As the good song say, 'Got to do what the Lord say do!' "

Yes! Yes, Lord! Had a fight for four months to save the mite. Sea-myrtle bush been strip o' leaves to make tea and the bunch of life 'lasting bout used up. Must the teething mite starve for lack o' soup? Upset stummick take off to much o' colored chillun—what with the flies and diet—Frizzle, you weigh 'gainst O'Precious and the Lord decide 'gainst you!

Shaking her head while giving Frizzle a briny baptism, the poor old soul, half-blinded by tears, stumbled over to her ramshackle fowl coop and thrust Frizzle under.

"Go to sleep, Frizzle. I'll not need soup till breakfast. Will come back when day clean!"

And Yanniky, wiping her eyes on her apron, entered the kitchen door and kept on till she stood over the sleeping O'Precious who lay forgetful of hunger pains and innocently unaware of how great a sacrifice was to be made for her.

"Poor little legs! Skin and bones! Mammy ain't had soup. Ain't got bread. Got but dry rice. Down to the last hen! Oh, my God! Frizzle got to go? Frizzle ain't make to eat! Frizzle been guard the doorstep too long! Scratch and eat too much o' pizen! Ain't the old head say Frizzle fowl too full o' pizen to eat? But O'Precious'll starve if I ain't have soup and have 'em quick! But I can't kill Frizzle! No, Jesus!"

Though she slept little on her bumpy mattress of rice straw, the night did not seem long to Yanniky. Just about the break o' day, 'fore sunup, she began to stumble around the wood pile hunting for the ax. Where was that ax? Impatiently she lifted her voice and called through the kitchen window:

"Old man, which way the ax?"

He didn't know. He couldn't be bother 'bout no ax this early in the morning! Reckon Zackie borrow that ax and forgot to say nothin 'bout it.

Poor, distraught Aunt Yanniky raised her eyes to the tall, dark pines over which the sun would soon rise, and mourned:

"Lord, Zackie must tote off the ax!"

And the message that came back to her receiving set was as plain as plain.

"Yanniky, Zackie has not carried off the carving knife!"

She felt trapped. Where could she go? Anywhere but to that fowl coop! But you cain't hide from God! Jonah try that and look where it put him!

And as she stood under her big fig tree looking Heavenward for mercy, she tuned in on the right station and no static muddled the message that came to her:

"Hurry, Yanniky! Go on! Hard? Yes, sometimes life is hard because you can't see all the way! You can do without Frizzle—but hold on to your faith!"

Uncle Welcome was not on such intimate terms with God, was shocked into sudden exertion and rare speed, for all his one hundred years plus, when he heard a desperate wail: "Welcome! Give me that butcher knife! Make haste, man! Fetch 'em to the window! Ain't you see the sun 'most out the trees?"

And when the much filed-down blade showed itself at the window, it was seized in no uncertain fashion and Yanniky started, like Abraham to the bound Isaac, for the ramshackle fowl pen. Stumbling over a pile of clam shells and ashes to make fertilizer, she tarried by the vocal old pump for a drink and then she put on speed, trying to make herself believe she wanted to get in a hurry to the coop where Frizzle waited in fashion little guessed by her mistress. Was she, perhaps, like the unsuspecting Isaac, to be released at the eleventh hour?

"Give me strength! Do, Jesus!" was her final petition as she neared the coop.

But what is that?

"Squawk! Squawk! Squawk!"

Strangled! Choking! And the muffled squawks come from Frizzle's coop!

Her eyes are dim. Always she peers in dark places. Aunt Yanniky squatted. As she peered into each corner, the rank, dank, malodorous smell of the fowl pen greeted her nostrils, but what is that other wild, raw smell? Down on her all fours she could see better. There's Frizzle—but Frizzle is not alone! No wonder she squawked! Holding Frizzle down and ready to gnaw off her neck was a big fat possum!

Throwing back the coop, she grabbed the possum by the tail and laughed back as he turned Frizzle loose and grinned at her. Proudly and triumphantly, she marched to the cabin (Abraham has the ram by the horns!). No tears falling now! The rising sun illuminated and made more radiant the old soul's smiling face as jubilantly she hailed her old man in the cabin:

"Welcome, old man! Come help me broke this possum neck!"

And O'Precious did like her soup.

# REJECTION SLIP

*(such as Saint Peter will undoubtedly send me)*

Your soul, so kindly submitted for our consideration,
Is here returned to you with deep appreciation.
No criticism of its merit is implied,
But Heaven is at present very well supplied.

—Marcella Hartman



SWORDFISH
BY GEORGE DA

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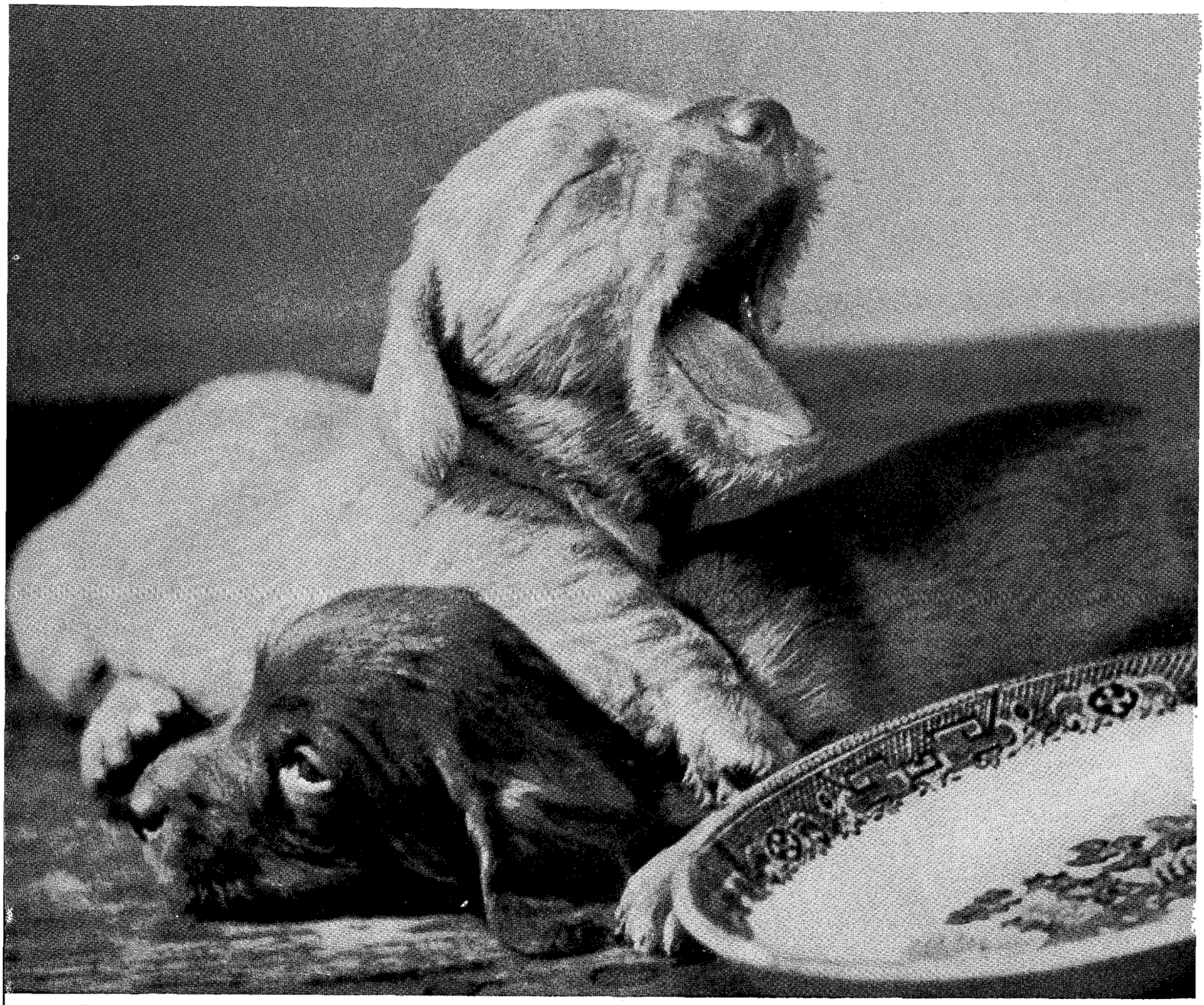
# LIFE IN THE U.S...*Photographic*

This section has had an unusual history. It was launched in our January issue with the hope that it would develop into the finest collection of contemporary photography to be published in any form. We began on the premise that, despite the many photographic exhibitions, there were fine prints never seen by the public. Our belief was that photographers had prints which they considered superior to the ones put on exhibition. This thought seems now to be substantiated by the flood of photographs pouring into our offices. We are publishing the work of both amateurs and professionals — selections of interest to the general reader, of particular interest to photographers. Our only editorial requirement is that the photographs picture life in the United States. For technical facts see page 95.



AFTER LUNCH by Ellen Auerbach

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BLACK STAR.

HOUSE CLEANING by Carola Gregor

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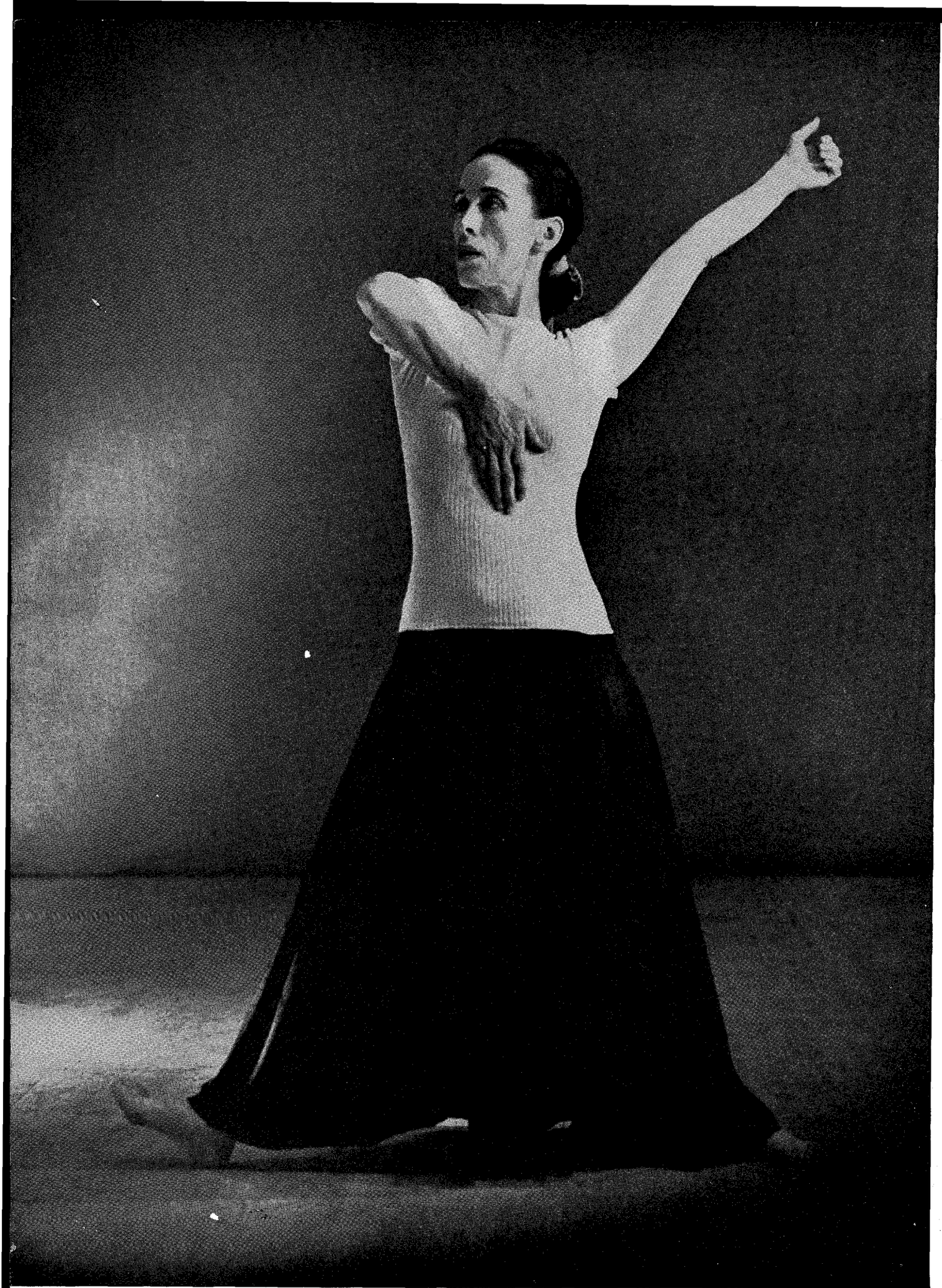

MARTHA GRAHAM by Barbara Morgan

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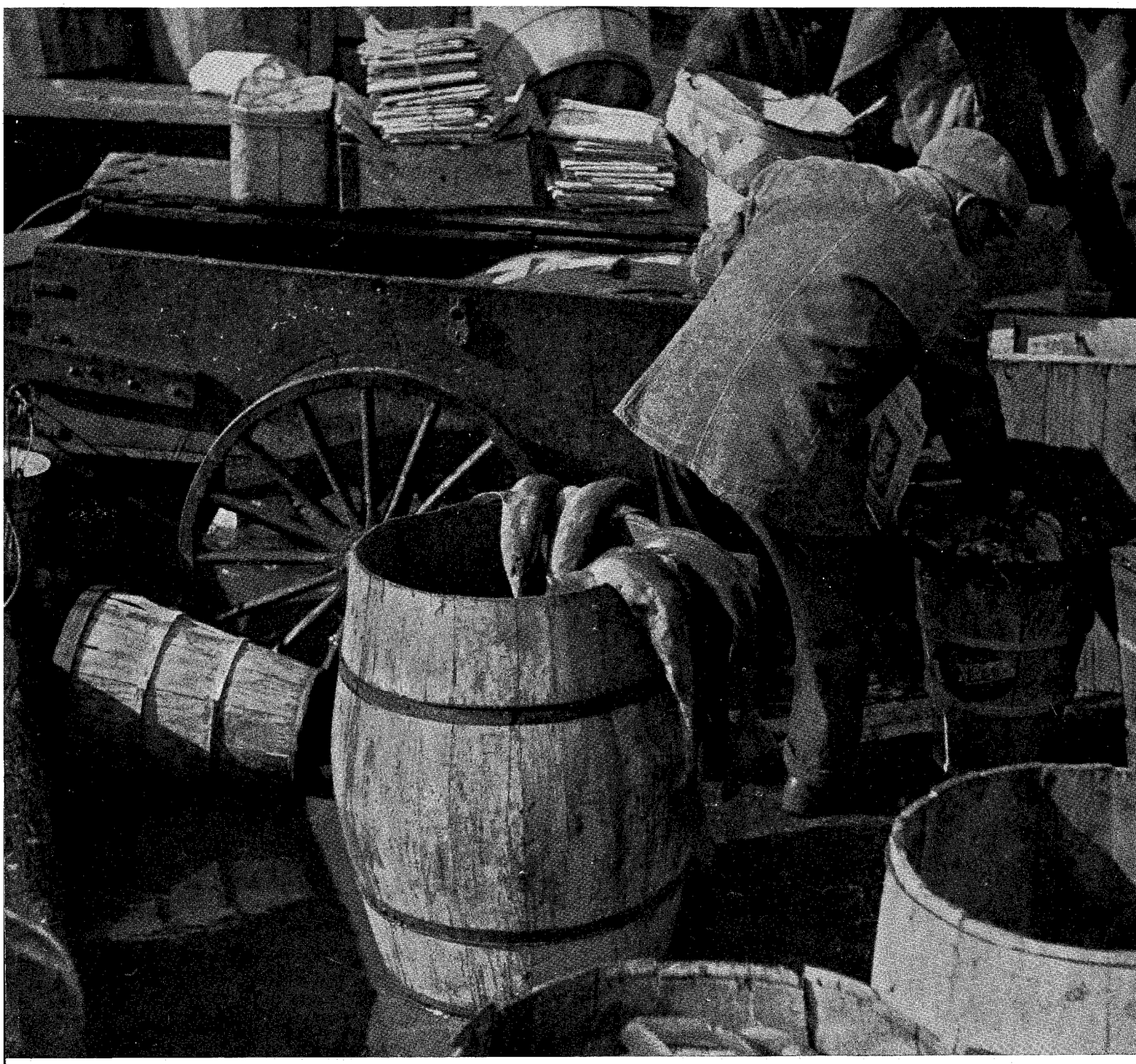

FISH VENDOR by Don Wiedenmayer

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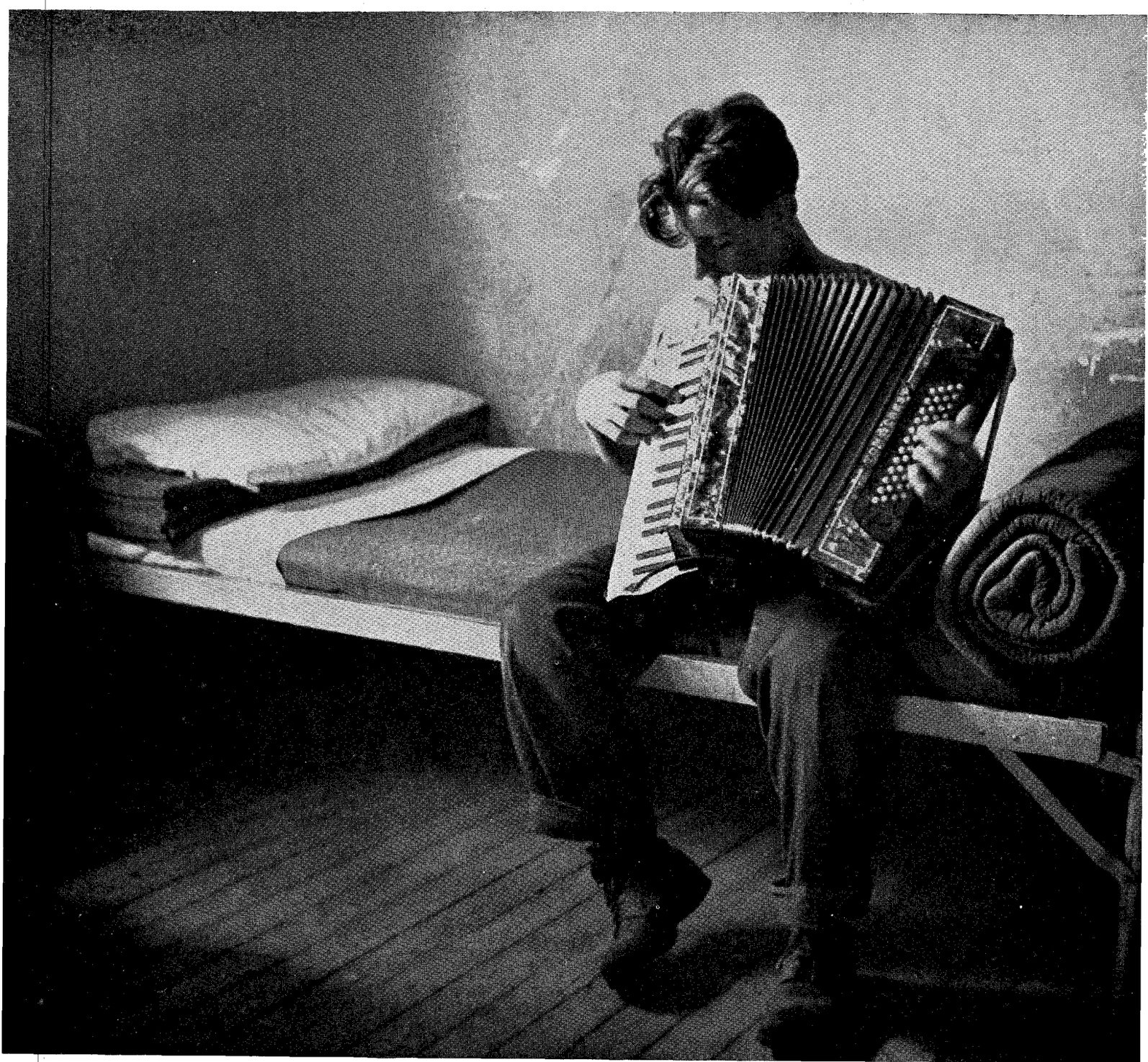

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CCC BOY by Victor de Palma

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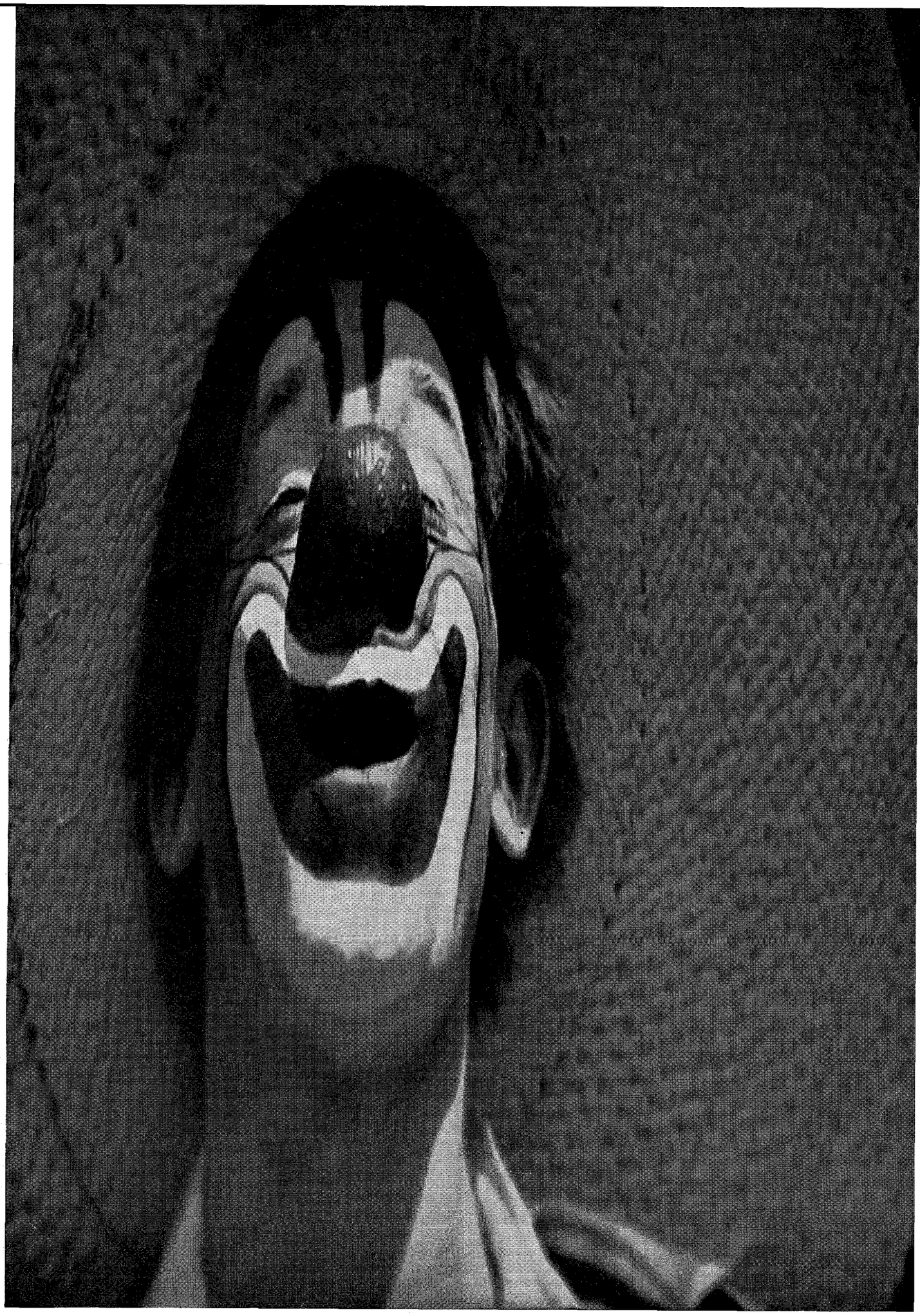

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BROADWAY by George Daniell

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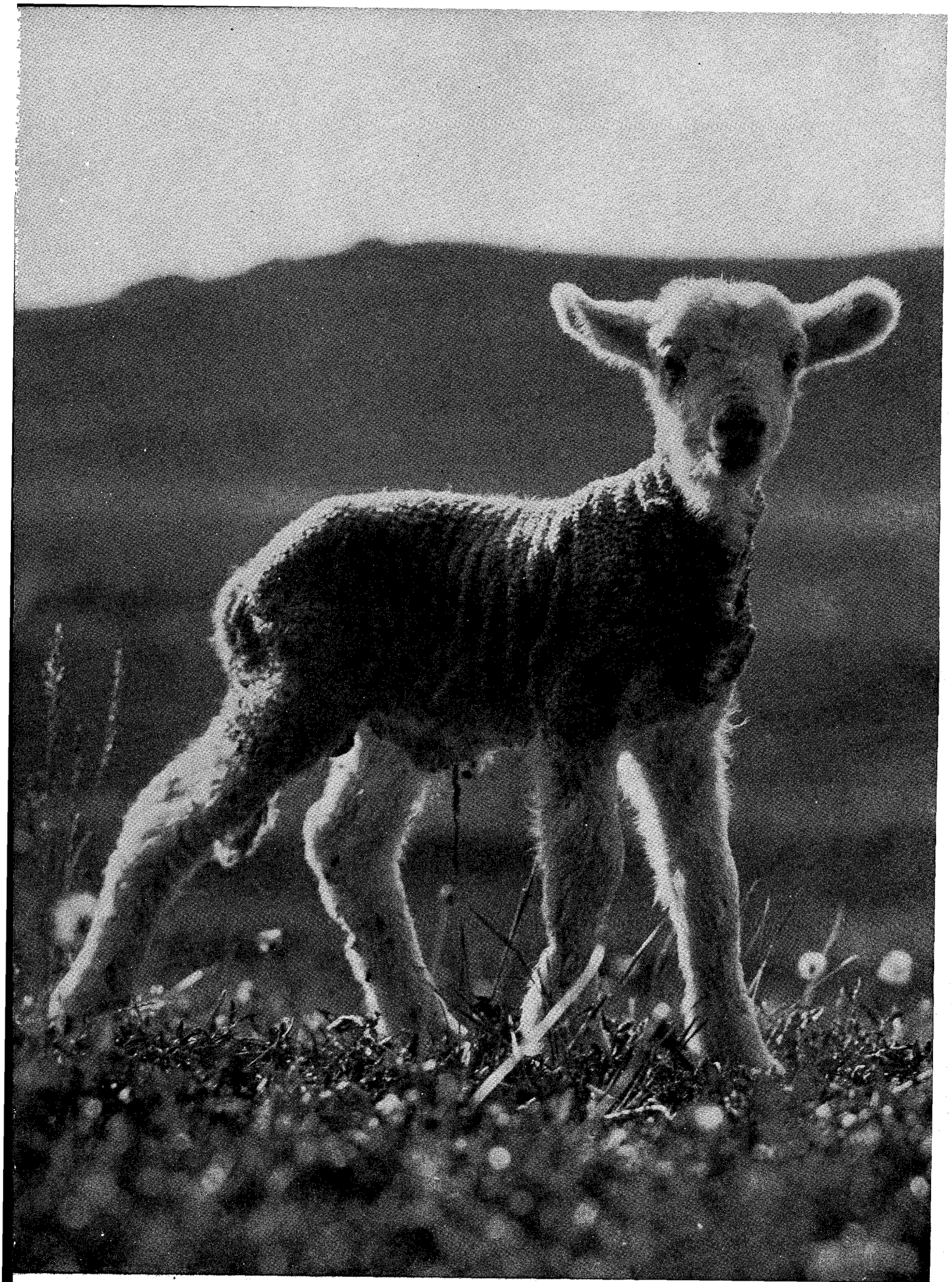

SPRING LAMB by Doris Day

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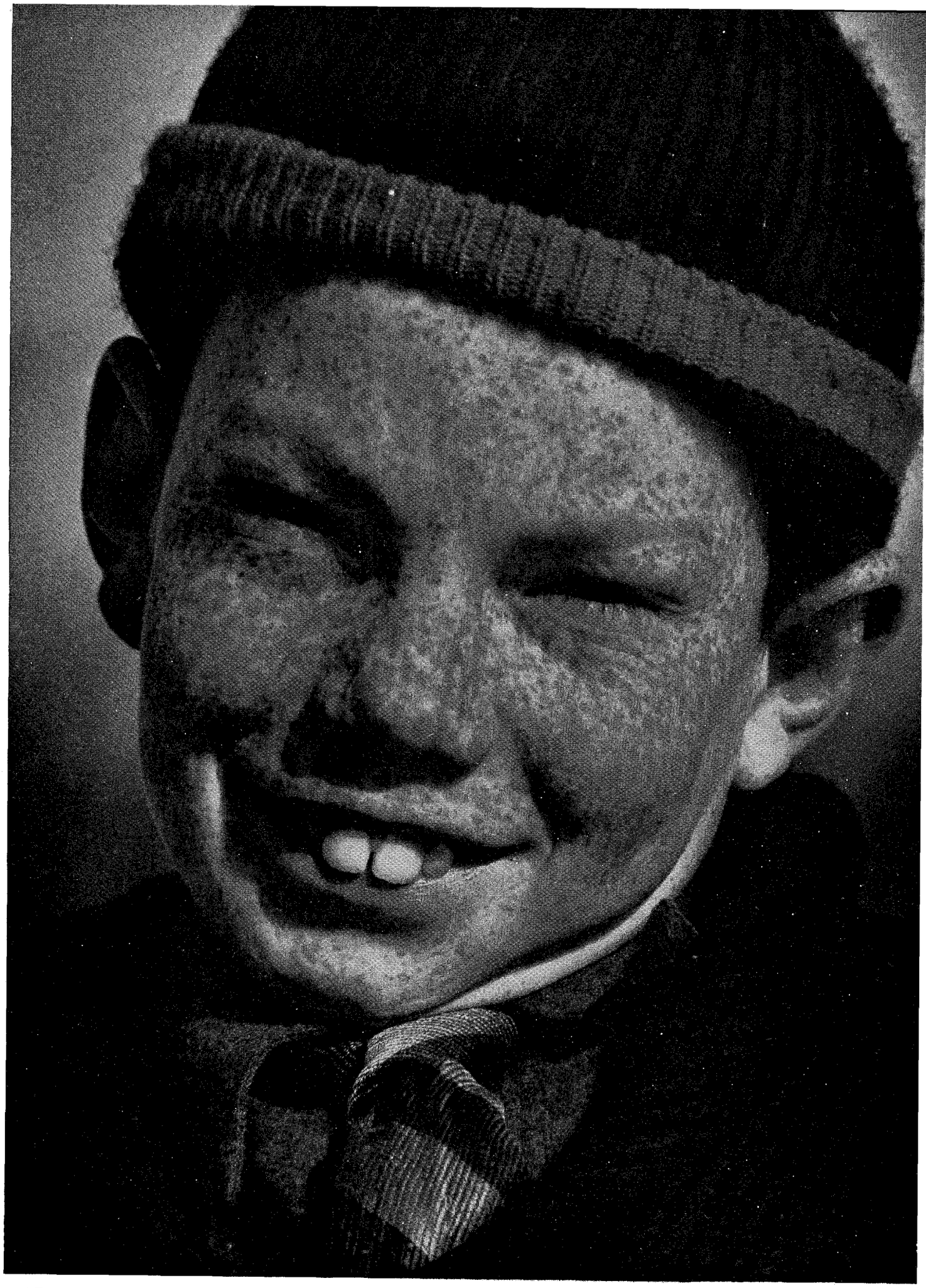

HAROLD SHEELY by Phil Gottheil

REMAC STUDIOS

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*The newsroom of the New York* Times *finally decides to live up to the Hollywood conception of journalism*



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# Motion Pictures

## GILBERT SELDES

It is not true that Greta Garbo's next picture will be a revival of *Tillie's Punctured Romance,* with Paul Muni in Chaplin's old part. You might get that impression from the way things are going in Hollywood, particularly after seeing Katharine Hepburn in *Bringing Up Baby;* the title alone is remarkable for one who used to be presented as an emotional, well-nigh tragic actress; and the picture is a cavorting comedy, in which Miss Hepburn is supported by Cary Grant, not the airiest of comedians, and a leopard, who is Baby. Always an abandoned admirer of the Keystone comedies, I found myself laughing at this one as I laughed twenty years ago; my sense of movie history made me think back to the days when the Keystones were despised by all right-minded citizens; Ince, DeMille, Griffith were the respectable people in those days, and the Keystones gave the movies a bad name. Now slap-stick is in the palaces of movie art.

The rediscovery of knockabout farce runs parallel to Hollywood's discovery of biography, character, history (watch the Civil War!), and social problems. As this type of comedy has already produced one masterpiece (*Nothing Sacred*), the only thing to worry about is Hollywood's passion for overdoing whatever is successful. We are in the midst of a cycle of farce and we shall probably have farce in film versions of Ibsen or Dostoevski if the movies get around to these authors (which wouldn't be impossible). We find tragic or romantic players cast in comedy, not because their talents fit them for the work—neither Miss Irene Rich nor Miss Hepburn showed any special comic comprehensions—but because farce-comedy is now popular, and the only way to build up a failing reputation, or conserve a profitable one, is to be in the mode. A few days ago Miss Joan Crawford asked to be excused from playing a part in a reasonably good picture, and the observers on the Coast said it was because Miss Crawford absolutely had to have a smash hit at this time. I foresee Miss Crawford in a slapstick before the next quarter's income tax is due.

Miss Crawford and Miss Hepburn are two actresses worth thinking about if you want to know how movies actually are made, how stars are created and broken. Neither, I think, has the highest degree of movie talent; Miss Hepburn was overpraised by the critical, Miss Crawford over-adored by the fans. Miss Hepburn got a variety of romantic parts, and had the luck to be cast in *Little Women;* for her, highbrow parts were written and even a highbrow director imported from New York. Even so, she was comparatively neglected. Miss Hepburn is, in fact, a victim of the people who "never go to the movies." Miss Crawford, obviously, is a victim of those who always go to the movies. It is probable that not one in a thousand of her more impassioned admirers cares a glass bead whether she can act or not; her life, her clothes, her reading habits, her upward climb to success have all been identified with the characters she plays on the screen; for once you may believe it when a player says, "My public wouldn't care to see me in such-and-such a rôle." So you get Miss Crawford in a thing called *Mannequin,* which is all skill and no heart; and even her remarkable visibility (which is her real talent) is wasted. After one-third of the picture has been unrolled, you have had Miss Crawford as a daughter of the poor, married to a cadging heel, and divorced from him; and she has met, and meets again, a rich and attractive man (Spencer Tracy); and not only does she refuse to marry him, but she hides from him, for no conceivable reason except to stretch the picture to its required length. A little ingenuity would have supplied a motive; instead of it, the picture went into a psychological rigmarole so patently false that even the customers became impatient. Hence Miss Crawford's anxiety about landing a sure-fire hit.

The people who do go to the movies may make mistakes, but at least they support some of the good pictures; there are times when the worst enemies of the movies seem to be those who never go, because they uphold nothing. From time to time I have suggested here the advisability of protesting against inferior pictures, which is still a good principle. But I begin to believe that protest alone will not accomplish very much—there are too many other patrons. I think that those who care for the movies ought to be exceedingly practical when they find a movie they like; they ought to work up publicity and trade, and ought to let the theater owner know that they are helping him. Then he might be more respectful of their wishes. Part of the profit in pictures is made in big cities, where concerted action is difficult; another, and considerable part, is made in smaller communities. If in these towns the representatives of fifty families were to tell an exhibitor that they will not only see a show, but do everything in their power to start a snowball of approval rolling, they would receive in return the kind of co-operative selection of films which they ought to have.

Current now in the cities of the middle size is *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,* which presents a complicated problem to those who think people ought to "do something" for or against the movies. It has been highly praised, by reviewers of sound sense; yet I am thoroughly convinced that it is false to the essence of the book; it lacks gaiety and excitement; it isn't funny or nostalgic; it violates the spirit, at once rare and common, which Mark Twain breathed into his story. Yet, in spite of dull passages, it is moderately good entertainment. And one wants Hollywood to keep on looking at great works, keep on trying to make them into pictures. They ought to do better work than this, but is the right move to condemn the result or to commend the effort? We probably shall not see another *Tom Sawyer* for ten years, and the children who grow up in that decade are entitled to a more honest one than this is; in that sense, a classic has been corrupted and destroyed. Can we make our protest effective before *Huckleberry Finn* and *Life on the Mississippi* are filmed?

Consider some musical shows. They are almost all alike, nowadays, and most alike when they try to be different. *The Big Broadcast of 1938* doesn't try; it has



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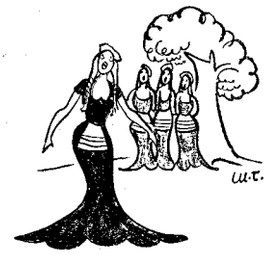
W. C. Fields, so it feels justified in putting on a complete vaudeville show in the guise of a ship's cabaret which goes into action at almost any time. Therefore you get Miss Kirsten Flagstad as Brunnhilde. In the Goldwyn Follies you have nearly an act of *La Traviata* (at least it seemed so, in spite of an excellent production and the finest sound recording I have yet heard). *The Big Broadcast* has Martha Raye; the *Follies,* Charlie McCarthy. On any delicate theory about the movies, you would say that you can't mix Ray and Flagstad, McCarthy and grand opera; but such theories don't hold in pictures. The tone of the Goldwyn production is such that the opera, although overlong, seems to fit; whereas the brief song by Miss Flagstad is definitely out of place with Mr. Fields.

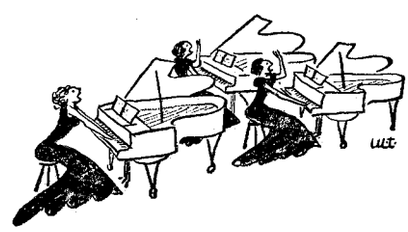
Mr. Goldwyn can be trusted to go in for art—in this case, two ballets directed by George Balanchine. The director has done better ballets, the movies have seldom come anywhere near his level. I have never yet seen a ballet on the screen which was memorable for the dancing alone; nor have I ever found any dancer, even Fred Astaire, as good on the screen as on the stage. Mr. Balanchine hardly featured his solo dancers; he struggled in one ballet with the ancient war between jazz and classical music, a hoary theme; but he is fruitful in invention, and his settings were excellent. For the musical theme, built over the Romeo-and-Juliet theme, he had a sort of Chirico-cum-Dali backdrop of two noble houses between which the washing had been hung; and presently the wash was hauled in, and the movement of the clothes along the lines became an enchanting element in the ballet itself—a painting come to life, like the fulfillment of a long wish. It was the high moment of imagination in the film, although it was simplicity itself; beside it, the apparition of two hundred cats in one of the Ritz Brothers' numbers was comparatively mechanical, although that also had more charm and ingenuity than most of the more labored scenes.



The faint originality in the story of Deanna Durbin's *One Hundred Men and a Girl* seemed to have exhausted the producers, but Miss Durbin rises above her stories as effortlessly as her voice rises from her enchanted throat. She is all the more effective because she seems never to have learned the tricks of the movies. As Shirley Temple is all precocious artifice, and remarkable in her gifts, Miss Durbin is all natural, and remarkable in her appeal. Her latest picture, *Mad About Music,* recovers the simplicity of her earlier ones, and has still the glowing tenderness which makes all her work seem like a story for children which they will like to re-read when they grow up. If you are sensitive to the hard brilliant finish which Hollywood too often puts on its products, you may watch this picture ever so closely to see whether the process has yet begun, and discover that it has not. At the moment Miss Durbin, who cannot be a consummate actress, is a little school, all by herself, in what actresses should be. Certainly she is more touching, and more delightful, than most of them are. She moves like a colt through the parched pasture of plot, the old situations, and makes them gay with life. For taking her through three pictures unspoiled, and for teaching her only what she was ready to learn, credit goes to Mr. Joe Pasternak, her producer; and the million-dollar grosses she earns for Universal are a pleasure to contemplate.

Except for *Tom Sawyer,* which failed in the intent, none of the pictures I have mentioned this month do anything much for the grandeur of the movies; the trouble with most of them is that they are only moderately good entertainment. The truth, which is hard to take, is that you can get a high degree and sometimes a high quality in entertainment with trifling material and an almost casual production. There are some tedious and even some distasteful moments in *A Slight Case of Murder,* but the oblique approach of Damon Runyon to his material comes through as well in the picture as it did in the play. This movie violates the canon that you must not use death as a basis of comedy; when the reformed gangster and his wife refer to four dead gangsters as "those parties upstairs" and treat them as a faint impropriety which the landlord should have avoided, character and situation combine to make first-class amusement.

At the last moment I had a chance of seeing Bette Davis in *Jezebel* or of discovering for myself "Who's in Gary's arms now?" (as the advertisements put it). I chose *Jezebel* because Bette Davis is a fascinating though variable actress. I am totally unable to say whether variation this time is unfavorable because the pall of dullness which settles over the phony animation of this picture affected me physically. Through the fog I caught a glimpse occasionally of Miss Davis' talent, but after the first twenty minutes of imitation of Southern life as expounded in *The Birth of a Nation,* I was sure that I had made the wrong choice. For the information of my readers who may not see the ads, the lady in Gary Cooper's arms is Claudette Colbert; the picture is based on a moderately witty French comedy, *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife,* and ("sophistication") the man who has seen to it all is Ernst Lubitsch.



## *In the Works*

Among pictures now in production, the following should be worth waiting for:

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS: Robert Montgomery heads a nice cast; story and production by Norman Krasna.

LIFE ON THE WATERFRONT: From Maurice Bagnol's original; a good cast.

DOCTOR RHYTHM: Story from O. Henry; Beatrice Lillie and Bing Crosby.

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL: Carole Lombard —Fernand Gravet. (Just released)

## *Farther Ahead*

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Fabulously delayed, it is at least in the hands of the skillful W. S. Van Dyke; with at least a dozen notable players; the Zweig biography gets "screen credit."

THREE COMRADES: The Remarque novel; insured (in one way) by the presence of Robert Taylor.

KIDNAPPED: A first-rate cast; Kenneth MacGowan (who produced *Little Women*) is in charge.

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND: By Irving Berlin. Ethel Merman and Tyrone Power, among others.

THE RIVER IS BLUE: By John Howard Lawson and Clifford Odets; Henry Fonda is in it; Walter Wanger producing.

HOLIDAY: Philip Barry's play, with "the new comedy team," Katherine Hepburn and Cary Grant.

BOY MEETS GIRL: James Cagney in a first-rate farce.

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# Theater

## GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THESE hieroglyphics, fashioned on the fifteenth of March, will contact your eyes either a few days before or a few days after the Critics' Circle has convened to bestow its annual award on the year's best new native play, along with its honorable citation to the best new foreign play to have been done in the English language on the American stage. At this early writing I have no means of foretelling how my critical associates will vote but—unless, as is most unlikely, something surprisingly meritorious shows up in the meantime to make me alter my present opinion—I have no doubt as to how I myself shall. Nor have I any doubt as to the reasons that shall govern my ballot.

The best new American play of the season, I believe, is John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*. And the best new foreign play is Paul Vincent Carroll's *Shadow and Substance*. That there can be any slightest difference of opinion on the part of my colleagues as to the latter choice is pretty much out of the question. As to the former, there will probably be some debate but, if any other play is eventually selected by the three-quarter vote to supersede it, I fear I shall generously have to conclude that three-fourths of the boys were driven so frantic by their lumbago that they couldn't think clearly. Either that, or that I have lost my own mind so completely that henceforth I had better, for all concerned, abandon the art of dramatic criticism and devote my remaining days to fasting, prayer, and the musical compositions of Mr. Marc Blitzstein.

I have said that there may be some debate. It is more than possible that some of the gentlemen, unimpeachably honest if somewhat loco, will prevail upon themselves to imagine that Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* or Clifford Odets' *Golden Boy* or even Paul Osborn's *On Borrowed Time* should be accorded the honor. This is a world of strange events and strange people, not the least being awards for merit and those who award them. In this connection, relevantly, we may hazard the guess that the Pulitzer Prize, to be announced within the next week or so, will be given, unless Prof. Fauntleroy Johnson, my favorite soothsayer, has betrayed me out of three dollars, to Mr. Wilder's exhibit, doubtless largely because Prof. William Lyon Phelps, who is head of the award committee and its controlling voice, knew Mr. Wilder at Yale (A.B. 1920), just as Prof. Brander Matthews some years ago whimsically veered the Pulitzer Prize to Mr. Hatcher Hughes because the latter had been associated with him at Columbia.

Let us scrutinize the claims of these other plays, beginning with Mr. Wilder's. Granting that there is a certain theatrical novelty in applying the age-old Chinese stage devices to a play about a small American town and that now and again the author manages to evoke the usual sentimental emotional response to a wistful recollection of the past, what does it offer on its behalf? It is obviously unfair to point out against it that in every last technical detail it is exactly like a staging of a rehearsal of one of D. W. Griffith's old silent motion pictures. Anyone who knows anything of such rococo matters will immediately recognize the play's complete identity with Griffith's method: his description to the players, all gathered in a bare room, of the scenes and settings, the acting with imaginary props, the skeletonized plot, the pantomime accompanied by spoken lines (it was a paradox that the silent-screen players always spoke the appropriately accompanying dialogue at rehearsals), the employment of chairs and ladders to represent everything from a war trench to a palace staircase, and so on.

But it is less unfair to point out that Mr. Wilder cheats in the use he makes of such skeletonized drama. While insisting that he abandons all scenery and props, he still compromises with his plan by employing them. He shows us no houses, but he brings out two flower-covered latticed doorways to trick the imagination into an acceptance of their presence. He shows us no drugstore, but he trots out a long panel to realize his soda-water counter. He uses almost as many lighting tricks as the late Belasco to assist his audience's imagination in the matter of his described sunsets, dawns, and sunrises. He asks us to fit into his imaginative scheme by conjuring up the picture of a garden or pasture or chicken patch and then pulls a vaudeville act by having someone in the wings moo like a cow or crow like a rooster. He concretely shows us no marriage altar, but he puts his actress into a white bridal costume and has the electrician throw a stereoptican slide of a stained-glass window above the spot where he has asked us to visualize it. He says, in metaphorical effect, "this is no theater you are in" and yet he has steps leading up to his stage, and an actor in an orchestra seat shouting out a question to another actor on the stage, and two other players on their way to the above-mentioned marriage altar brushing against the audience on their march up the aisles. In other words, he seeks to take us out of a theater while still insisting upon a theater. And in other words still, he asks the child that is in all of us to visualize in our fancies the nursery of life and then distractingly assists us by making a noise like a choo-choo, blowing on a bird whistle, and giving an imitation of us sucking an ice-cream soda through a straw.

The merit of any play, apart from its theme, is plainly predicated on its characters, its dialogue, and its philosophy. In *Our Town* there is no single achievement of character drawing, no single memorable line of dialogue, and the philosophy of death which its last act expounds amounts in sum to the remarkable cerebration that while life is turbulent death is serene and that the dead wouldn't care to come back if they could, because they would be unhappy living in a world whose future they would know and could foresee. (How they would know it and could foresee it, Mr. Wilder carefully refrains from confiding to us.) The exhibit, in short, remains fundamentally a stunt. A much



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more literate stunt than most, to be sure, and a stunt here and there profiting from the spontaneous emotional combustion resident in its sentimental chemicals, but a stunt nonetheless.

*Golden Boy,* as other of Mr. Odets' plays, gets much closer to valid character, and some of its dialogue dances gaily to its author's ribald swing music, but it is on the whole an unsatisfactory job. It starts out with the exuberance of a man who has had three drinks and ends, like the same man after an undue attempt to prolong his mood with ten, with its head on the table. Some of its episodes are capital, but the weaving of them into a dramaturgic whole is not successfully accomplished. A play about a prize fighter, it often suggests a prize fighter who, after delivering each smashing blow, skips back into his corner, sits down, and privileges himself a comfortable breathing spell.

Furthermore, while I am not one of those critics who arbitrarily find fault with a suicide ending on the idiotic ground that it is always an amateur's easiest dodge to get out of the difficult solution of a complex character problem, and while I believe that suicide is sometimes, as sound dramatists have occasionally proved to us, a more honest and profound dramatic solution to personal chaos than any twenty minutes of philosophical rhetoric that a Shaw may write or any dozen self-banishments to Rhodesia or Australian sheep ranches or any two dozen marriages with healthy servant girls that lesser playwrights may apologetically fall back upon—while I do not believe the one and do believe the other, I still believe that the suicide note on which Odets ends his play supports the view of the otherwise dubious critics I have mentioned. It may be logical and it may be true, but Odets here lacks the skill to persuade us that it is. It may be the sweet bell of surcease but it is dramatically jangled out of tune. Its suddenness may be justifiable in terms of life, but it is no more, for all its possible truth in that actual direction, dramatically logical and theatrically convincing than the equally sometimes lifelike but dramatically questionable expedient of suddenly bringing on the Marines in the nick of time or of looking at a watch, observing that a character is due any moment, and causing him at that instant to ring the doorbell.

It isn't that Odets does not know the theater. He knows it better, I daresay, than most of the other younger Americans writing for today's stage. It is simply that, knowing it as well as he does, he indicates a measure of contempt for it. Nor is his contempt, as contempt sometimes proves itself, a sound and tonic one. It is bred not from superiority but from an impudent haste and an assertive impatience with deliberative calm and studious craftsmanship. He has the enormous self-confidence and self-surety of a little boy whose first girl has told him that she loves him. He has the same little boy's distrust of the sagacity of his elders. All of which is all right for a little boy. But the drama he seeks to serve waits patiently for him to grow up and learn that only geniuses and imbeciles, in neither of which class he finds himself, can flout all the rules and regulations.

It is thus that Odets, while he possibly wouldn't for a moment consider closely imitating life to the extent of having, say, a dinner on the stage last for an hour and a half, still closely, brashly, carelessly and self-defeatingly imitates it with an extemporaneous, impromptu and dramaless suicide. It is thus that, in almost all his plays, he reduces the epic of life to a quickie, and the deliberations of mankind to a series of "rushes." He can write scenes, beautiful scenes, but the noisy express train that is his drama steams past them so furiously that one recalls only a quick and insufficient glimpse of them. And all that remains in the critical memory is the loud chug-chugging of the locomotive, the loud rattle of the wheels, an occasional startling whistle—and an endless succession of telegraph poles without any connecting wires.

As for *On Borrowed Time,* there can be no dispute that it provides a pleasantly diverting evening in the theater, but when the question of even relatively important drama is under discussion it must be asked to wait in the vestibule until the meeting is over. It is good minor pastime, nothing more.

We return to *Of Mice and Men.* As you know, it is a dramatization by Steinbeck himself of his novel of the same title. In this connection, there is a story not without its relevant critical value.

A year or more ago, the Book-of-the-Month Club offered four prizes of $2500 each to those American writers who during the year published books of merit that had not found a rewarding reading public. Thirty-two editors, authors, poets, and literary critics, representing for the most part the higher levels of their respective professions, were appointed to pass upon the virtues of the books in question and to distribute the awards. A sale of less than 5000 copies was to be considered failure on the part of the reading public to respond to merit. Every one of the lists of deserving authors prepared by the thirty-two judges had on it the name of Steinbeck and the name of his novel. And thirty-two votes were unanimously ready to acclaim *Of Mice and Men's* right to an award when the chairman, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, then editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature,* smiled and observed that it was too late. The reading public almost overnight, it appeared, had taken Steinbeck and his novel to its bosom and in the previous few days alone the sale had jumped to almost 20,000 copies.

Thirty-two of America's best editors, writers, poets, and critics of literature, in short, immediately and as one person detected in Steinbeck a rare and unusual talent. A year or more passed, and this same Steinbeck took that same novel and made a play out of it that not only preserved but even heightened the novel's fine effect. He proved that he knew the stage as well as he knew literary foolscap and, following the thirty-two judges above noted, all save two of the New York drama critics gave him their full and enthusiastic endorsement. And one of these two, while not so generous as the others in his estimate of the play, nevertheless freely allowed that it not only showed a considerable genius in the field of dramaturgy but that in the way of character drawing and emotional effect it was greatly superior to most of the recent American plays.

*Golden Boy,* which was produced before the Steinbeck play, got no such comprehensive critical reception. *Our Town,* which came after it, drew a flattering critical press but one in which the flattery was here and there considerably qualified. And several reviews were definitely hostile to its pretensions. *On Borrowed Time* was also well received, though the more intelligent reviewers quite properly approached it as merely smoothly diverting entertainment. It is, accordingly, pretty hard to believe that the members of the Critics' Circle, gathered together to ballot on their choice, can honorably vote as the year's best play any other than the one which the great majority of them have gone on record as esteeming above all the rest. To wit, Steinbeck's.

To sum up. *Of Mice and Men* is the season's best American play, whether it gets the Critics' Circle's award or whether, God forbid, it doesn't. And *Shadow and Substance* is the season's best foreign play, which the Critics' Circle will duly and surely stipulate.



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# Murder Is a Fact

*continued from page 44*

eye. Henderson chuckled to himself, knowing what the youth was thinking. At the Stork Club there might have been classmates to stare enviously, push over for introductions. It was too bad. The youth's eyes kept returning to Monica, who ignored him.

As if in response to Flint's tension, Monica's own bearing underwent a barely perceptible change. The neutrality of her tone when she had spoken to him was communicated to her eyes, to the firm line of her mouth.

Of the four, only Henderson seemed unaffected. He stretched his long legs under the table, rubbed his angular cheekbone. He asked, "Waiting long, Monica?" without concern.

"Rather." There was an unaccustomed edge to her voice. The next instant, on the point of softening the complaint, she threw a quick look at Henderson, and then returned her attention to Flint as if drawn by some insistent polar antagonism.

A waiter came, ornamental in gold braid, and took their orders. The unstable silence descended again. Henderson knew Monica was annoyed that he had brought Flint to the rendezvous. Henderson himself was annoyed, but not to the point of active resentment at Flint; and, because he knew both of them so well, his annoyance became merely the indifferent warp on which was woven the pattern of his speculation concerning the mission that had brought Flint with him, a mission whose successful issue was, Henderson decided, studying Monica Leeds' gray neutral eyes and stubborn jaw, a very doubtful thing. This gave him a wry, secret pleasure.

"Your column on the Anglo-American question, Miss Leeds," Flint said suddenly, "was fine, fine. I've been wanting to tell you."

"Thank you," coolly.

"You've a great gift," Flint continued nervously. "You see things clearly. You present them objectively. Women readers of your column must have a new pride in their sex. You interpret events so sanely, without the bias that—" He broke off.

"Without the bias you'd expect a woman to have?" The edge in Monica's tone had sharpened.

Flint made a nervous gesture. "When

*As he walked along the nighttime streets, Henderson's depression deepened*



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I say that you seem to think like a man, that you write like a man, you understand I'm paying you a compliment, don't you?"

"Yes, I believe I do."

"I say," Flint broke in, turning from her to Henderson, "since I've interrupted this tête-à-tête, why don't you two let me atone? How about coming out to my place on the Island for dinner tonight? We'll have a swim as soon as we get there."

Monica looked at Henderson. "That would be nice, wouldn't it, Baird?"

"Yes?" The question was metallic.

Henderson raised his eyebrows. He said good-humoredly, "It sounds like an idea."

"Then you'll come," Flint rushed on. "Splendid. Fly out, you know. Ship's down at the Wall Street float. Shall we say six? There?" He turned to Clark Malory. "Too bad you have to go back to the office, Clark. Some other time."

Anguish showed for an instant in the collegian's unguarded expression. Flint said eagerly to Monica, "Shall we say six, then?"

Monica said, "No," with sudden emphasis. "I've just remembered," she explained, "that Lynch Rains is going to give a radio talk at six o'clock. I want to hear him."

Flint's narrow face flexed. "Why?"

"Curiosity."

"We can start earlier then," Flint conceded with a stiffness that barely failed to be ungracious.

"There is a radio in the cabin. Five-forty-five? Good. I'll meet you there."

Clark Malory gulped the cherry from his Manhattan and rose with Flint. He said, "It's been splendid, meeting you, Miss Leeds."

Monica smiled.

When the others had gone, Henderson asked, "Why be brutal to the infant?"

"I don't like spoiled undergraduates."

"He's pretty foul. He may improve."

"If he gives me a chance at his education," Monica promised, "he will."

"He thinks you're God's personal contribution to American journalism."

Monica's brows arched. "He is much more modest than he appears."

Henderson chuckled. "You were probably an afterthought on God's part. As nearly as the young cub can, he worships the ink in Flint's pen."

"I sensed that."

"Hugh says the youngster's 'fact-minded' and one in a million. Malory follows Flint around with his mouth open. The rest of us," he chuckled again, "are simply Flint's pawns, even Phil. That doesn't sit too well with Phil, who reminds Clark now and then that he's president of Fact, Incorporated. Phil tolerates Clark, the way he tolerates all Hugh's enthusiasms." He paused. "Sorry about tonight. Maybe the swim will be worth it."

"What a curious way to issue an invitation."

"Hugh's way."

"Did he come here with you just to ask the two of us to dinner?"

"After a fashion. He wants to talk to you." Henderson twisted the stem of his glass and went on, his words bantering, "That was a concession, my dear Monica. He hates to talk to women."

"You forget he just invited me to dinner."

"But only as the puissant female scribe."

"Why is he so anxious to talk to me?"

"Why do you want to listen to Lynch Rains tonight?"

"I don't know. Some of the things he's done, I don't like. But whether you like them or not, you've got to admit that he's done something for the workers. His unions have power, power that, in his hands, is tremendous."

"He came to see us this morning."

"Why?"

"Hugh had been talking about a series of labor pieces. Was going to have Rains do them."

"Was?"

"That seems to be the right tense."

"Then Flint has changed his mind?"

Henderson shrugged. "My guess is that Phil Norton did the mind-change."

"Why did Flint want the labor articles?"

"Hugh still likes to play at being the liberal."

"Well?"

"Liberalism means either an absence or a complete equilibrium of pressures. I'm a liberal." His eyes wrinkled. "Did you ever hear of a starving liberal?"

"Flint isn't starving."

"Or a *powerful* liberal?" He signaled a waiter, ordered another Martini for each of them.

"Go on."

"Another thing you haven't seen are the latest circulation figures on *Fact*. Because they won't be released for ten days. Well, when you do see those figures, you'll see that *Fact* sells five million copies every week."

She said, "Five million? Half again the circulation of the *Post*, seven times as much as *Time*. My God! You're not serious, Baird."

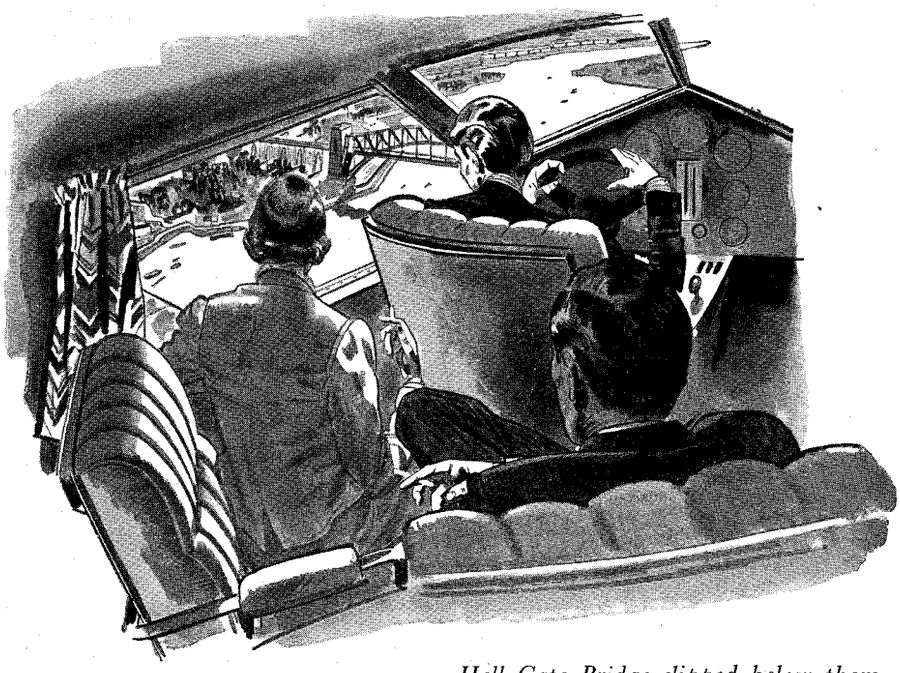
"I only know what I read in the balance sheets."

"Five million!"

"You asked me what Hugh Flint wanted Rains' labor articles for, and I said it was because Hugh still likes to pretend he's a liberal. But—this is my guess—the minute Phil Norton sanded the rails, Hugh stopped and back-tracked." He waved his hand, and all but upset the Martinis which their waiter was on the point of putting down.

He watched Monica's thoughtful eyes stray to the baking pavement where the slow crowds flowed.

"Hugh Flint and Phil Norton," Hen-



*Hell Gate Bridge slipped below them*



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derson went on, "are on their way to becoming molders of destiny. Hugh knows it. Norton doesn't give a damn for destiny. He wants a hundred million dollars. Hugh's different. Well, molders of destiny can talk like liberals but they can't, by God, *be* liberals. I take it Norton convinced Hugh of that. Anyway it was Norton who queered the deal with Rains this morning. Rains was sore as hell."

She stared at him, one level eyebrow cocked. "And what is *your* place in the—destiny-factory?"

Henderson grinned. "Good old Charlie, dependable old Charlie. Same, I suppose, as it was in college where Hugh and Phil mapped the campaigns and I buttonholed the captains and ran the mimeograph." He paused and looked at her with something at once contrite and challenging and defensive in his eyes. "I lack ambition, or haven't you told me that before?"

## IV

FLINT was pacing the float beside his silver-winged amphibian when Monica Leeds and Henderson arrived tardily. Annoyance was sharp in his eyes, annoyance and something yet sharper which Henderson, knowing him, recognized.

"Migraine still bad, Hugh?" Henderson asked softly as he stood for an instant beside the other man after Monica had entered the cabin.

"Yes," the word as sharp, as passionless as an icicle.

Henderson dropped a hand on Flint's shoulder. "We can still call it off. Some other time?"

"No, damn it." The heel of Flint's hand smote his temple, and for an instant the pain leaped furiously past his defenses into his eyes.

Monica had not spoken beyond a greeting. Her gray eyes watched Flint intently as he took his seat at the controls and put out a quick, nervous hand. The staccato gesture smoothed abruptly as his narrow fingers touched the throttle, and it was as if contact with the machine gave him a sudden extrinsic stability, as if in that moment he became part of the beautifully articulated mechanism, responsive to it as the horseman to his mount.

Henderson, watching no less intently than Monica, saw the flush rise in Flint's narrow cheeks as the motor's idled coughing swelled to a roar, caught the flash of imperative pride behind the gesture with which Flint motioned to the attendant to close the door.

Flint raised one hand and closed down the throttle with the other. As the sound of the motor dwindled away, the plane was rolled gently down the float and into the water. Again the motor leaped into thunderous life. The ship trembled, poised for a bare instant between the lateral thrust of tide rip and the strong, exultant tug of the propeller, and then moved out across the dark, slow-swirling river. A spray of spume dashed up across the cabin windows; the plane, bumping lightly now, its keeled cutwater shearing gull-like wings of white froth from the uneven surface, sped forward.

The bumping ceased. The lead-colored water fell swiftly away, tilted as Flint banked, and then they were climbing a steep, invisible ramp, below which the towered buildings that rushed past on their left dropped ever lower. The sun was still high in the west and heat shimmered over the clustered piles, the swiftly flashing canyons of the cross streets, but in the plane's cabin it was already perceptibly cooler, the streams of air hissing in at the cowled vents actually cold.

Flint looked aside at Monica, and Henderson noticed how the strain had left his eyes, giving place to an expression almost tranquil.

"Like it?"

"I love it."

This matched enthusiasm gave Henderson a swift, troubled feeling, which he repressed by looking away, down at the city lying beneath them. Its outlines, sharp as any map, thrust like the prow of a ship into the Bay and disappeared northward into the blue, ambiguous heat haze. Remembering suddenly, he looked at the clock on the instrument panel. It was two minutes before six. Flint and Monica were talking of flying, given over wholly to an electric stimulus with which the very thrumming of the air was instinct.

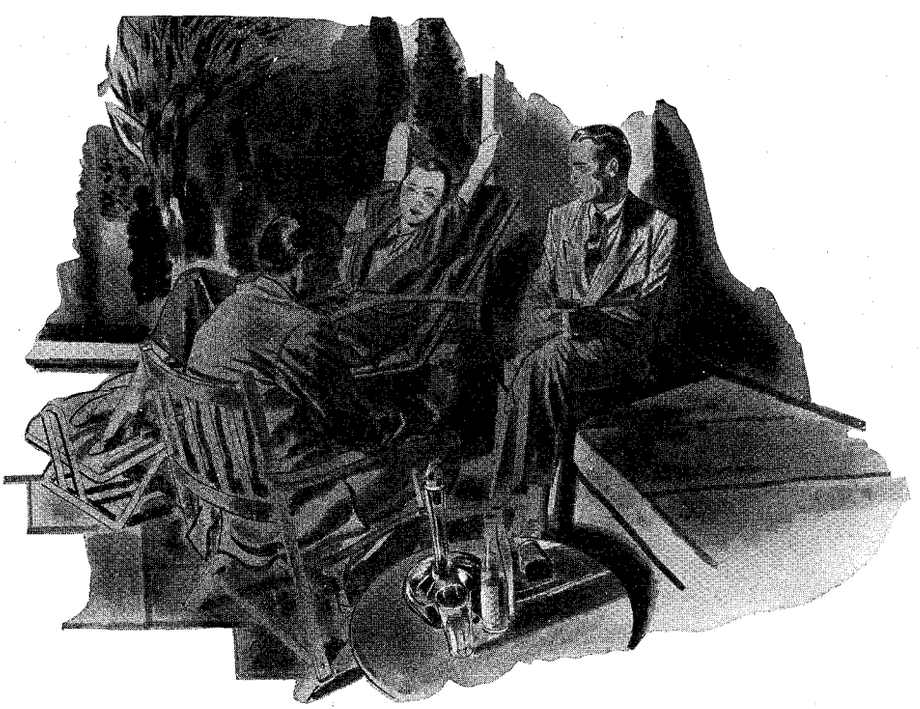
Henderson watched the minute hand of the clock creep slowly over the meridian, move on. Hell Gate Bridge slipped below them, and the blue waters of the Sound widened, inviting, limitless.

Watching them both, for he sat a little toward the rear, Henderson considered the mission which had been in Flint's mind when he had proposed the outing, the flattery of Monica Leeds implicit in it. So sure, however, was he of Monica's inflexible independence, of the consistency of her decisions, that the thought of what might happen to the long-standing, vaguely defined relation between them should she accept Flint's coming offer, did not intrude itself now.

Yet—he looked again at the clock. The hand had moved through the whole quadrant. Monica had not noticed. Doubt rasped minutely within Henderson.

Not until Flint was banking into a long glide that would bring them down in the landlocked stillness of Oyster Bay did Monica suddenly break off and cry, "Oh," in consternation. "The talk," she said. "Lynch Rains. I wanted to listen."

"Time isn't up," Henderson told her, and as he caught her eyes for an instant and saw the defensive light that flashed



*"I'd quadruple your salary," Flint said*



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into them, he knew a desire to chuckle. He was aware also of the way the plane faltered as Flint's hand jerked, of the adolescent flicker of disappointment that showed on his taut lips.

Flint turned a dial and in a moment, above the drone of the motor and the high thin wail of their sloped descent, a man's voice filled the cabin, resonant, deliberate.

"What I am telling you is not empty suspicion," the voice was saying. "Labor has never had, and does not yet have in this country, freedom to express its views. The organs of publication in America, whose editors boast of freedom, are without exception closed to labor. Religion, commerce, government, Wall Street—all have free access to the public prints, but the voice of labor is . . ."

The plane, dropping, grooved suddenly into the blue water and settled. A moment later they ran up on a shelving float, and a mechanic thrust chocks under the wheels.

Flint nodded absently to the mechanic, and, as all motion ceased, save for the paced revolving of the propeller, his hands grew restive on the controls. But, listening to the strong, unfaltering voice, he did not move. Henderson, watching Monica, saw that she was oblivious to all except the words that filled the cabin.

". . . the magazine I refer to is *Fact*. The editors of *Fact* advertise their freedom loudly, disclaim all bias, shout to their millions of readers that they are utterly without prejudice. Yet not twelve hours ago the editors of *Fact* revoked an agreement with organized labor for a series of articles presenting labor's attitude toward government-owned utilities. This action, on the part of one of the greatest national magazines, is thoroughly in keeping with precedent which goes back to the very founding of American journalism.

"It cannot longer be tolerated. Labor will no longer tolerate it. The time has come for an intelligent public opinion to confront the princes of privilege with their folly, demand they end their bitterly held monopoly on the instruments by which public opinion is expressed. The time has come for a sane, judicial settlement of this old grievance. It is for the American people to settle it."

The voice ended, its resonance dying reluctantly. Monica, her chin on her fist, stared sightlessly out over the cool, blue Bay. Flint leaned forward and turned a switch nervously as a nasal announcer broke in. Red burned in his narrow cheeks. He drew a quick breath. "Shall we have a dip before dinner?"

## V

HENDERSON, long legs straight out before him, slouched in a basket chair and eyed the woman who sat between him and Flint. A full moon whitened the terrace where they sat, made the night a luminous amphitheater for the song of cricket and cicada, the light swift play of the summer wind. In the distance, where the shore curved, the lights of Oyster Bay twinkled.

Abruptly, Hugh Flint spoke. "*Fact* is edited by men, Miss Leeds," he said rapidly. "That has been its strength. But we've come to the point where we need something else."

"A woman's magazine," Monica said.

Flint moved forward in his chair. "Exactly. And we're ready for it. I've had two research groups canvassing women in seven states. I know what three million women read, what they serve for breakfast, what churches they attend, what they think of prize fighting, communism, the cost of shoes, crop control, the yellow peril, contraceptives. Women control seventy per cent of this country's wealth. Directly or indirectly, they spend fifty-eight per cent of the national income, cast potentially forty-nine and a fraction per cent of the national ballot. There is a vast fallow field we haven't touched."

"Women read *Fact* now."

"Inadequately, Miss Leeds. I'm being frank. *Fact* is written and edited from a masculine viewpoint. Women read it, yes, but without getting the direct forceful stimulus they should. Why? Because their point of view is slighted. I want a magazine built on a foundation of feminine logic, geared to the *thoughts* of women. Only a woman can do that. *You* can do it, Miss Leeds. You've an understanding of women, and a masculine clarity and directness." Flint stopped. Then he broke out, "With us, you can be the most powerful woman in America!"

"Perhaps I am not interested in being the most powerful woman in America."

"Nonsense."

"Power in the abstract does not appeal to me."

"A power for good, then."

"Still an abstraction."

"A power for education," intensely.

"Better. But what kind of education?"

"Education in living. Sharpening of perception firing a keen appetite for the truth, provoking thought, giving to women the same perspective on world events that *Fact* is giving to men, millions of men."

"Women, intelligent women, use the same logic as men, Mr. Flint."

(There could be no doubt, Henderson thought. Within her some inner spring of excitement had been broached, some keenly sensitive response elicited. There was a mounting warmth in her voice, in the way she turned in her chair to face Flint, leaning toward him across its arm.)

"Intelligent women, yes." Flint pounced on the word. "But what about the great majority, the unintelligent? Think what you can do with them, knowing their superstitions, their limitations, their bias, molding them——"

"Propagandizing them?"

"Not at all, not at all," nettled. "Giving them the truth."

"But the truth colored to make it palatable to them?"

In the moonlight slanting over the terrace Henderson saw Flint flush. "The truth cannot be colored, Miss Leeds. It is what it is."

There was a short, strained silence. Flint broke it. His voice was lower. His passion had changed key, become minor, persuasive.

"Let me tell you about *Fact*, Miss Leeds, about how *Fact* came into being. When Phil Norton and I were graduated from Harvard. . . ."

(Henderson, sinking into his moody reverie, reflected: "Yes, when the *three* of us were graduated from Harvard, you and Phil were campus big men, weren't you? You had managed class politics for eight years, first at Groton and then at Harvard, between you steered caucus, debate, and committee smoothly into channels you chose, between you been a government whose sanction was noblesse oblige? And when we left Harvard there was a conference, unlike the conferences that had determined undergraduate policy only in that the future of a nation and not a club was at stake. The nation was unaware of this, but you weren't, were you?" Remembering, Henderson thought how Flint and Norton had gravely discussed politics—and rejected the field as beneath them; they had considered industry—adjudged it unexciting and pedestrian; finance had beckoned, but was renounced—after six months' apprenticeship in the firm of Norton père—as lacking in scope that they were seeking.)

"Phil was in Europe," Flint was saying. He had risen and was sitting on the low stone balustrade, his dropped shoulders throwing his weight hard on



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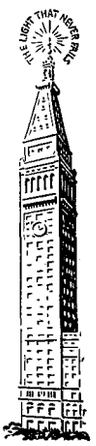
# To PROSPECTIVE FATHERS

THOUSANDS and thousands of American mothers are going safely through childbirth each year. One reason is because more prospective fathers have learned how to anticipate and provide needed care and attention which some expectant mothers hesitate to request.

Just as soon as his wife believes she is going to have a baby, the modern husband should get in touch with a competent doctor who can give her first-class care. Then he accompanies his wife on her first visit to the doctor's office, giving her added confidence, answering many of the doctor's questions and receiving the medical information every prospective father should possess.

The more enlightened modern husbands become, the more they want to share the problems of their wives. Realizing the value of peace and serenity, they do all within their power to maintain a happy and unworried home atmosphere.




If your wife expects a baby, be a modern husband. Remember that scientific maternity care, *from the very beginning*, is vitally important both to her and to your unborn child. Have her consult a qualified doctor at once and at regular intervals until after your baby is born.

Doctors and nurses can do a great deal to keep expectant mothers well and comfortable. They can help to give unborn babies healthier and stronger bodies and to make their arrival easier and safer.

A postcard will bring you a free copy of the Metropolitan booklet "Information for Expectant Mothers" which contains much additional information for both parents-to-be. Address Booklet Department 538-S.

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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the heels of his hands, his head bent toward Monica, his manner magnetic, earnest. "I was reading Thomas Jefferson that summer. One night—it was the seventh of June, 1923—I found words which exploded in my mind like a bomb. 'The people are the only safe repositories of power. And to render them even safer, their minds must be improved.' " He paused a moment, repeated slowly, *"Their minds must be improved."* Another pause. "I remembered another: 'The engine is the press.' I knew at once what we wanted. I cabled Phil twenty minutes later, and sat down that night to draw up the plan of *Fact*. I worked through until the next noon. Even one of my headaches, which up until that night would have tangled my thoughts into a lunacy of pain, failed to stop me. Nothing could stop me. Feverishly, blindly, I crushed that headache, and knew that something more powerful than the pain was in what I was doing.

"The newspapers, I told myself, where they present all the news—as in the *Times*—they sacrifice personalities and human interest. Where they exploit human interest—as in the tabloids and local dailies in the provinces—they present the news so sketchily that no reader can know the facts. *Fact,* I told myself, will present the *whole* of the news in its context of living humanity. It will not distort, conceal, truckle. Its pages will *be*—not reflect vaguely—the history of today. From that ideal I have never swerved — Fact, Incorporated has never swerved."

He told how *Fact* took its place the following March on the newsstands, thin for want of advertising, but with the leanness of a prophet burning-eyed from the desert. How at first it was amateurish, unsure of its destiny. How for three disheartening years he and Norton—Norton the practical businessman with the pragmatist's doubt of all idealism, lover of organization and efficiency, *Fact's* sapient figurehead and restraining balance wheel—how he and Norton had struggled against appalling odds. How in September of the fourth year something had hapened: the circulation curve flexed upward overnight into an hyperbola, the thin, sacerdotal tone of the prophet swelled into a triumphant shout, two million readers ready at last to be given the truth.

"Since then," Flint concluded, and after his long, impassioned monologue his voice was weary, "we have gone steadily ahead. We have gone ahead as far as we can go in one direction. We must blaze a new trail. I want *you* to blaze that trail, Miss Leeds. We can put behind you all the power, the prestige and resources of Fact, Incorporated."

But the fire had gone from his words. The repetition of his urgency was ashen, without the dominant assurance that had marked his opening. When Monica did not reply at once, Flint slipped off the low wall and returned to drop into his chair, his hand pressed to his head.

"I'm sorry," Monica said gently. "I'm simply not interested, Mr. Flint. My work is exactly what I want now."

"I'd treble, quadruple your income." The offer was petulant.

Monica shook her head. "It's sufficient now, thank you."

(Henderson thought, "It is twice mine now.")

The silence lasted longer this time. The light wind rippled through ivy blanketing the wall behind them. A bobwhite called.

Flint leaned forward to pour a drink with trembling hand, found the decanter empty, and rose. He said, "Excuse me." Frustration and the pain racking his head made the words stiff and artificial.

"Is he always such a poor loser?" Monica asked at length after Flint had gone into the house.

"He hasn't lost—yet."

"I'm not going to change my mind."

"Perhaps you don't know."

"Look here, Baird," she said intensely, turning to him. "I've told you why I won't work for Hugh Flint and Phil Norton."

"Why don't you tell him?"

"He wouldn't understand."

"No," Henderson agreed, "he wouldn't understand."

After a pause, Monica said slowly, "Think what could be done, though, with five million readers. Think what a power for stability and honesty——"

"Um." Henderson's tone was ironical.

"If you had a free hand," quickly.

"Who has?"

"No one, of course. But there are degrees of bondage." She added intensely: "There's something wretchedly dishonest about pretending to have no bias on *any* subject. Truth—at least truth about human problems and human conflicts—isn't worked out on an adding machine."

Flint returned with the decanter, poured three drinks in silence. Then he began talking rapidly about a Percheron stallion he had purchased the day before, outlining his system of breeding, discoursing brilliantly on the history of the strain. It was as if he barraged them with words to cover his retreat.

Henderson was acutely aware of the other's condition, recognized the symptoms of the gnawing pain behind Flint's fever-struck eyes. Moved suddenly by a sympathy he could not account for, he was on the point of suggesting that he and Monica return to the city, when he caught sight of the lights of a car racing along the country road bordering the meadow.

It disappeared behind a clump of trees, but in a moment its lights swept across the lawn, and those on the terrace heard gravel churn as it slid to a stop in front of the house.

## VI

SHORTLY before twelve that August night, Julia Norton put down her book, yawned, stretched back against the cushions of the chartreuse chaise longue, and arched her white wrist, frowning at her watch. Ten years younger than her husband, there was the willfulness of ripe youth in her red mouth. Her eyes, beneath the deftly penciled slant of brow were crystalline. When she swung her feet to the floor, there was the same hint of something crystalline, imperative in the taut slenderness of her body as she arched her back and stretched again. Frowning, she fished with bare foot for a mule fallen under the seat, walked to her dressing table, and took the telephone from beneath the ruffled skirt of a Versailles milkmaid.

She called a number in the city and waited. Into the phone she said, "Is Mr. Flint still in the office? . . . Thank you." After a moment her scarlet mouth grew sullen. "Oh, he has? . . . Is Mr. Norton there, then? . . . What? . . . No, no message, thank you."

She pressed the switch in the phone's cradle and called another number, waited, said, "Is Mr. Flint there?" After a moment's wait, "Hugh, what are you doing at home? I thought you and Phil planned to stay in town. . . . Oh, you have? Who?" Listening, her eyes changed slowly, tiny brackets etching at the corners of her mouth. "Oh no, Hugh, it's late. . . . No, it's too late, and anyway you have guests. . . . No, see you tomorrow morning. Tennis maybe. . . . Um. . . . Night."

She replaced the telephone and sat for a moment staring into her mirror. Then she rose, (*continued on page* 98)

*This novel is fictional; the characters, situations, and names are fictional. If anyone finds his name here, it's a coincidence the writer tried to avoid.*



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# The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

EACH month more people write us that they are doing "The Scribner Quiz" in groups which meet every month, rain or shine. Scores are recorded in a book, and the ratings of contestants announced with the refreshments. So, to facilitate scoring where each person does not have a copy of the magazine (sad thing, too), we are adding numerals to each of the possible answers. A person hearing the question, and the various answers to it, can take a piece of paper and jot down the number of the correct answer to each question, instead of writing out the full answer itself. Saves time.

To determine your S.Q. or *Scribner's Quotient* on the Quiz, read each question and the possible answers, then check the answer you think is correct. After you have completed all fifty questions, look up the answers and deduct two points for each error you made. (15 questions missed means 30 points deducted from 100, or a score of 70, which is a good score for this Quiz.)

(*Correct answers on page* 107)

1. The sister ship of the superliner *Queen Mary* will be launched next fall and her name will be:

*(1) Duchess of Windsor (2) Queen Elizabeth*
*(3) Duchess of Kent (4) Queen Victoria*

2. Texas produces the most petroleum of any state, but next to her comes:

*(1) Ohio (2) California (3) Illinois*
*(4) Oklahoma (5) Pennsylvania*

3. It would cost you more to send a letter to one of these cities than to any of the others:

*(1) Rio de Janeiro (2) Toronto*
*(3) Barcelona (4) Antwerp*

4. Mnemonists aren't so rare; it's merely another way of saying a person:

*(1) belongs to a philosophic-religious sect*
*(2) is opposed to smoking in all forms*
*(3) is the possessor of a very good memory*
*(4) has been divorced and then remarried*

5. If Governor A. B. "Happy" Chandler of Kentucky invited you to spend a week end at his gubernatorial mansion, you would go to one of these Kentucky cities:

*(1) Danville (2) Louisville*
*(3) Lexington (4) Paducah*
*(5) Frankfort (6) Bowling Green*

6. Paul Robeson is a famous singer today, but while in college he was almost as famous as a:

*(1) harpist (2) young preacher*
*(3) violinist (4) football star*
*(5) baseball player*

7. Here are three words with definitions, one of which is correct:

*(1) matriculate—to graduate from a school*
*(2) stomatology—science of the stomach*
*(3) pentathlon—athletic contest of 5 events*

8. Persons who say, "I will protest vehemently!" should pronounce the word:

*(1) veh-HEE-mently (2) vee-heh-MENT-ly*
*(3) veh-HEEM-ent-ly (4) VEE-he-ment-ly*

9. Airplanes have gone 440 m.p.h. and horses have run 38 m.p.h., but the fastest mile man has been clocked in was at the rate of:

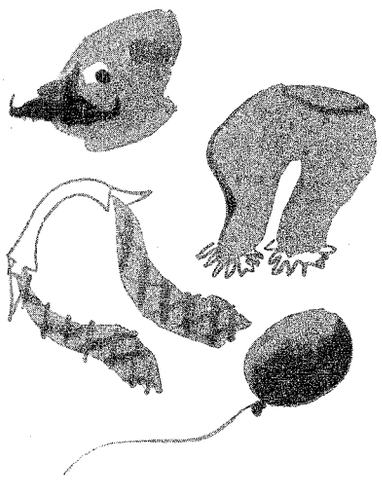
*(1) 30 m.p.h. (2) 14.6 m.p.h. (3) 20.5 m.p.h.*

10. All of us know of Cecil Rhodes of Rhodes Scholar donation fame, but not all of us know that he made his money in:

*(1) the tea plantations of India*
*(2) the gold and diamonds of South Africa*
*(3) the coal mines of South Wales*

11. Avery Brundage is a name that should bring up in your mind thoughts of:

*(1) Detroit, Michigan, and the C.I.O.*
*(2) the American Olympic Committee*
*(3) the swing band on the Camel Radio Hour*



12. There is a cerise-colored object among these:

*(1) lavender necktie (2) cherry-red nose*
*(3) pair of pink panties (4) orange balloon*

13. You have seen the name Buxton often enough in advertisements to recall that it is used mainly to advertise:

*(1) hotels (2) a patented clothes rack*
*(3) cigarette holders (4) Key-Tainers*
*(5) canned foods (6) an electric flatiron*



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14. The correct plural of the word opus is:

*(1) opuses (2) operae (3) opae (4) opera*

15. The new daughter of Crown Princess Juliana of The Netherlands is named:

*(1) Gretchen (2) Eleanor (3) Henrietta*
*(4) Marie (5) Beatrix (6) Toots*

16. If you were given an hygrometer for a present, you would use it to:

*(1) measure the motions of fluids*
*(2) determine your own specific metabolism*
*(3) measure the moisture in the atmosphere*

17. An arboretum is:

*(1) a kind of latticework made of vines*
*(2) any of certain evergreen trees of the pine family*
*(3) a place where trees and shrubs are grown for scientific purposes*

18. If you wanted to buy a new Studebaker car at the main factory, you would have to go to:

*(1) Milwaukee, Wis. (2) Indianapolis, Ind.*
*(3) Detroit, Mich. (4) South Bend, Ind.*

19. When a man is convicted of euthanasia, he is usually charged with:

*(1) killing to relieve someone from pain*
*(2) poisoning someone with intent to kill*
*(3) strangling a person with his own hands*
*(4) boring a person to death with talk*

20. If your body temperature is normal, then it is approximately. . . . . °F.:

*(1) —32° (2) 100° (3) 95.6° (4) 98.6°*

21. An aeon is:

*(1) 1,000,000 years*
*(2) an indefinitely long period of time*
*(3) the time it takes a woman to dress*

22. No matter how many cigarettes you smoke a day, you probably don't remember that the Federal tax is . . . . a pack:

*(1) 1¢ (2) 2¢ (3) 3¢*
*(4) 4¢ (5) 6¢ (6) 8¢*

23. If someone asked you to bring an adz the next time you paid a visit, then you would bring:

*(1) a small, hairless, tropical baboon*
*(2) an Oriental heelless house slipper*
*(3) a cutting tool with a thin arching blade*
*(4) a Brazilian stick for killing flies*

24. Al Capone, Chicago's erstwhile gangster, was finally imprisoned on charges of:

*(1) dealing knowingly in stolen property*
*(2) failure to pay income taxes*
*(3) non-support of dependents*

25. The Sargasso Sea is a region in the North Atlantic famous for its:

*(1) whales (2) shipwrecks*
*(3) seaweed (4) swordfish*
*(5) pure-bred cattle (6) storms*

26. One of these men has recently left Princeton to become head football coach at the University of Michigan:

*(1) Tad Wieman (2) Fritz Crisler*
*(3) Dana Bible (4) Bernie Bierman*
*(5) Harry Kipke*

27. Whenever he has an important decision to make, it is Hitler's custom to:

*(1) get helplessly drunk*
*(2) telephone Rome*
*(3) retire to his Bavarian mountain home*
*(4) consult the army (5) read* Mein Kampf

28. The book *After 1903—What?* was written by:

*(1) Stuart Chase (2) Robert Benchley*
*(3) Dorothy Parker (4) Ring Lardner*

29. The successor to Ambassador to Germany Hugh R. Wilson is the newly appointed:

*(1) Joseph Kennedy (2) Rexford Tugwell*
*(3) Alben Barkley (4) Adolph Berle, Jr.*

30. Maybe it was murder, but if the Judge says it was manslaughter then you were guilty of killing a human being:

*(1) without malice aforethought*
*(2) with malice aforethought*
*(3) by means of some simple blunt instrument*
*(4) who is in some way related to you*

31. The Great White Fleet is the old and well-advertised name of:

*(1) the Eastern Air Lines planes*
*(2) the United Fruit Line boats*
*(3) the Cunard-White Star fleet*
*(4) the New York City street sweepers*

32. The sister of Yehudi Menuhin is almost equally well-known as a:

*(1) violin player (2) ballet dancer*
*(3) bullfighter (4) piano player*
*(5) hooked-rug designer*

33. In The Netherlands everyone knows the Zuider Zee as:

*(1) the chief canal of the country*
*(2) the summer castle of the royal family*
*(3) a dike-enclosed inlet of the North Sea*
*(4) the Dutch head of the Lutheran Church*

34. J. Edgar Hoover has had quite a bit of success with that book of his:

*(1) "Stick 'Em Up!" (2) $10,000 Reward*
*(3) Persons in Hiding (4) No Fear Allowed*

35. That familiar phrase, "Rich as Croesus," refers to a:

*(1) 6th century B.C. king of Lydia*
*(2) 300 A.D. Roman emperor*
*(3) very wealthy Greek of about 250 B.C.*
*(4) former vice-president of U. S. Steel*

36. In spite of all the newspapers have tried to do, Lupe Velez is still happily married to:

*(1) Reginald Denny (2) Victor McLaglen*
*(3) Ralph Morgan (4) Johnny Weismuller*

37. You should know by this date that the Wagner-Van Nuys Bill before the 1938 session of Congress dealt with:

*(1) housing (2) lynching (3) highways*
*(4) farm aid (5) birth control (6) relief*

38. It wasn't so long ago, but perhaps you'll have difficulty recalling that the Dionne Quintuplets were born in:

*(1) January (2) March (3) September*
*(4) May (5) July*

39. Any inhabitant of the Philippines knows that the largest island of the group is named:

*(1) Panay (2) Mindanao (3) Mindoro*
*(4) Luzon (5) Manila (6) Molokai*

40. If you were a fine old redwood tree you could have a:

*(1) burette (2) burl (3) bung (4) burgee*

41. One of these statements is correct:

*(1) Nebraska is south of Kansas*
*(2) Kentucky is north of Tennessee*
*(3) Pennsylvania is south of Maryland*

42. In American history one of these events definitely took place prior to any of the others:

*(1) the Battle of Bunker Hill*
*(2) Boston Tea Party*
*(3) First Continental Congress*

43. One of these words is not a musical term:

*(1) allegretto (2) rondeau (3) prelude*
*(4) fugue (5) auberge (6) andante*

(*continued on page* 81)

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# Steels to turn the good earth

An excellent example of a baffling problem solved by that versatile material—steel—is to be found in plow steels. It would naturally be expected that the prime requisites here should be toughness and resistance to abrasion. But such is not the case. The crux of the matter is the characteristic of acquiring a surface to which the earth will not cling.

When the first attempts were made to cultivate the western prairies it was found that the iron plows then in use could not turn the rich, sticky soil after the sod had once been broken. The earth stuck to the plows, making it impossible to pull them. It was necessary for the settlers to move to virgin soil every year.

After some years of effort toward making a self-scouring plow it was discovered that steel would shed the soil of the plains. Saw steel was used at first, expensive though it was. A few years later the advent of the Bessemer process made suitable steel available at a more reasonable cost. The first Bessemer-type equipment for steel making in America was installed in the plant that has since become the Cambria Plant of Bethlehem Steel Company at Johnstown, Pa. This plant soon became a leading supplier of steels for plows and other farm implements. Through the years, these steels have been developed into highly specialized materials for agricultural uses—an evolution typical of the histories of many steels for even the most commonplace purposes.

This work is still going forward. Ceaseless research is being carried on to make steel an even more useful servant. Huge sums are being invested in new facilities to provide steels in the forms required by industry. With already a long series of achievements to its credit—the opening of the prairies, the wresting of metals from the earth, the conquest of distance by land, water and air—steel moves on toward new fields of utility.

*Bethlehem makes a complete line of commercial steel products.*

**BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY**

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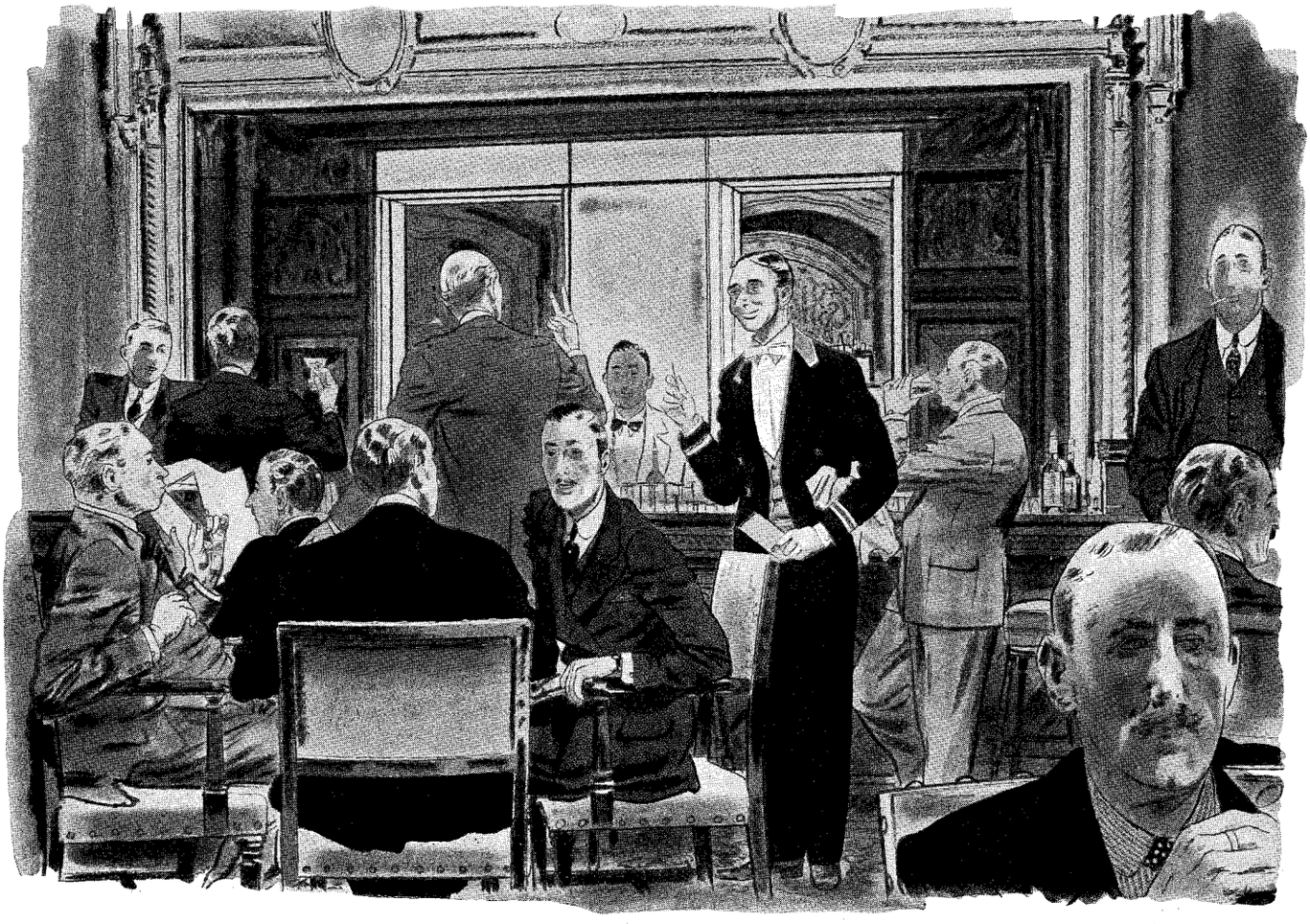

*Bar, Mark Hopkins Hotel, San Francisco*

# Wines Spirits and Good Living

BY G. SELMER FOUGNER

During the Bock beer season I have listened with amusement to the arguments advanced for this or that story on the origin of Bock beer.

You may believe, if you like, that the name Bock beer is derived simply from comparing the alcoholic strength of this particular kind of beer with the butting strength of a billy goat; or that the term came from the old German town of Ein-Bock (meaning one billy goat), the local beer being known as Ein-bock and, finally, Bock—or any one of a number of tales. As for myself, I am inclined to accept the theory that it is called Bock beer because it has always been called Bock beer!

Bock beer is greatly enjoyed in Europe for a few weeks in spring and is coming to be more so in America. It goes especially well with food, is usually a dark, sweetish and rather heavy beer and is generally higher in alcoholic content than ordinary beer.

Beer is indeed a year-round drink if there ever was one, being equally satisfying before the tavern fire on a cold winter night, and in the noonday sun in hunting field or forest. Yet this amber ambrosia, as old, almost, as man, has been compelled to withstand in our country, since the repeal of the prohibition amendment, a barrage of attacks the like of which few foods or drinks have ever faced. Some of these came from within its own camp, and the memorable battle of the containers is, among all, too recent to have been forgotten. In their efforts to prove that the can was better than the glass bottle, those who stood to benefit by the sale of either one of these two fought so valiantly and so bitterly that the contents of the bottle—or can—were all but forgotten.

Far more serious was the deliberate attempt made in some places to discredit the beer made by the best brewers in the land, on the ground that it was utterly unlike that sold in pre-prohibition days. Among these charges those appearing to have the slightest basis of justification were carefully investigated; yet every one was promptly disproved. Beer, as it is turned out today by the great brewers, is not only as good as it ever was, but well-nigh as good in some cases as some of the great European brews.

Just how it could be otherwise it is difficult to conceive, inasmuch as most of the great breweries are still in the same hands as before prohibition; and most of the brewmasters have learned their art from men who were originally selected from among the best in the old world.

Europe today has more types of beer than America will ever need and some of these are of wonderful quality. Of the Wurzburger, the Pilsner, the Lowenbrau, and the Kulmbacher, no one need sing praises to me, for I have tasted them and delighted in them in their



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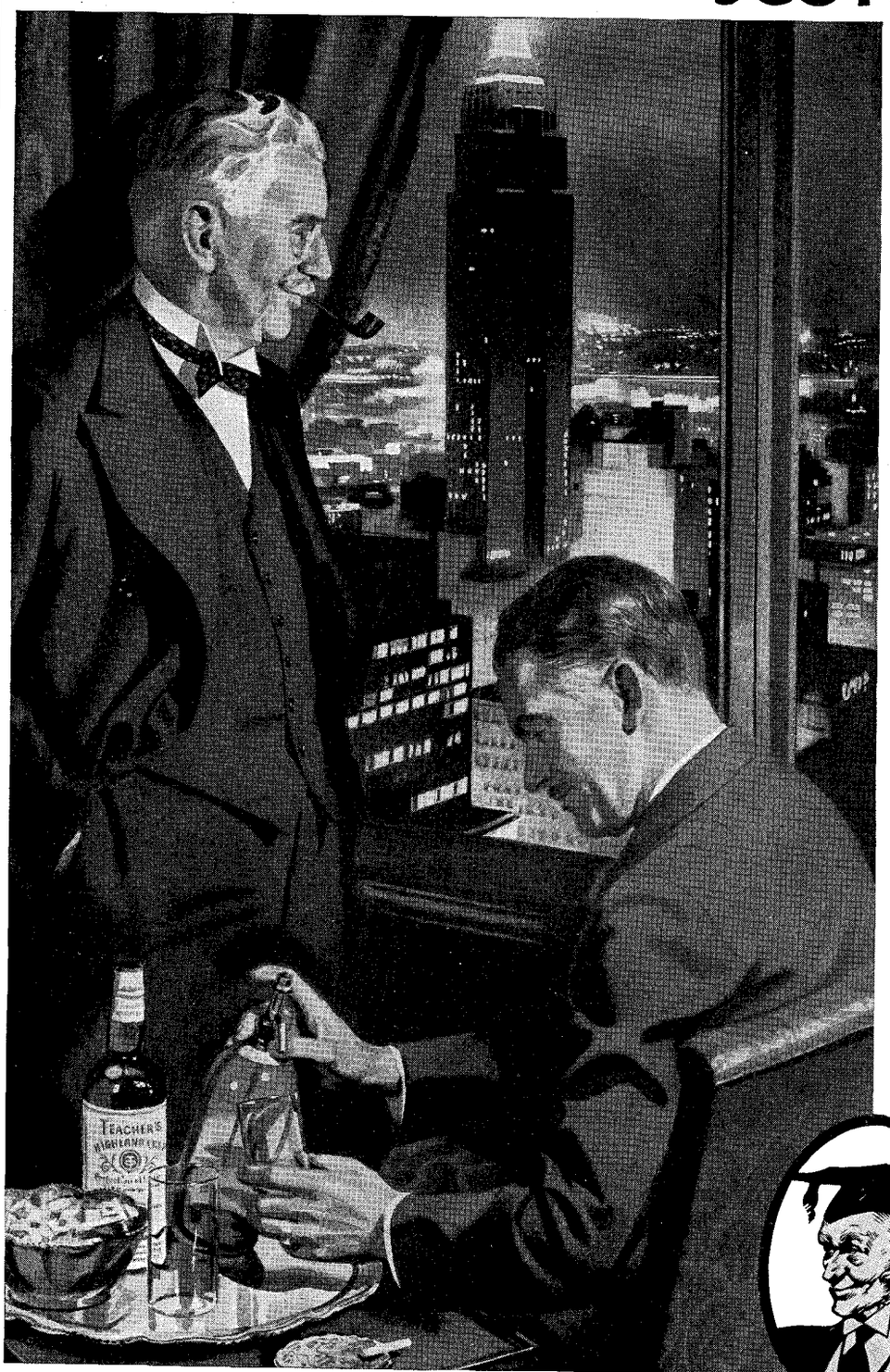
# TEACHER'S

*Perfection of Blended*
**SCOTCH WHISKY**



*"It's the flavour"*

86 PROOF

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places of origin as well as in the American restaurants, hotels, and bars where they appear on the imported list. But the light type of beer which is so enormously in demand in this country—the American product known under the general classification of "lager beer"—is every bit as good, and in some instances better, than its European counterpart. To measure the standard of American beer by that of similar products made in other lands appears to be as unwise as to compare Scotch whiskey to American rye. Each one has its fine qualities; each one appeals to a different type of taste.

Although American brewers originally derived a great part of their knowledge from the skilled masters of the trade in Europe, beer in this country today is a thoroughly native product. The brewing industry here has been an integral part of American life ever since Colonial days.

The high regard in which the business was held is well illustrated by the reputation and good standing of the men who were engaged in it, such as Colonel Israel Putnam, Samuel Adams, and others.

It was not long before lager beer was introduced in the United States as a product of American industry because of the fame of the German type of brew and the growing demand for it, particularly on the part of the ever-increasing influx of the foreign-born. The name "lager" meant merely that the brewer had kept his product in storage for a certain period before allowing it to be placed upon the market.

Brewmasters were brought over to imitate the beer produced in Europe, and the plans for the first breweries were drawn up by German architects. A man named Wagner established the first lager-beer brewery in a modest building near Philadelphia in 1842.

The manufacture of lager beer had become an entirely American industry by the turn of the century, its German origin notwithstanding. In Germany, the best beers were made only of malt, hops, and water, and they were given a long period in which to ripen. In the United States, however, the public taste was for a brew with a lighter body.

This difference in taste is explained by Howell from the fact that the beer was served at a much lower temperature in America and was seldom consumed in the leisurely manner of the German beer garden. The heavier types of beer could not stand chilling by refrigeration without a noticeable deterioration in taste. A new American type of beer came into existence which compared very favorably with the lighter kinds of foreign beer and, as a matter of fact, it was a good deal lighter than most of the German beers.

The many kinds of beer now to be found in the American market are explained by the variance in the methods of brewing and in the quality of the materials used, but the chief characteristics of good beer are not likely to undergo a change—a fine color, transparency, and a pleasing, wholesome taste.

Beer is probably the easiest to handle of all table beverages, yet its service requires great care, and the taste of the very best quality beer will alter in marked degree according to the manner in which it has been kept and in which it is presented.

For the man who wishes to serve beer in his home, the main question is one of temperature. Your beer supply may be kept almost anywhere where the light is not too strong, and where the average temperature is between 60° and 70°. Beer intended for use within the next few days may easily be brought down to this temperature and kept there by placing the containers in a modern refrigerator. For quicker action—when the icebox supply runs out—the containers may be immersed in a bath of crushed ice and water.

The danger here, however, is that the beer may become too cold. For if it is brought below the freezing point, much of the flavor, and often some of the clarity of the liquid, will vanish, never to return.

A simple explanation of the disadvantage of serving beer at too low a temperature will be found in the fact that immediately after the liquid has been poured, the gas must be permitted to escape in order to give the original flavor full sway. But that gas will not escape if the beer is too cold.

Finally, your real connoisseur judges beer by the "head" which it takes when serving. Beer served too cold—below 36°—will seem a good deal more flat, and beer served too warm will not have the right amount of clear liquid in proportion to the head.

Spotlessly clean, sparkling glasses are essential. The slightest trace of soap suds is harmful, as is any reminder of other liquids for which the same glasses have been used. A mere speck of butter fat or grease remaining in the glass will cause the beer to turn flat almost immediately.

With the brews which are now being produced in all parts of the land, the beer lover has a vast selection from which to choose. The great brewers in the East—Ruppert, Schaefer, Trommer, Liebmann, Piel, and such nationally established brands as Anheuser-Busch, Schlitz, Pabst, and many others—are presenting a product today which may well be considered the pride of any dinner table.

Just as the real wine connoisseur associates certain dishes with a specific type of wine—such as game with burgundy and cheese with port—so does the beer lover know that many of the best American dishes taste better with beer.



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# *Mr. Fougner Recommends:*

## *Foods and Beverages Utilizing Beer*

BEER FLIP

*Pour into a saucepan three bottles of beer and add one tablespoon sugar, the yellow rind of half a lemon cut into small pieces, a pinch of mace, one whole clove and one half-teaspoon butter. Bring to the boiling point and remove from the burner. Beat one egg white and two egg yolks with three tablespoons cold beer. Combine with the hot mixture which has been strained, and beat with a rotary beater until frothy. Serve while warm. Serves six.*

OLD BAVARIAN EGG BEER

*2 cups of light beer*
*1 cup of milk*
*2 yolks of eggs*
*2 tablespoons sugar*

*This is an unusually fine drink for miscellaneous occasions. Bring both beer and milk to boil in separate pans. With egg yolks and sugar beaten up well until foamy, stir them slowly into the boiling beer. Then stir in the boiling milk, letting boil gently for two more minutes, stirring constantly. Serve in goblets or Pilsner-type glasses.*

BEER SOUP À LA BISIER

*12 cups light beer*
*4 cups sour cream*
*4 yolks of eggs*
*1 tablespoon flour*
*1 tablespoon butter*

*Bring beer to a boil. In a bowl, cream the butter, work in the flour and the egg yolks. Beat thoroughly and add sour cream. Stir this mixture slowly into the boiling beer, stirring constantly. Serve in soup dishes with grated Swiss cheese and dried brown-bread crumbs or small croutons of brown or rye bread.*

BACHELOR'S WELSH RAREBIT

*Here's a dish which in finished form looks difficult but can be prepared by any bachelor who has been taught how to turn on the gas-cock. It's especially good if you plan to continue your party into the wee hours because it involves the use of stale beer, of which you will probably have a quantity.*

*1 pound fresh cheese*
*1 tablespoon butter*
*1 teaspoon dry mustard*
*1 half-glass stale beer*
*1 egg yolk*
*1 half-teaspoon salt*
*Dash of cayenne*

*If you want to arouse the admiration of your guests, invite them into the kitchen to watch the proceedings.*

*Melt butter in chafing dish. Stir in all dry ingredients, including cheese. As cheese melts, add beer gradually and the beaten yolk of the egg. Stir well and serve on toast.*

BOHEMIAN BEER STEW

*Cut two pounds of lean pork into two-inch dice; put in casserole, add a teaspoon of salt, an equal amount of crushed caraway seed, a cupful of rye bread or pumpernickel crumbs, and sixteen ounces of beer. Cover tightly and let stew until the meat is thoroughly soft.*

The pretzel, of course, came back into its own with repeal and so did popcorn and other lures which occupied so prominent a place on the saloon bar, but both pretzels and popcorn were placed there chiefly for the purpose of bringing about a larger consumption of the amber-colored beverage.

Today, these lures are no longer necessary.

There is practically no limit to the wide variety of food combinations that can be properly presented with beer as the liquid accompaniment. It might be safe to say that with the sole exceptions of heavy cream-sauce dishes, whipped-cream desserts are almost the only dishes which do not "belong" with the amber fluid.

The characteristic bitter taste of beer —less frequent in the dark than in the light variety—blends better with sharply flavored dishes than with those of a sweeter nature. Tradition decrees, on the other hand, that beer is a "must" with a long list of American old-time favorites, such as corned beef and cabbage, hamburger steak, smoked beef tongue, Hungarian goulash, braised short ribs, Irish stew, and all sorts of pork dishes. The old-fashioned beefsteak party could not be held without beer, nor could any restaurant or club steward undertake to stage it without promising beer service

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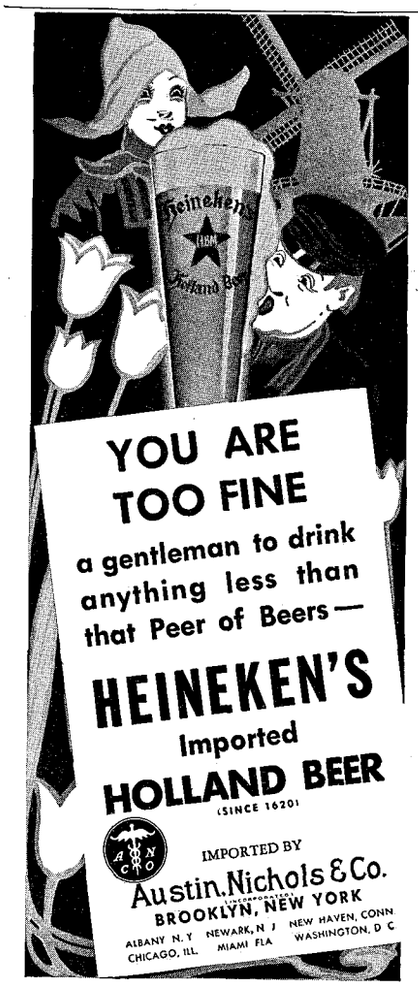
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unlimited. And the humble hot dog, or frankfurter, is considered at its best only with a glass of lager beer.

At buffet, luncheons, and suppers, the demand for beer is growing from day to day.

# Ask Mr. Fougner

Mr. Fougner will gladly answer all inquiries from readers. The following, culled at random from Mr. Fougner's mail, will give an idea of the scope which he is prepared to cover. Advice will be freely extended not only in regard to the selection, care, and service of all types of wines, distilled liquors, and malt beverages, but also concerning the arts of the table and the preparation of luncheon, dinner, and supper menus, large or small, with recipes for both food and drink. Address G. Selmer Fougner, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

QUESTION: A San Francisco bar is serving a delicious drink which is called there a "Peach Blow," although there seems to be no trace of peach in it. Have you the recipe?

ANSWER: This drink owes its name to the fact that when it was made in the right manner it acquired the shade of a peach. The recipe follows: Use a large mixing glass. Juice of one lime, four or five fresh raspberries and a teaspoon powdered sugar. Muddle berries and then add ice. Now add one jigger of gin and two teaspoons of fresh cream, which must be put in last so as not to curdle. Shake vigorously at least two minutes.

QUESTION: I have received a bottle of crème de menthe and would like to know how it should be served. Are there any cocktails in which this cordial can be used?

ANSWER: There are quite a few cocktails in which crème de menthe is used but this liqueur is much better when consumed neat, with the after-dinner coffee. In many European countries it is used extensively as a long summer drink, diluted in plain water and well iced. As a cocktail ingredient, not more than a dash should be used. There is one known as the "Green Devil" which is made with white port wine, and a dash each of crème de menthe, orange bitters, and Italian vermouth.

QUESTION: Can you tell me something about a drink called "Brown Betty"? Something quite pleasing although highly potent was served to me at a recent party, although I have always been under the impression that "Brown Betty" was a dessert.

ANSWER: The following recipe seems to be both food and drink, as it is a combination of brandy, ale, spices, and toasted bread. Dissolve a quarter of a pound of brown sugar in one pint of water, slice a lemon into it, let it stand a quarter of an hour, then add a small quantity of pulverized cloves and cinnamon, half a pint of brandy, and one quart of good, strong ale; stir it well together, put a couple of slices of toasted bread in it, grate some nutmeg and ginger over the toast, and it is fit for use.

QUESTION: What is the French liqueur known as "Marc de Bourgogne"?

ANSWER: Marc is a brandy distilled from the husks of grapes after the must of the vintage has been pressed. It is a potent liquor which is used in the same manner as cognac.

QUESTION: Have you a good recipe for a claret cup made with American wine and can you suggest how its potency may be slightly increased?

ANSWER: Pour one bottle claret and one pint of mineral water into a punch bowl, adding one sliced lemon and one sliced orange, together with four slices of fresh pineapple. Sugar to taste (one teaspoonful per person is a good proportion) and stir well. A small glass of brandy will strengthen the cup. Ice well, preferably with one large piece of ice, but cubes will also do.

QUESTION: What is a "Stengah"? Is it the same drink which was known before prohibition as a "Stinger"?

ANSWER: The two drinks have nothing in common. The pre-prohibition "Stinger" was made with two-thirds brandy and one-third white crème de menthe, frappéed and served in a cocktail glass.

"Stengah," is a Malay term meaning "half" and is used in the Far East for Scotch and soda.

QUESTION: For a dinner to be served to eight persons with two main courses and two wines not including liqueurs and coffee, how much wine should be provided?

ANSWER: Two bottles of each variety will be quite sufficient.

QUESTION: Have you a recipe for the dish known as a rum soufflé and can you tell me what kind of rum to use?

ANSWER: The best kind of rum to use in this type of dish is that which comes from Jamaica. Here is a recipe which makes a delightful dessert:

Beat four egg yolks with one-quarter pound of sugar and a liquor glass of fine old rum. Beat for fifteen minutes or more, until the mixture is extremely light and fluffy. Then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of six eggs. Now butter a soufflé dish and cover the bottom with a thick layer of apricot jam. The dish must be three-quarters full and the egg mixture should be turned in with great care. Bake in moderately hot oven twenty or twenty-five minutes, powder with sugar and serve immediately.

QUESTION: How does one clean a fine old cut-glass decanter badly stained by wine?

ANSWER: If the wine stains seem indelible and the white film deposit resists the bottle brush and soap, try a mixture of granulated lye and ammonia—one teaspoon of lye to one-half cup of household ammonia. Cork bottle and shake around and around until the stain has disappeared. If the stain persists, fill with hot water and let stand. Do not let the mixture touch the hands. Rinse with clear, hot water and again with warm water to which a small quantity of bluing has been added. Your glass will glisten.

QUESTION: I am building a new house and would like to make some arrangements for a wine cellar, although I know nothing about the technical requirements.

ANSWER: Your wine cellar should be planned in a place where its contents will be most protected against the frequent changes of the exterior air, nearby fires and the agitation of overhead traffic or motion. It should be well underground where sufficient humidity can be maintained without excessive dampness. The amount of wine to be stored should be in proportion to the cellar space available. The gratings, windows, or other forms of ventilation should open toward the north and on the side least exposed to the sun. As a rule, light wines require a colder place than stronger ones, but it is safest to have a uniform temperature, ranging from 40° to 55° Fahrenheit. Bottled wines should be partitioned off with iron racks or bins. Bottles placed in these racks or bins should always lie in a perfectly horizontal position, so that the cork remains at all times in contact with the liquid.

QUESTION: Does real cognac brandy improve with age while in the bottle? My impression has always been that it does not. Why, then, the dusty bottles?

ANSWER: Pay no attention to dust, as it has frequently been pasted on the glass. No amount of aging will make good brandy out of one which has been produced in a careless manner.



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# Steve Hannagan

(*continued from page* 13)

chanics. In every possible way, Gar Wood lived a denial that there had been any bad sportsmanship on his part in the past or could be in the future.

## V

In March of 1936, Hannagan received a phone call in Hollywood from W. Averell Harriman, chairman of the board of the Union Pacific Railroad. Steve was handling publicity for the railroad then, and Harriman said: "I've had an Austrian ski expert named Count Felix Schaffgotsch combing the country for a winter-sports location. We want something that will match anything in Switzerland. The Count thinks he has it. It's a valley in Idaho, near a place called Ketchum. Please give me your impressions on it."

Hannagan flew to Pocatello, Idaho. There he transferred to train, went in to Shoshone, end of the U. P. junction line between Shoshone and Ketchum, and rose at 5 A.M. He was arrayed in a light tweed suit, a camel's-hair coat, and a pair of oversized galoshes borrowed from a trainman. With him was William M. Jeffers, now president of Union Pacific.

They made the bleak trip on a motorized handcar, proceeded from Ketchum as far as an automobile could go, and were thence conveyed to the Brass Ranch in a horse-drawn sleigh with a potbellied iron stove in the front of it. They then got out and walked the remaining distance—an excruciating ordeal for Hannagan, who rides a taxicab from one street corner to the next.

"I couldn't see," recalls Hannagan, "why any living thing except a St. Bernard on a rescue expedition should ever want to go there. I was convinced that the Count was nuts, and that Harriman himself was half-gone. Right at that moment, however, the sun wheeled up over the Sawtooth Mountains. Because the place is a natural amphitheater protected from wind, I had loosened my overcoat. Half an hour later I took it off. And one hour later I had removed my suit coat and vest, and was perspiring at every step in the snow!"

"This is *different!*" said Hannagan. "Why, a fellow could strip and take a sun bath right out here!"

Somebody else said, "There's a hot-water spring up the hill where you can take a bath, with deep snow all around."

"Let's see it," said Steve.

Falling and sprawling, they plodded up the valley to the spring. Then Hannagan really got the picture—the whole of it. "This *is* different!" he exclaimed. "I can see a fine hotel here. A skating rink there. An open-air, glass-walled, hot-water swimming pool with snow banked four feet deep around the rim and two feet of it on the springboards. Then a ski-lift with seats, to haul you up to the top of these mountains. Let's make this a modern *American* winter resort . . . such as the world has never seen. And for our theme song, 'winter sports in a summer climate.'"

A hundred names were discussed for the place. The directors wanted to call it "Ketchum." Hannagan opposed this violently. Harriman finally picked "Sun Valley"—just one day before the first story was released in August, 1936. On December 21 the hotel opened with terrific fanfare—and no snow—for the first time in fifty-four years!

Harriman wired all who had made reservations that there was no ski snow in the valley, but plenty of it within ten miles. If they would come, they would not only be transported to this snow, but would be *guests* of Sun Valley Lodge until there was skiing snow in the Valley. On December 26 ("St. Stephen's Day," recalls Steve Hannagan) snow fell. And two days later, when a special train of Hollywood celebrities arrived under Tour Manager Hannagan, it was up to your hocks.

The rush never stopped. In the following summer—1937—a new hotel and complete village were built, including a modern movie theater and a night club. The winter of 1937 showed no slack-off. It is evident that the $2,500,000 which the Union Pacific has put into the project will prove one of the soundest of corporation investments. A cursory checkup of the publicity (which brought in the cash customers) reveals a dozen articles in magazines such as *Harper's Bazaar, Vogue, Cosmopolitan, Spur, Town and Country, The American, Collier's, Time, The New Yorker* (none of them for

(*continued on page* 106)

# The Scribner Quiz

(*Continued from page* 74)

44. If you were asked what marijuana was, you would reply:

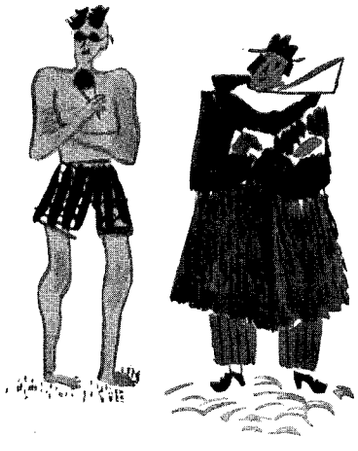
*(1) "It's a Spanish garment for women"*
*(2) "A hemp smoked for its narcotic effects"*
*(3) "It's a highly peppery Mexican dish"*
*(4) "An abdominal belt worn by Senators"*

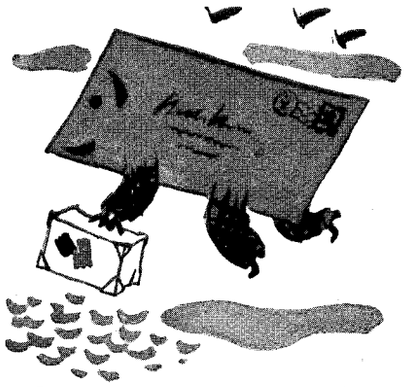
45. In February, with three American cruisers present, the British strengthened the Empire by opening a huge and powerful new naval dockyard at:

*(1) Hong Kong (2) Plymouth (3) Dundee (4) Singapore (5) Bombay (6) Cape Town*

46. If that oculist said you were farsighted, then you:

*(1) see best at a great distance*
*(2) see distinctly only at short distances*
*(3) see perfectly only with telescopes*
*(4) see well only when the sky is cloudy*





47. Occupants of most modern skyscrapers need not fear lightning bolts because:

*(1) lightning seldom strikes tall buildings*
*(2) the steel frame acts as a lightning rod*
*(3) so much window glass is an insulation*

48. Last September a conference of nations was called at Nyon to try to:

*(1) stop ship-sinking in the Mediterranean*
*(2) put a limit to naval construction*
*(3) forbid foreign aid in the Spanish war*
*(4) convince Japan to stay out of China*

49. One of these states was not a member of the Confederacy during the Civil War:

*(1) Georgia (2) South Carolina*
*(3) Maryland (4) Alabama*
*(5) Louisiana (6) Florida*

50. In November a man named John D. Biggers:

*(1) jumped nimbly off the Brooklyn Bridge*
*(2) attended a White House party in pajamas*
*(3) conducted a U. S. unemployment census*

(*Answers on page* 107)



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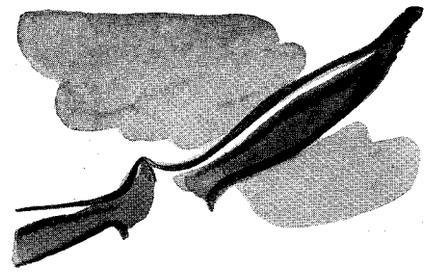
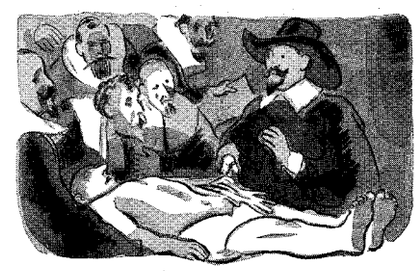
# Books

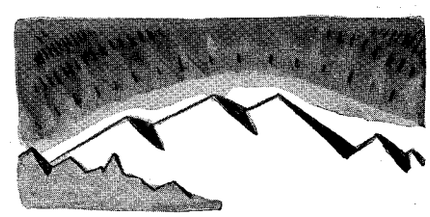
## JOHN CHAMBERLAIN



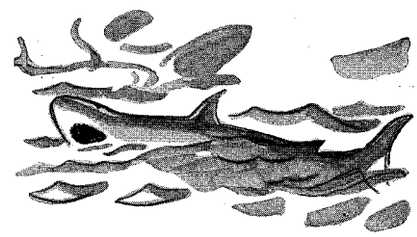
1. *Who paints mules' ears about like this and plays the mouth organ?*



5. *Who painted this forerunner of candid-camera pictures now prominent on the newsstands?*



9. *Had he lived in New York during the glacial period what American artist would have found his subjects nearby?*



13. *Shark saying "Ah," by whom?*

With the contemporary world rocking about their ears, American novelists seem bent on deserting the chaotic present for the past. But the past that is luring more and more of them is no never-never land of shining order and fixed, shared values; it is, rather, the chaotic period of the American Civil War, when society was cleft as it is today. What is the reason for the rush to be in at the death at Appomattox, or to dwell among the sorrows of the Deep South in the time of the carpetbaggers? With the whole wide world of Fascism and Communism, CIO and Mr. Girdler, sharecropper and landlord, New Dealer and Economic Royalist, et cetera, et cetera, staring them in the face and plucking at their sleeves, it would seem at first blush to be cowardice that sends authors scurrying back seventy years for their horrors.

But it is not really cowardice; it is the need to know the ultimate issue of events that chases authors to the times of our grandfathers. Drama must finally come to rest, must result in a purge of the emotions, to be effective. Hence the need for a theme that has an already proven historical destination. I know a young novelist who has been trying for months to finish a novel about the San Francisco waterfront strike of several years ago. He cannot finish the book because his attitude toward the morality and values of his chief protagonist keeps on changing with the ebb and flow of radical morality in a world of Moscow trials, Hitlerite invasions, and Rooseveltian successes and failures. Are the Communists right? Or is the Fabian attitude the proper attitude for a young man of good will? Or should irony be the novelist's god? Until history has told this young novelist, he cannot successfully create a hero. But the author who goes back to Gettysburg or Manassas can be sure of himself; he can pick sides in history with a full knowledge of the implications of his choice. Thus William Faulkner, in *The Unvanquished* (Random House, $2.50), can be sure that John Sartoris and Bayard, his son, had to defend themselves against the Yankees by force of arms; they had been raised in a hot climate on a diet of Walter Scott romanticism, and the gentlemanly thing to do under the circumstances was to kill for the point of honor. And Hervey Allen, in *Action at Aquila* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50), can with entire self-confidence imbue his hero, Colonel Nat Franklin, with a philosophical mysticism about the Union which was the conventional way of explaining and justifying the Civil War in 1863–4–5.

Of the two books, Mr. Allen's makes the easier reading. Mr. Allen seems bent on establishing a popular "A" series—*Anthony Adverse, Action at Aquila*—just as the pre-war Winston Churchill established a popular "C" series with *The Crisis, The Crossing,* and *Richard Carvel.* The parallel is significant; Allen is the contemporary Churchill, which is the measure of his success and his failure. Mr. Faulkner, on the other hand, is one of those disdainful fellows who won't write for a mass audience even when he is writing for the *Saturday Evening Post,* which originally printed five-sevenths of *The Unvanquished.* The creator of the Sartoris tribe cares very little about sequence in establishing a mood, and he will never stop to give relevant information merely for the information's sake. But the Faulkner book—which consists of a series of integrated short stories—is much more memorable than *Action at Aquila.* The reason for this is Faulkner's superior insight into the psychological effects of the day-in, day-out practice of brutality. Mr. Allen's Colonel Franklin comes home from the Shenandoah a philosophical anarchist of sorts, with a Rebel widow (of English birth) taken unto himself as a wife. We get a glimpse of Colonel Franklin years after Appomattox, reflecting philosophically on the Spanish-American War. The picture is very touching, very mellow. But Colonel Franklin is not the typical army man of his day. While reading *Action at Aquila,* I kept thinking of a vivid passage from an otherwise bad biography of President Garfield, who had fought in the Civil War as a general. The sight of dead bodies killed something in Garfield; he came out of the War an indurated person, with a fairly low estimate of humanity. In this he was like the other "bullet-headed generals" who became politicians in the seventies and eighties. Even Grant, the "honest soldier," had a delinquent's attitude toward public morality which may be traced to too much killing. Memory of the Garfield attitude kept making *Action at Aquila* seem false to me. The War had demonstrably blighted the sensibilites of the Grant-Garfield generation, yet Hervey Allen has written a book about a man who kept his sensibilities intact throughout the fighting. Faulkner, on the other hand, has written a book in which the sense of blighted sensibilities is on every page. *The Unvanquished* seems infi-



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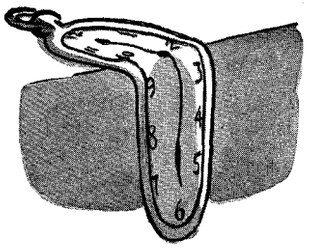
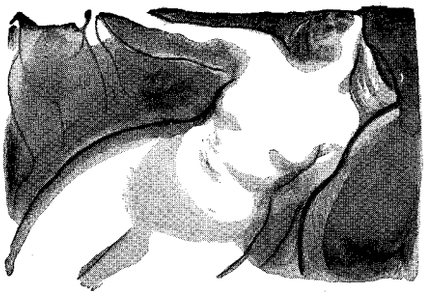
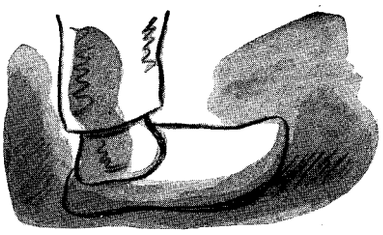


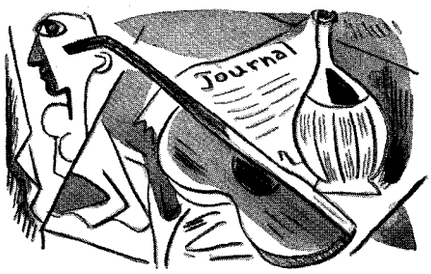
2. *What artist makes timepieces run literally?*



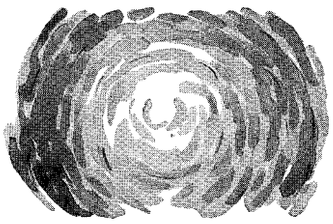
3. *What Flemish painter used the best-fed models?*



4. *The characters of what great artist either wore sabots or went barefoot?*

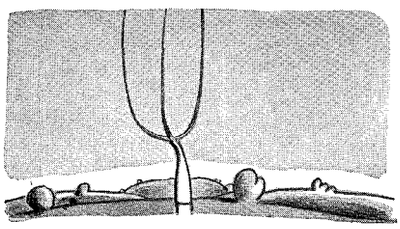



6. *Who was the first artist to saw a guitar in half and scramble it with a bottle of wine and a French newspaper?*

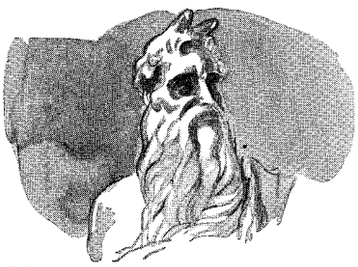


7. *What romantic impressionist painted the moon or a billiard-table light in the above manner?*

8. *If he were alive today, what Spanish artist would no doubt choose a side-aisle seat at the movies?*

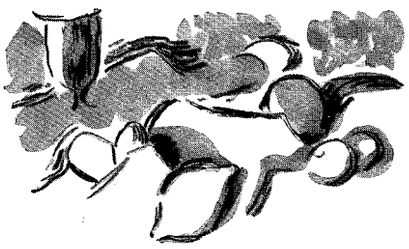


10. *Who during the War made sketches of his fellow soldiers—two bits a head for a doughboy and a dollar for an officer?*



11. *What great sculptor knew that Moses' beard twisted from right to left?*

12. *What artist from the plains of Kansas has been given a cyclone retreat at the University of Wisconsin?*



14. *Cockeyed fruit by whom?*

15. *Who made many etchings of Nordic peasant girls wading in the water?*

# Art Quiz

*by*

GARRETT PRICE

*answers on page 87*

nitely truer to its times for that reason.

The curious thing about *Action at Aquila* and *The Unvanquished* is that each makes use of stock stuff. In the Allen book an indomitable widow dominates the action; in *The Unvanquished,* Granny Rosa Millard carries on bravely, hiding little boys under her skirts when the Yankees come, and stealing and selling army mules to keep her family together. But Granny is not noble in a Hollywood manner, while Mr. Allen's Mrs. Crittendon is. The scenes that are good in Faulkner are integral to the character development of young Bayard Sartoris, or of Granny, or of Ringo, the nigger boy, or of the mad Drusilla. The scenes that are good in Allen, however, have nothing to do with the characters. Mr. Allen is at his best while writing of Colonel Franklin's ride across Pennsylvania, or of a tremendous battle in the Shenandoah. But the accent is on the Pennsylvania scenery and on the gore and the smoke of the fight, not on Colonel Franklin's relation to nature or to warfare.

Faulkner has been accused of making unmitigated Grand Guignol of the Deep South. And, indeed, some of his books are almost laughable in their horrors. Possibly he is maligning the Confederates, new and old, in *The Unvanquished.* But the suspicion will not down that something of the Grand Guignol has always existed in Alabama and Mississippi. Grumby, Mr. Faulkner's vicious forager who kills Granny Rosa Millard, seems almost too cruel to be portrayed as a biped; he should be a hyena to have his soul properly housed. But just as I was about to dismiss Grumby as sulphurous fantasy I remembered the historical figure of Murrell, whose gang terrorized the Southern frontier, stole slaves, and threatened to raise a great slave rebellion in the 1820's or 1830's. And just as I was about to dismiss Murrell as an aberration I thought of the Harpes, the land pirates of the Natchez Trace. These Harpes had a charming way of disemboweling their victims, loading them down with stones, and sinking them in the Mississippi River. They were even more Grand Guignol than Grumby, and they provide the historical warrant for his type.



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Donald Culross Peattie's *A Prairie Grove* (Simon & Schuster, $2.50) is one of those tantalizing books that whet the reader's appetite for a lot of things and leave him, at the end, in a state of glorious dissatisfaction. Although it is ostensibly about a clump of trees and surrounding grasslands on the Illinois divide that sends some of its waters into the Mississippi and some into Lake Michigan, its range is as wide as the continent and it goes back in time to the ice age. Mr. Peattie writes history by the method of free association; he sits in his island grove at dusk at "the fireflies' hour," listening to the last benediction of the thrush and breathing in the heat that is surrendered by the cooling earth, and his mind wanders back to the time when the French were tentatively exploring the Mississippi Valley, or when the buffalo were pawing the ground, or when the stream of settlers from Kentucky and Virginia met and mingled with the streams from New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. The result of this far-wandering is a series of fascinating glimpses of American history, but not enough of any one thing to make the book really profitable. One wishes, at the close, to go out and write a score of books for one's self. Or one wishes that Mr. Peattie would make a high resolve to regard *A Prairie Grove* as an introduction to a series of books which he is uniquely fitted to do.

The first half of *A Prairie Grove* is about Illinois before the Anglo-Saxon came with his plow to tear up the grasses and destroy the balance of nature; the second half is about a New England family that settled by the grove, put up its buildings, and commenced to make a living from the land. Each half could have profitably been expanded to a whole, but even that would not have made the book less tantalizing. There is just enough, for example, of the life of the *coureurs de bois,* who slid over the surface of the continent as a canoe slides over water, leaving it unchanged, to make one want to immerse one's self in the story of New France, to go back to the works of Francis Parkman and to the many volumes of the Jesuit Relations. There is just enough about the Illinois, an affable, untrustworthy Indian tribe, to make one want a lot more, not only about them but about the surrounding tribes. There is just enough about the grasses and the trees of mid-America to make one want a naturalist's book devoted solely to grasses and trees, or to the story of the soil. There is just enough about the migrations, up the wooded bottom lands of the creeks, of settlers from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, to make one want to know the how, why, and when of the fear of treeless spaces that seemed to possess these settlers. And there is just enough about the "honorable and half-awkward, half-lovely way of life that gave us Clemens, Altgeld, Grant, Logan, and Riley" to make one want to know more. Why, for example, does Mr. Peattie use the adjectives "honorable," "half-awkward," "half-lovely"? They are evocative of something, but that something is extremely elusive, and maybe illusive.

The fact that *A Prairie Grove* leaves the reader with such a consuming yearning is, I suppose, the soundest sort of tribute to Mr. Peattie's powers; not everyone can stir up what might be called a spring fever of the mind in quite Mr. Peattie's way. His prose is soft and caressing, with just enough of the scientist's passion for exactitude to save it from preciosity. But the whole business, is, in the final analysis, a mental striptease act. Mr. Peattie is a practicing Pantheist, and his book is filled with tantalizing glimpses of immortality. He knows nature, he knows the countryside, he can recall the time when passenger pigeons blackened the sky. But there is more solid satisfaction, for instance, in the more mundane, less fanciful Charles Allen Smart, who is content to observe what is under his nose and let the dreams go by. If you have to make a choice between two countrymen's books, Mr. Smart's *R.F.D.* is preferable to *A Prairie Grove* simply because Mr. Smart has the courage to be limited.

*

"Hell, no one cares about the Supreme Court. That's the rich man's court. The American people are more interested in the traffic courts." So a Texan, with a long experience in Washington as a newspaperman, tangentially sums up the sales possibilities of *The 168 Days,* by Joseph Alsop and Turner Catledge (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75). Nevertheless, Mr. Alsop's and Mr. Catledge's account of the great squabble over the Court packing bill is rich and rewarding reading. Mr. Alsop, who did most of the actual writing in *The 168 Days,* took the memoirs of Saint Simon as his model; the result is a book that does not hesitate to analyze motives. But, contrary to what some reviewers have said, *The 168 Days* does not gratuitously supply hypothetical motives: Mr. Alsop and Mr. Catledge must have a dropped remark, or a gesture, or something else that is tangible, before they rush in where "objective" writers fear to tread. The portraits of the various senators who took a leading part in the Court fight are done as a novelist would do them, with a knowledge that human decisions are the result of complex forces bearing in upon people. Alsop and Catledge take the story of the Court fight out of the angel-devil category so beloved of our more vociferous newspaper columnists.

## In Short

### *Fiction*

HOPE OF HEAVEN, by John O'Hara. In California's Hollywood, man loves girl. Gets all. Gets nothing. Cares some but carefully not too much. Neither does reader in spite of some brilliant dialogue and some feeling of real human compassion which manages to come through. A short novel by the author of *Appointment in Samarra* and *Butterfield 8.* Who liked those will like this. Harcourt, Brace, $2.

DAWN IN LYONESSE, by Mary Ellen Chase. Because the story of Tristan and Iseult, a story of her country, becomes real and full of meaning to the mind and spirit of the little waitress from the Cornish fishing village, her own simple and tragic life comes to bear much of the beauty of the ancient legend. Forsaking Maine, the author of *Mary Peters,* in spite of a leaning toward overwriting in the early pages, has caught an intense moment of sweetness and nobility in this story. Macmillan, $1.75.

RENOWN, by Frank O. Hough. A new novel about America's favorite tragic figure, Benedict Arnold, makes all too clear the torture which the insults of an ungrateful Congress, the fear of poverty, and a painful wound imposed on a fiery and restless spirit. It shows his final treason as an inevitable event, consistent with the impatient character of a proud man scorned. There is much detail of his life after his desertion and of the faithfulness of Peggy Shippen, but the real interest and excitement are pretty well concentrated in the earlier part of the book. Carrick & Evans, $2.50.

THE PAST MUST ALTER, by Albert J. Guerard. A novel of adolescent readjustment to life after sorrow and tragedy, which is intense enough, moving enough, and well-written enough to seem to include within it the whole hu-



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man struggle to come to some sort of stable terms with existence. It is a first novel by a man just twenty for whom the future promises much. Holt, $2.50.

LOVE, HERE IS MY HAT, by William Saroyan. Saroyan is sometimes better, sometimes worse than Saroyan. These twenty-one short romances are occasionally stories, often episodes or speeches, but always Saroyan. You know whether you like Garbo, cigarettes, cornflakes, chocolate, Saroyan. Cheap illustrations, well-made, paper-bound, inexpensive new collection. Try some.

Modern Age, 25 cents.

## *Nonfiction*

OUT OF AFRICA, by Isak Dinesen. The author of *Seven Gothic Tales* lived for years on a coffee plantation in Kenya. While she tells of the natives, of her friends, dogs, horses, of the beauty of the country, of big game, she is really writing on the human soul, its aspirations, its accomplishments. Not since *The Story of an African Farm,* by Olive Schreiner, has there been such a fine, simply written, moving story of Africa. First-class in every way.

Random House, $2.75.

PORTRAITS OF A LIFETIME. Memoirs of J-E. Blanche. Anecdotes (1871–1914) of J-E. Blanche, French painter, make fair reading about writers, artists, dancers, socialites. Letters from Shaw, George Moore, Henry James, W. Sickert. For the confirmed reader of minor memoirs. Coward-McCann, $4.

THE SUMMING UP, by W. Somerset Maugham. Admirers of Maugham may enjoy this unpretentious essay on the growth of his mind and his private convictions. Always a writer, developing his sensitiveness as a photographic plate to people and situations, he has traveled, read widely. Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

GEORGIAN ADVENTURE, by Douglas Jerrold. Mr. Jerrold, English writer, editor, savored in childhood the bouquet of late Victorian and early Edwardian England. He went to school, to war, to politics, to publishing under the Georges. This volume is brilliant comment on his life and on the world from his Catholic, conservative, intellectual viewpoint. Scribners, $3.50.

HELEN'S TOWER, by Harold Nicolson. Sauntering down the corridors of his timid past, Mr. Nicolson writes of himself as a child, of his governess, Miss Plimsoll (read of her in his charming *Some People*), of his decorative and tragic uncle, Lord Dufferin (1826–1902), Irish landlord, lover of Scott, English public servant, distinguished Victorian, diplomat, Governor-General of Canada, Viceroy of India. Mr. Nicolson, in this study in transitions, writes like an English breeze, always personal, and with that sophisticated innocence which is his forte.

Harcourt, Brace, $3.50.

I, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, by Leslie Hotson. Haverford College professor, well-known literary detective, identifies Thomas Russell, executor to Shakespeare's will, and through him other associates of the poet. Important historical research; very readable.

Oxford, $3.

CHILDREN OF THE RISING SUN, by Willard Price. An excellent, understanding survey of Japan today, its people, its mores, its dominating policies, by a man who has been foreign correspondent of *World Outlook,* the *Survey,* and other well-known publications.

Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.

THESE FOREIGNERS, by William Seabrook. Mr. Seabrook has previously written of his adventures in Arabia, Africa, Haiti, and in an asylum. Now he does straight reporting (most of the material appeared in the *American Magazine*) about the Scandinavians, Italians, Germans, Dutch, Poles, Russians in the American melting pot. Few statistics—all about Jakes, Tonys, Olafs, Mikes, Joes to whom he talked. Nothing new about racial characteristics. They've all become American to the core, by cracky. *En avant,* Mr. Seabrook.

Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.

THE EDUCATION OF A DIPLOMAT, by Hugh Wilson. Pleasant personal narrative (1911–1917) by our present Ambassador to Germany. Student days in Paris; working in embassies in Lisbon, Guatemala, Buenos Aires, Berlin, Vienna, Switzerland. Mr. Wilson's comments on our foreign service, on personalities, on the atmospheres in which he lived are fresh and illuminating.

Longmans, Green, $2.50.

A POET'S LIFE: SEVENTY YEARS IN A CHANGING WORLD, by Harriet Monroe. In her own words the founder and tireless editor of *Poetry* tells the story of her rich life. It is a long and detailed autobiography, but no one interested in poetry in America will want to miss her story of the early years of the magazine or the amazing correspondence which she carried on with poets and critics all over the world from 1912 to her death in 1936. Macmillan, $5.

THE RIVER, by Pare Lorentz. Whoever has seen "the saga of the Mississippi in pictures and sound," the remarkable movie produced by Mr. Lorentz for the Farm Security Administration, will want this picture book.


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Whoever hasn't seen the movie should surely get the book. Although its quality seems strangely flat and dull after the excitement of the living film, the pictures, taken mostly from the movie, and Mr. Lorentz's stirring words, are a record well worth keeping.

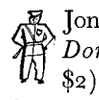
Stackpole, $2.

# New Mysteries

*Highest honors for the month—and for quite a few moons to come, unless mystery stories are somehow dragged out of the current morass of mediocrity—go to *Fast Company,* by Marco Page (Dodd, Mead, $2). This one was awarded a thousand-dollar prize and would have deserved it—even in a good year for yarns in the gruesome genre. *Fast Company* tears aside the curtain from the last scene in the world where one would expect murder to be rampant—the rare-book business. Its hero and heroine are Joel Glass and his wife Garda, who conduct a small and exclusive business in incunabula, with Joel doing some undercover work on the side to help the N. Y. police break up the growing trade in stolen first editions and the like. *Fast Company* has about everything it takes to make a first-class mystery story. The dialogue is snappy, hard-boiled, and convincing; the situations exciting; the murderer elusive—although most readers won't think so at first; and the background unusual and engrossing. Altogether a good reason for calling all cops!

Whether or not an imaginary vacation for his characters (*The Case of the Lame Canary* last year) also invigorates an author is open to argument, but it is certainly true that *The Case of the Substitute Face* (Morrow, $2) is right up to the high standards set by Erle Stanley Gardner in most of the earlier Perry Mason books. The unhappy occurrence on which the plot hinges happens in mid-Pacific, and Mason lands in California neck-deep in a murder-blackmail case that ultimately sees him sailing closer to the legal wind than he has ever done before. There is a zip and zest to the story that place it among Mason's best cases, and the Gardner formula, though not strikingly changed, is here all furbished up till it shines.

*NOTE:—The more cops, the better the mystery.



Jonathan Latimer, author of *Death Don't Care* (Doubleday, Doran, $2), can usually be depended upon for a superlatively tough and rowdy brand of murder mystery. His new one is not his best. Too much Minsky and not enough mystery. The scene is Florida; the plot involves a blackmailed millionaire, a kidnaped heiress, a poisoned lady-of-leisure, named, believe it or not, Imago Paraguay, and other pleasant people. The talk is good, the drinking continuous, the love-making convincing and unconventional, the mystery quite transparent.

The most unusual tale of the month is undoubtedly *Cradled in Murder,* by Rudd Fleming (Simon & Schuster, $2). For sheer horror this one takes all the prizes. New Orleans is the scene, and a decadent Louisiana family supplies the victims and the killer. The "detective"—if he may be so called—is an inquisitive, daring, and utterly unscrupulous English instructor in a New Orleans university. One of his pupils hands him an autobiographical "theme" which begins with the startling news that her father was murdered, her mother was murdered, and she expects a spot of killing herself. All this strangely intrigues Huymer Van Ravensway, no less, and he follows up the paper with a call at the fair Eugenie's home—a call that has strange consequences. From then on the story reeks with arsenic, kerosene, murder, miscegenation, and lurid writing. It has a certain horrid fascination, is definitely for those with strong stomachs, and would have been much better had the author scrapped the final scene, a psychopathic orgy that would have made Herr Kraft-Ebing dance for joy.

The elephantine Dr. Fell encounters one of the toughest problems of his career in *To Wake the Dead,* by John Dickson Carr (Harper, $2). There are two murders, both unreasonable and inexplicable until the facts are revealed, and both involving a ghostly figure in the brass-buttoned uniform of a hotel doorman. Mr. Carr's uncanny talent for sending tremors racing up and down the vertebrae has never been better displayed, and Dr. Fell booms and blusters in fine style. There's a long delay before all the cards are on the table, and the reader may feel hampered because he doesn't know as much about the story as the author does, but in a tale with so many good points, that may be checked off as a minor defect.

Some timorous souls have objected to detective stories with a hospital background in which patients, for one reason or another, are violently projected into the Great Beyond, but when the doctors begin to murder each other—or their wives, as the case appears to be in *Death Wears a White Coat,* by Theodora Dubois (Houghton Mifflin, $2)—there's nothing to complain about. Particularly since young Dr. Cromer didn't have murder in mind when he used his wife as a guinea pig for one of his hospital experiments. Another doctor and his wife (the narrator) help the police to find a criminal who, after practically everybody in the place falls under suspicion, makes one fatal mistake. The tale waxes somewhat heavily scientific at times but not enough to retard the action.

Blackmail, toxophily, and the better-left-unsaid parts in the life of a defunct popular novelist have much to do with the solution of the two murders in *Truth Comes Limping,* by J. J. Connington (Little, Brown, $2). Mr. Connington is one of the better British practitioners of the mystery story, but in this yarn, not only truth, but the tale itself limps. The first man killed is a London hack-writer, a disappointed literary man whose mouth turns down at the corners, and good progress is being made toward the clearing up of his death when the principal suspect is slain and a new deal all round is necessitated. Outside of one episode in which the detectives are thoroughly shot up by an archer there is little in the book to raise the reader's blood pressure.

A gullible chauffeur tells the story of *If I Die Before I Wake,* by Sherwood King (Simon & Schuster, $2). He accepted several grand to pretend to murder one of his employer's friends, who, in turn, was to disappear and spend the rest of his life in the South Seas. The stage was all set for the murder, the shots fired, blood smeared in strategical places etc., and then the



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man who bribed the chauffeur turns up several miles away, extremely dead and killed in just the manner his dupe has described. From this neat beginning the story progresses through two more murders, considerable emoting, and a good trial scene, to a last-minute reprieve in the death house—for a reason the reader is not likely to guess.

One regrets to report that *Curious Happenings to the Rooke Legatees,* by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown, $2), is very slight fare. The ten episodes deal with sundry members of the Rooke family, who are each left considerable money by a relative they never heard of before. Their methods of spending the money get them into considerable trouble but lead to the solution of their benefactor's "murder." It's all pretty scrappy—though easy to read.

There is never any doubt in the reader's mind about the identity of the murderer in *Friday Market,* by Catharine Meadows (Macmillan, $2.50), a fact that may remove it a degree from the strict "mystery" category. In writing it's decidedly a cut above the average. Step by step the author shows how a small-town British solicitor, with endless ambition, tries drastic methods to remove human obstacles from his path, and, finding the job remarkably easy, decides that he is completely above man-made justice. He comes a cropper at last, but his murderous attempts, and successes, keep one fidgeting to the end.

*

Quite as entertaining as most of the fictional mystery stories of the month is *Murders Not Quite Solved!,* by Alvin F. Harlow (Julian Messner, $3.). Mr. Harlow has ransacked the annals of American crime—there is only one foreign case—for a dozen murders, famous in their day, that, for one reason or another, have fallen short of a final solution. His choice is refreshingly unhackneyed—not a word about Lizzie Borden and similar long-written-out *causes célèbres*—and every case reveals a different aspect of the horrid guise of homicide. The gruesomer and grimmer his story the better Mr. Harlow handles it. When he essays the light touch, and he *will* do it, the effect is slightly sour.

The following books have been selected as the top ten of April by the leading publishers of the United States and the editors of Scribner's Magazine.

The publishers participating in the selection of these books each month are: Appleton-Century; Bobbs-Merrill; Carrick & Evans; Columbia; Countryman; Covici, Friede; Coward-McCann; Stephen Daye; Dodd, Mead; Doubleday, Doran; Dutton; Farrar & Rinehart; Greystone; Harcourt, Brace; Harper; Hillman-Curl; Holt; Houghton Mifflin; Knopf; Lippincott; Little, Brown; Liveright; Longmans, Green; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard; Modern Age; Morrow; Norton; Oxford; Princeton; Putnam; Random House; Reynal & Hitchcock; Scribners; Simon & Schuster; Stackpole; Stokes; Vanguard; Viking; Yale.

**1. The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt.** Selected by the President; with his own notes and commentaries. Five volumes, beginning with his years in Albany, carrying through 1936. Radio speeches, executive orders, hitherto unpublished press conferences of the first four years of his administration, etc.
Random House, $15.

**2. The Culture of Cities,** by Lewis Mumford. The author of *Technics and Civilization* leaves the history of the machine to do an exhaustive, scholarly, and brilliant study on the history, growth, and life of cities from medieval times to the present. (Illustrated.)
Harcourt, Brace, $5.

**3. Journeys Between Wars,** by John Dos Passos. In what he calls "the odyssey of a novelist," Mr. Dos Passos writes of his travels and wanderings across the globe. Some of the material has appeared in former works, but a great part of it is new. Harcourt, Brace, $3.

**4. The Yearling,** by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Florida, where she has lived for many years, is again the background for this Book-of-the-Month Club story by the author of *South Moon Under.*
Scribners, $2.75.

**5. Beyond Dark Hills,** by Jesse Stuart. While on a Guggenheim fellowship in Scotland, the young Kentucky poet-schoolteacher has completed this story of his life. His *Man With a Bull-Tongue Plow* has been widely discussed. Dutton, $3.50.

**6. Our Town,** by Thornton Wilder. A nostalgic play of a small New England town in the years between 1901 and 1911, which has had a successful run on the New York stage under the direction of Jed Harris. The first book by the author of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* since *Heaven's My Destination.*
Coward-McCann, $2.

**7. The Politicos,** by Matthew Josephson. In this book Mr. Josephson shows how the "politicos," the professional politicians, played the game with the "robber barons" to defraud the country between 1850 and 1900.
Harcourt, Brace, $4.50.

**8. These Bars of Flesh,** by T. S. Stribling. A satire on small-town politicians and large-city universities by the author of the Pulitzer-Prize-winning, *The Store.* Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

**9. The Specter,** by Maxim Gorki. The last novel by the great Russian author covers the twelve years between the Revolution of 1905 and the Revolution of 1917. Appleton-Century, $3.50.

**10. John of the Mountains.** Unpublished Journals of John Muir. In the year which is the centenary of his birth, for the first time the journals of the great American naturalist are made available to the public. They tell in his own words the story of the discovery of the theory of glacial action and the study which resulted in the preservation of the giant redwoods.
Houghton Mifflin, $4.

## Answers to the "Art Quiz"

(*see pages* 82 *and* 83)

1. Thomas Benton
2. Dali
3. Rubens
4. Millet
5. Rembrandt
6. Most likely Picasso
7. Van Gogh
8. El Greco
9. Rockwell Kent
10. Grant Wood
11. Michelangelo
12. John Steuart Curry
13. Winslow Homer
14. Cézanne
15. Zorn



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# Music and Records

## RICHARD GILBERT

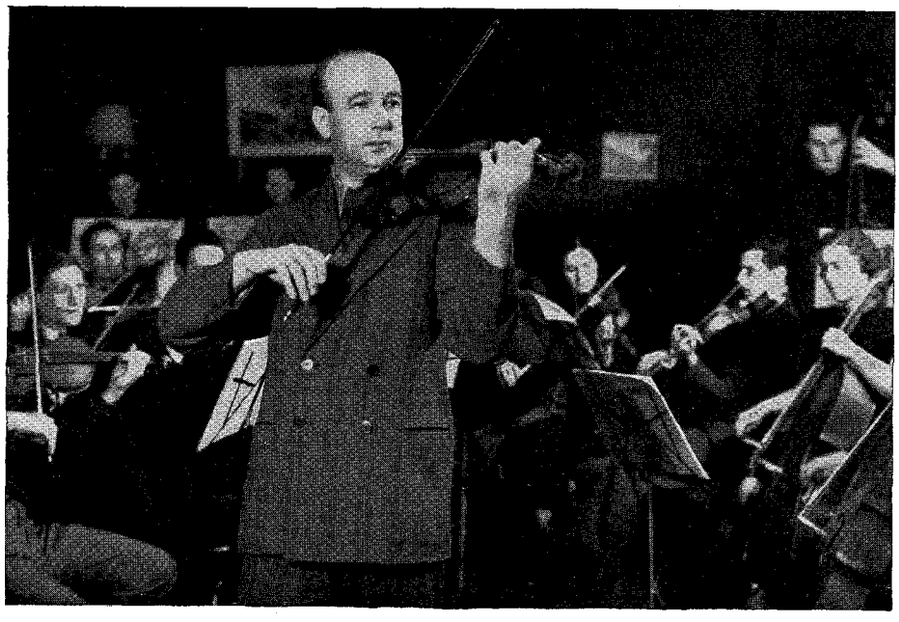
One of the richest, most abundant and many-sided heritages ever bequeathed to the world by an artist is the mass of music written by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. He composed a minuet and trio before he could write, and at the age of six spattered ink across manuscript paper as he attempted a fully scored clavier concerto. From that time until his death twenty-nine years later, more than six hundred works flowed from his inexhaustible pen. This fabulous fund of creation has been tapped frequently by the recording companies, but never as generously as during the past few months. In fact, the velocity with which the phonograph is supplying seldom heard and otherwise inaccessible works by Mozart now exceeds the amazing speed with which he committed this music to paper a century and a half ago. And that definitely marks a trend.

In addition to the complete *Don Giovanni* and other Mozart recordings noted in these columns recently, twenty-one new publications remain to be mentioned. An embarrassment of riches, these recordings provide a wide variety of mediums, forms and expressions ranging from a simple strophic song to the great G minor symphony. Between these extremes will be found a symphony, written when Mozart was seventeen; beautiful examples of his mature chamber music; two fine piano concerti; some works composed for pupils and friends, and to display the special qualities of a solo instrument, such as the bassoon or flute; and delightful pieces written purely for entertainment purposes. These last are as far removed in character as the irresistibly comic *Ein musikalischer Spass,* a "musical joke" poking all sorts of puns at the expense of mediocre composers, parodying a village orchestra in much the same manner as hot-jazz players of today imitate "corny" dance music; a brilliant *Divertimento,* written for a dinner party at court; and the polished *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* for strings.

To begin with the songs: Ria Ginster's selection of *An Chloë* (*K.524*), *Das Veilchen* (*K.476*), *Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte* (*K.520*), *Der Zauberer* (*K.472*), and *Abendempfindung* (*K.523*) is as commendable as her singing of them is artistic and communicative (Victor Nos. 1869 & 14824). The first three and the last are Mozart's finest songs. In particular, *Abendempfindung,* with its moods of introspection and gentle melancholy, anticipates the romanticism of Schubert. *Der Zauberer* has a distinctive melody and an attractive rhythm, but it is not the exquisitely and perfectly shaped little thing Mozart made of Goethe's *Das Veilchen,* nor has it the bewitching charm of *An Chloë.* The song of Luisa's destroying of the letters from her faithless lover might be described as a dramatic scene in miniature. Mme. Ginster is expertly accompanied at the piano by Gerald Moore.

The *Divertimento No. 15 in B-flat* (*K.287*) appears simultaneously on the lists of two companies. The Victor recording is part of a special list—as are most of the other Victor Mozart discs mentioned here—issued in connection with the activities of the New Friends of Music. (Both organizations co-operated in making records of many of the works performed in the New Friends' series of sixteen concerts devoted to the chamber music of Mozart, Schubert, and Schumann given at Manhattan's Town Hall last winter.) It is unfortunate for Victor—and for Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who essays the difficult first-violin part of the *Divertimento*—that no less an artist than Joseph Szigeti chose to perform the work, with strings and horns under the direction of Max Goberman, at his Carnegie Hall concert in February, and that Columbia was quick to seize the opportunity of recording his interpretation (set No. 322).

Szigeti's elegant and meticulous style masters every detail of the concerto-like violin part. His articulation of the beautiful recitatives and the richly ornamented *adagio* calls forth an abundance of violinistic culture and a fine sense of proportion in phrasing and dynamics such as few other concert violinists can match. Burgin is not in this class. The work itself is extremely attractive with its folk-like tones in the first movement, its jubilant variations on a typical Viennese theme, its brilliant and fiery minuets, and the sparkling finale. The Columbia recording does not have the pleasant room tone of the Victor (set



WIDE WORLD

*Joseph Szigeti and group that recorded Mozart's* Divertimento



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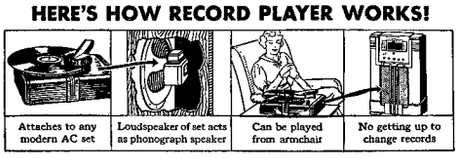
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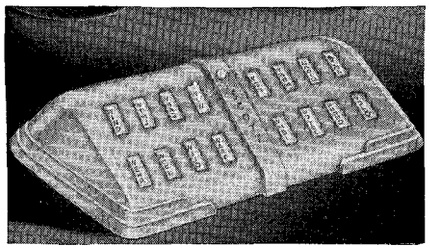

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Cabezon: *Diferencias Sobre el Canto del Caballero.* Carl Weinrich, on the organ of the Westminster Choir School, Princeton. Musicraft set No. 9.

BACH: *Organ Music, Vol. III—Prelude & Fugue in C minor; Prelude & Fugue in E minor; Prelude & Fugue in C; Fugue in A minor.* Albert Schweitzer, on the organ of the Church of Ste. Aurelie, Strasbourg. Columbia set No. 320.

### *Popular*

*Lover and His Lass—Dark Eyes.* Maxine Sullivan, with Claude Thornhill and His Orchestra. Victor No. 25810.

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No. M434), but its other advantages obviously discount this defect.

A *Rondo in C* (*K.373*) for violin is full of charm and grace, but Jean Pougnet's playing, with symphony orchestra conducted by G. Walter, is something of a let-down after listening to the aristocratic performance of Szigeti (Columbia No. 69125D). The reproduction has commendable depth and clarity.

It is quite a jump from the insouciance of the *Divertimento* to the dark, almost Beethovenish mood of the *Serenade No. 12 in C minor* (*K.388*) for two oboes, two clarinets, two French horns, and two bassoons. This sturdy work, superbly played by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra directed by Arthur Fiedler, has no parallel in its class. It employs contrapuntal ingenuities such as Haydn might have toyed with, but which are rare with Mozart. The woodwind and brass timbres have a compelling pungency, far away from



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the airy traceries of the violin work. I recommend this vivid reproduction as a companion piece for the novel *Divertimento* if only to show the amazing variety of Mozart's tonal imagination (Victor set No. M433).

The Kolisch String Quartet and Domenico Caputo and John Barrows, horns, miss none of the *gaucheries* rampant throughout the brief and occasionally side-splitting *Sextet in F* (*K.522*) known variously as the *"Dorfmusikanten Sextette,"* as the "Bauernsymphonie," and as *Ein musikalischer Spass,* but actually the last—"a musical jest," full of digs at incompetent musicians. Here is one of the most delightful bits of musical buffoonery ever written (Victor set No. M432).

*Eine kleine Nachtmusik* (*K.525*) is one of the most familiar and favored of Mozart's works. It is scored for strings only, in both quartet and quintet versions. The latter is used by both the Pro Arte Quartet, with Claude Hobday, double bass (Victor set No. M428), and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter (Victor set No. M364). Of the two I fancy Walter's tempo and phrasing and, despite the greater intimacy effected by the smaller ensemble, find his general conception of style closer to the Mozart ideal.

Two of Mozart's string quartets—the E-flat work (*K.428*) noted for the almost *Tristan*-like chromaticisms in its slow movement, and the second of a series dedicated to the King of Prussia, in B-flat (*K.589*)—receive fine performances by the Pro Arte Quartet (Victor set No. M375) and the Kolisch Quartet (Victor set No. M407) respectively. Cunningly laid out but not so immediately appealing as the above is the piano *Quartet in E-flat* (*K.493*). This work is exceptionally well played by Hortense Monath, piano, and the Pasquier Trio (Victor set No. M438).

The *Quartet in D* (*K.285*) and the *Quartet in A* (*K.298*) for flute and strings are typical Mozartian works of the lighter kind which are always pleasant to hear. They, as well as the *Concerto for Flute and Orchestra* (*K.313*), were written for a flutist who studied for a while with Mozart. The quartets are played by the Oxford Ensemble (Musicraft set No. 7), the concerto by Marcel Moyse, with orchestra conducted by Eugène Bigot (Victor set No. M396).

Artur Schnabel's touch seems a trifle heavy for the crisp, sparkling *Concerto No. 19 in F* (*K.459*), and he fails frequently to unveil the delicate grace of certain measures of the work (Victor

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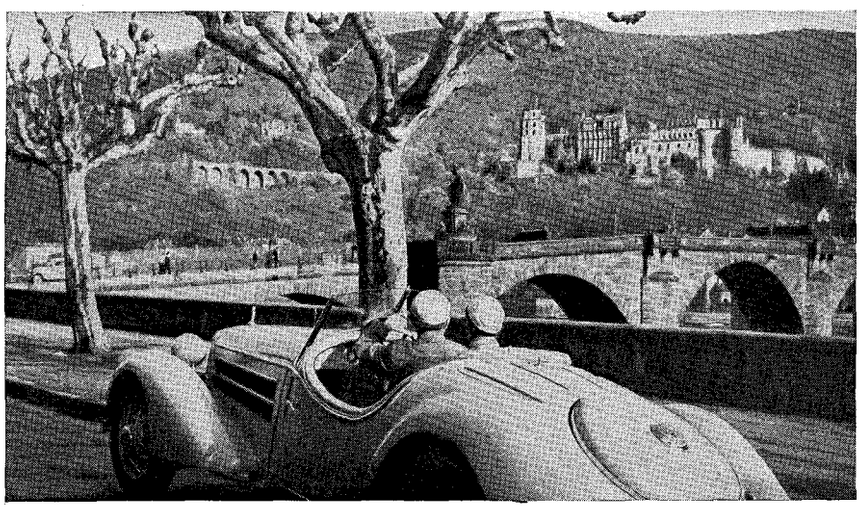

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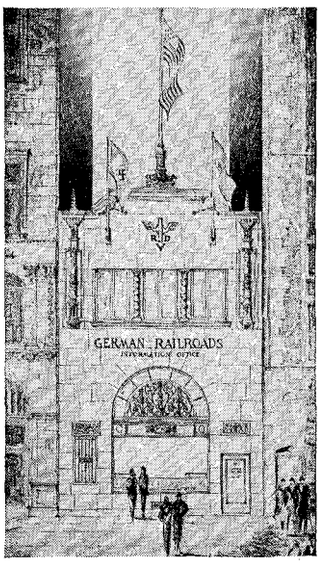


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set No. M389). I feel certain that he would be more successful with the *Concerto No. 20 in D minor (K.466)* which Bruno Walter plays with none too penetrating insight into its deeply passionate and romantic nature (Victor set No. M420). The London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, accompanies Schnabel; the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra is directed by Walter from the keyboard.

Joseph Schuster, 'cellist of the Philharmonic-Symphony, is wrong in assuming that the upper part of Mozart's *Sonata in B-flat (K.292)* belongs to his instrument and not to the bassoon. The recording he made with Benjamin Kohon, after these musicians had performed the work at a concert of the New Friends, would gain in effectiveness were the parts transposed and performed in the manner unquestionably prescribed by the composer (Victor No. 12149).

Two symphonies remain to be mentioned, both in the key of G minor. The later work, No. 40, is perhaps the most familiar and most often played of Mozart's symphonies. The earlier, No. 25, one of his first really significant works in this form, would be unknown today were it not for the broadcasts of the "Sinfonietta," conducted by Alfred Wallenstein, who directs the same organization in the recording of it here. Only fifteen years separate these two symphonies; but it was within this incredibly brief space that Mozart's greatest development took place, and the main bulk of his most precious music came into being. The later *Symphony in G minor (K.550)* has been wanting a satisfactory recording for some time, each of the five available sets having some bad defect or other. However, Sir Thomas Beecham's reading, with his fine London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia set No. 316), brings to discophiles a vibrant, unaffected G minor which is not only Mozartian to the core but a brilliant orchestral transcription that for balance, tone, and illumination of detail is surely one of the glories of electrical recording. I have grave doubts as to whether the recording Toscanini made of this work with the NBC Symphony Orchestra before he sailed for Europe will top this Beecham version when and if it is released. . . . I do not like the dead studio acoustics in the Wallenstein recording which tend to destroy the balance of even a small orchestra and cause the players to force their tone. A laudable feature of the early *Symphony in G minor (K.183)* set is the inclusion of a miniature score (Columbia set No. 323).



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# The Swiss Have a New Angle

FRED DOSSENBACH, JR.

Critics of that fine art say that wrestling needs a new "angle." The halcyon days when mobs flocked to see the boys annihilate each other are no more, gate receipts are anemic, and the once noble grapplers are forced to play the Corn Belt for beans and carfare.

The sport needs a nip of variety, and I have been thinking that wrestling the way the Swiss do it might turn the trick. No harm in trying, anyway.

*Schwingen,* as the Swiss call it, has been going on for centuries. No one knows just when or where it started, and it is uniquely Swiss. Believe it or not, it is a form of wrestling in which you throw your opponent *solely* by grabbing the seat of his pants!

"Swinging" differs from the wrestling we know today in America. It's an outdoor sport, with no smoke-choked arenas. Promoters, press agents, and barnstorming troupes are unknown. "Swinging" is still strictly amateur; nobody counts the house. It's not so brutal as our wrestling, but don't get the idea it's an easy sport, or that it's not hair-raising to watch. "Swinging" takes endurance and *kraft*. There's plenty of action and thrills when two-hundred-pound Swiss grapplers start tossing each other around.

In a typical match, which any visitor to Switzerland might see, two men face each other in the middle of a circular, sawdust ring. The stadium is a green valley. Its walls are the distant Alps. There are no seats; the spectators, native and tourist, stand around the ring.

The "swingers" are clean-cut huskies. No cauliflower ears, no battered noses, no wobbly legs on uncertain heels. Both men wear specially fashioned shorts of tough canvas, reinforced along the edges. One man has on what looks like a suit of long winter underwear, once white. He's dressed especially for the occasion. The other simply wears the shorts over his trousers. He's probably home talent.

They shake hands. Now things get complicated. Each grips the belt along his opponent's back with his right hand. With his left hand he grabs a handful of the other man's shorts. Each looks over his opponent's shoulder.

Then, to your amazement, they suddenly try to lift each other by the seat of their pants. The crowd shouts encouragement, and the children jump up and down, squealing and yelling. The two men are literally wrapped up in each other, tugging, puffing, and blowing with the strain, each trying to "swing" the other off-balance and off his feet. Now they are down in the sawdust, their breath coming in short gasps, their brown shoulders glistening with sweat.

A quick slap of the referee's hand on flesh, and both loosen their grips. The referee makes them start over. The "swingers" plant their feet wide apart, rub sawdust on their hands to dry



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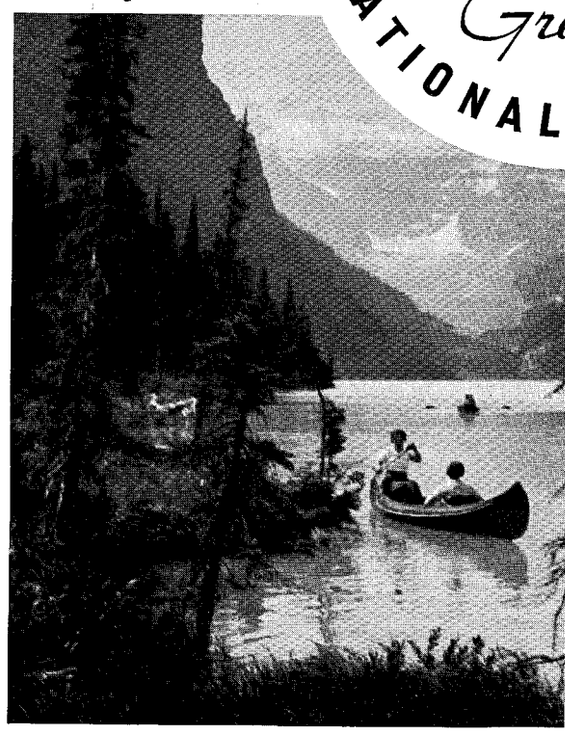

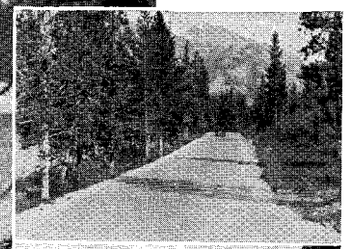

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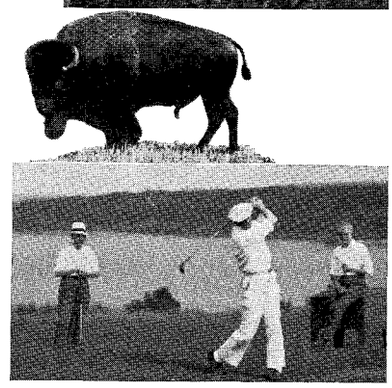
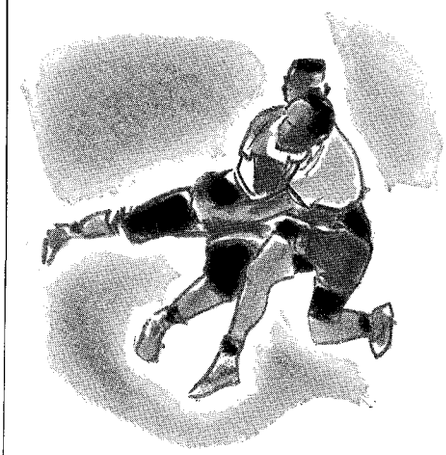


CANADIAN TRAVEL BUREAU
OTTAWA - CANADA

AW—238


sweaty palms. They strain again and again . . . and now both men are tiring. They push and pull from side to side, feinting, trying to trick the other. Shoulder and arm muscles quiver, and neck tendons are taut cords. Suddenly a lightning step to one side. A heave, and one of the men goes up and over. *Whoof!* He lands flat on his back. A clean fall, and victory.

Since there is no classification by weights, wise "swingers" make sure they're husky. They may oppose a squat



two-hundred-pounder, or a hard-to-reach but sturdy beanstalk. A fall is completed the instant a "swinger's" back touches the ground; or if he remains too long in the "bridge" position, with back arched, touching the ground with his heels and nape of his neck. If he is the aggressor, a "swinger" must always have his opponent by one of the two basic grips. That is, either with his right hand at the belt line in the middle of the back, or on the left side of the shorts. When defending, he may use any of the other holds allowed.

"Swinging" rules permit no punishing or dangerous holds. The headlock, stranglehold, hammerlock, toehold, scissors, and full Nelson are barred. Balance is more important than intended mayhem or brute strength, and an expert "swinger" makes deft use of his legs. He pivots, shifts weight rapidly, often throws his opponent over his thigh.

A match usually lasts five minutes. If no fall has been completed, a decision is given by the referee. A point scoring system is used. When a winner has won by a fall, and shown good technique, a score of 10 is tops. Even without a fall a "swinger" may be awarded as high as 9½ points for "clean work" and evident ability.

*Schwingenfeste,* or "swinging" festivals, are mainly spring and autumn events held throughout Switzerland, usually on holidays. From them about



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120 winners go on to the National Championship, usually held in the late summer. The age-old title, *"Schwingerkoenig,"* still goes to the winner. He is "king." But he rarely retains his throne for long, for there are too many "tough customers" coming up.

"Swinging" festivals are happy affairs. The farmers and their wives and children go quaint, and come to town. Every brightly decorated *Bierstube* is crowded to the doors. Couples twirl around the rough floors at a spanking pace, doing a fast three-step to the music of rousing folk tunes. There's a contest to see who can blow loudest and longest on the huge alpenhorn, which is so long and heavy it must be rested on the ground. There's probably "flag-swinging" too—where the performers strut their skill with the flags, much as the drum major with his baton.

One match goes on after another, all afternoon. At a large festival you may see as many as five rings being used at the same time. The usual prize for the winner at an autumn festival is a young bull, or a sheep. (Spring festivals don't pay off so well.) Later, with due ceremony, a rosy-cheeked "Kranzjungfer," or wreath maiden, presents the champion with an oak wreath—for an afternoon of straining, pulling, and the hardest kind of work. He in return gives her a kiss. Such is his reward. He doesn't get a purse, or a certified check, or offers for his contract, but he is satisfied. At least he doesn't have to hop a train and rattle his way to the next tank town.

# Life in the U.S...Photographic

(*see page* 52)

1. SWORDFISHERMAN by George Daniell, 149 Glenwood Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y. This was taken in bright sunlight with a Leica; lens f3.5; exposure 1/60 sec.; aperture f6.3. A yellow filter was used, with Agfa Super-pan film.

2. AFTER LUNCH by Ellen Auerbach, Elkins Park, Pa. Three No. 2 photo flood lights were used here and a Leica camera fitted with an Elmer f4 lens. The exposure was 1/30 sec.; aperture f4.5.

3. SPRING HOUSE CLEANING by Carola Gregor, 17 West Ninety-sixth Street, New York. This is another Leica picture, taken at noon. Lens f2; exposure 1/100 sec.; aperture 9. Panatomic film.

4. MARTHA GRAHAM by Barbara Morgan, One Lexington Avenue, New York. Overhead stage borders plus some spots were needed for this picture. It was taken with a Speed Graphic 3½x 4¼ with Zeiss Tessar f3.5 lens. Exposure 1/50 sec.; aperture f4.5.

5. ON GUARD by Richard Carver Wood, 88 MacDougall Street, New York. Mr. Wood used a Leica in strong light. The exposure was 1/200 sec. at f9 with a Summar f2 lens.

6. FISH VENDOR by Don Wiedenmayer, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York. This was taken on a bright day at the Fulton Street Fish Market. The camera was a Zeiss Contax II, equipped with Zeiss Tessar f2.8 lens. Exposure 1/25 sec.; aperture f16.

7. CCC BOY by Victor de Palma, Graybar Building, New York. Mr. de Palma got this at nine o'clock in the morning, ordinary light, with a Rolleiflex camera. The subject is in Minnesota's largest CCC camp. Exposure 1/10 sec. with aperture of f5.6.

8. CLOWN by A. Molind, Philadelphia. The picture is of Lou Sakob, famous comic of Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus. It was taken with a Graflex camera in sunlight. A Bausch and Lomb Tessar f4.5 lens was used. The exposure was 1/80 sec. and the aperture f8.

9. BROADWAY by George Daniell, 149 Glenwood Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y. Mr. Daniell took this at night with a Leica camera. Lens f1.5; aperture f1.5; exposure 1/40 sec. He used Agfa Ultra-pan film.

10. SPRING LAMB by Doris Day, 56 Seventh Avenue, New York. This young animal had strayed from the flock when Miss Day drove along a country road and spotted it. She used a Series B Graflex 4x5 with Kodak Antistig lens and K2 filter. In medium sunlight her exposure was 1/40 aperture f11.

11. HAROLD SHEELY by Phil Gottheil, 37 West Forty-seventh Street, New York. The picture was taken on a clear day with a Graflex. The lens used was Tele-Xenar 14¼ f5.5; aperture f8; exposure 1/110 sec.

## Answers to the "Farm Quiz"

(*see page* 6)

1. Under ground
2. Horse
3. Turkey
4. Dairy plants
5. Even
6. Buggy
7. Green
8. Horse
9. Hog
10. 16

COME to the Canadian Rockies this summer—for the most thrilling Alpine scenery on this continent! At Jasper there's golf on a championship 18-hole course. Fishing in trout-filled lakes and streams. Motoring, riding and hiking over trails of breath-taking beauty. Or luxurious loafing at Jasper Park Lodge, with its famous cuisine and delightful atmosphere. Rates from $7.00 a day with meals. Don't miss the new drive from the Lodge to the Columbia Icefield —America's most thrilling sight—till now accessible only by pack train.

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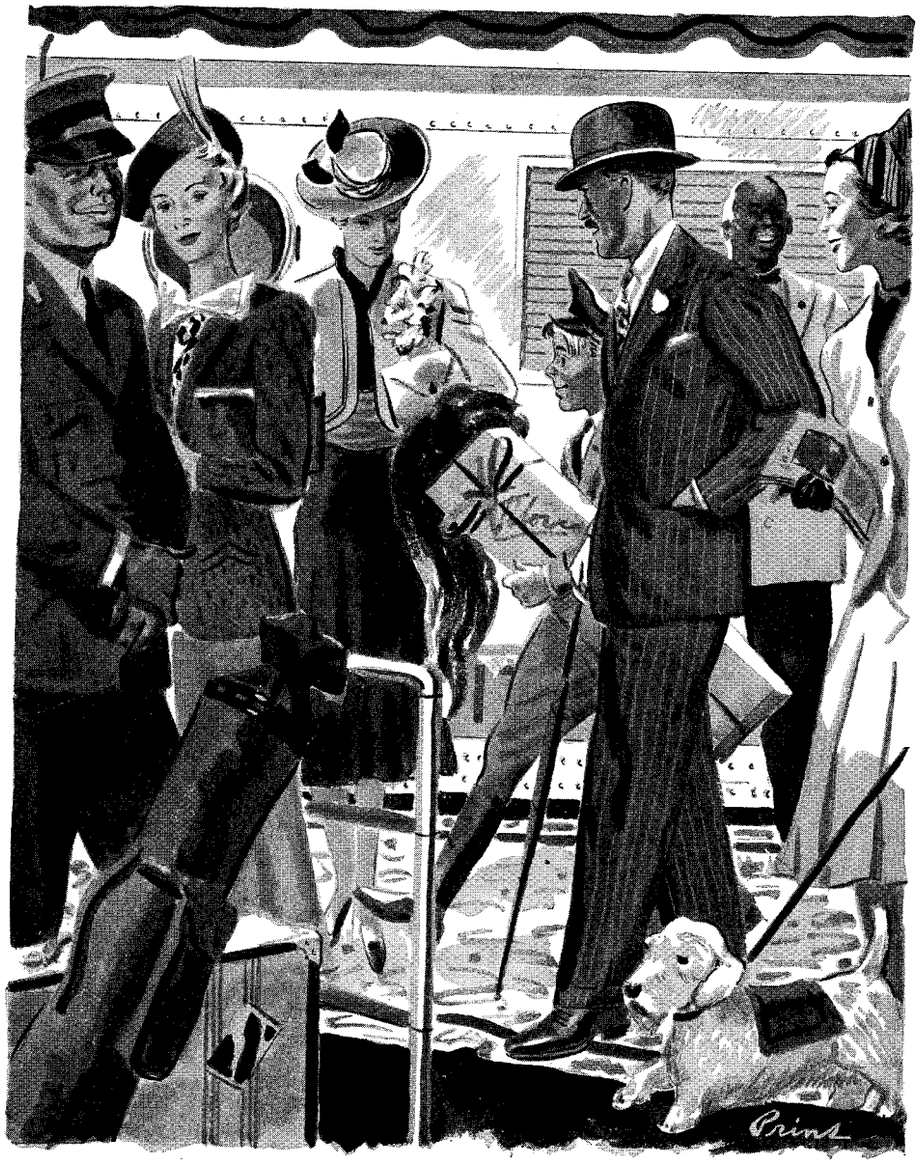

# Luxury on Wheels

## LUCIUS BEEBE

WHEN, on alternate sailing dates totaling twenty a month, the *Forty-Niner,* the *City of San Francisco,* and the *City of Los Angeles* pull out of the North Western Station in Chicago, there is present all the de luxe circumstance of a transatlantic sailing. Florists' boys deliver quantities of costly cut flowers, there is a crimson carpet laid the length of the platform (a quarter-mile of it for the *City of Los Angeles*), trucks of luggage bearing the hallmarks of London and Paris saddle makers discharge their cargoes at the car doors, and the entire scene is pervaded with an opulence usually associated with foreign voyaging rather than domestic travel.

The *City of San Francisco* and the *City of Los Angeles* are Diesel-hauled streamliners, the last word in train operation in the United States, but they are only a few of a constantly crescent fleet of luxury fliers that are bringing to the once dusty and prosaic business of overland travel many of the fine touches of Ritz hotel existence. There are new and luxurious passenger trains of many designs and capacities: the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe's magnificent *Super Chief,* Diesel-hauled over the Chicago-Los Angeles run in fewer than forty hours; the *Super Chief's* new sister train, *El Capitan;* the Burlington's fleet of celebrated *Zephyrs;* the Southern Pacific's streamlined, steam-drawn *Daylight* on the San Francisco-Los Angeles run; the same road's *Sunbeams* in deepest Texas; and the New York Central's *Mercury* between Cleveland and Detroit on a daylight, high-speed round trip every morning and evening. And both the Central and the Pennsylvania plan radically new equipment for the *Twentieth Century Limited* and the *Broadway* which will soon be in service.

Gestures in the direction of comfort in train accommodations had their beginnings within a few years of the opening of the first lines in the land. Travelers on the Auburn and Rochester Railroad in 1840 were amazed to find washstands "and other conveniences of the toilette" incorporated in passenger cars "actually slung on springs."

Twenty years later an extra-magnificent train that popped the eyes of the stove-pipe-hat chivalry of 1860 was the Boston and Albany's *Prince of Wales Special,* which brought this royal voyager to Boston amidst surroundings of almost miraculous splendor. The Prince himself confessed that he was impressed by the solid-silver drinking service, the Turkey carpets, cloisonné, bronze cuspidors, silk hassocks, marquetry tables, and "running water from a mysterious source."

In the ornate nineties the wonder and glory of the railroad world was the New Haven's famous *White Train,* populated daily with Lowells and Saltonstalls, and whose Royal Buffet Smokers, Pullman Palace Lounges, and special diners were hauled from Boston to New York, a streak of cream and gold, in the then breathless time of six hours.

Railroad travelers today find their surroundings characterized by less gaudy magnificences. The decorative schemes of the newest de luxe limiteds run to the chaste simplicities of a subdued modernism, with straight lines, wide windows, indirect lighting, chromium trim, and unfinished wood paneling. There has been a vast increase in the number of private compartments, bedrooms, drawing rooms, and en suite living quarters both in Pullmans and in cars built by individual railroads. And, sadly enough, the brass-railed observation platform, long an American institution, is giving way to enclosed end





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cars with glassed-in observation lounges. Automatic telephone systems, air conditioning, maid and valet services, barbers and bath attendants, reclining coach chairs, and modestly priced meals for coach passengers are taken for granted.

Perhaps the most fascinating aspect of rail travel has always been dining en route, and only yesterday's passenger, accustomed to breakfasting, a little robustly for modern taste, off rye whiskey and Kansas City steak at a Harvey depot restaurant, would be amazed at the chic overtones of the newer restaurant cars where round tables gleam with stainless-steel eating tools and fresh-cut flowers. Menus and wine cards abound with regional specialties. In the Colorado Rockies several roads make a specialty of wiring ahead the individual orders of diners for mountain trout which is served to knowing gourmets with the passing of an absolute minimum of time between stream and skillet.

The New York Central's diners on the Chicago and St. Louis runs to New York are known for the excellence of their Lake Erie whitefish, a delicacy rarely encountered save in the Great Lakes region. Fresh figs of monstrous proportions served with thick cream are a specialty on the breakfast menus of the Southern Pacific, and on the Harvey management bills of fare on the *Chief, Super Chief,* and *Grand Canyon Limited* of the Santa Fe, there is a variety of luxury foods that would do no discredit to New York's celebrated Colony Restaurant. The Pennsylvania's Salad Bowl has become a national institution, and the Union Pacific's beef casserole, and the New Haven's browned ends of beef are familiar to thousands.

Bar accommodations have received the attention of such recognized designers as Henry Dreyfuss and Raymond Loewy, and amateurs of period design as well as Scotch wax enthusiastic over the Little Nugget bar of the *City of Los Angeles* which recreates, with *Police Gazette* illustrations, red-fringed table cloths, and a genuine canary in a gold cage, the atmosphere of a sample room of Bonanza days. The lounge of the Pennsylvania's new *Broadway Limited* will be finished in pastel shades of green and pale brown. Aboard the Burlington's *Denver Zephyr* the passenger has a choice of three refreshment oases, the Pullman lounge, the restaurant car, and the tourist stand-up bar in the coach smoker forward.

As part of the equipment of the *Hiawatha,* the Milwaukee's six-and-a-half-hour train between Chicago and


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*El Capitan* enables you to leave the Atlantic coast Friday night, be in Los Angeles Monday morning, spend 12 days in California, and return home within the limits of a two weeks' vacation. *El Capitan* departs from Chicago every Tuesday and Saturday, 5:45 pm; from Los Angeles, Tuesdays and Fridays, 1.30 pm.

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the Twin Cities, there is an air-conditioned, windowless and soundless taproom car, the windows having been eliminated lest the speeding vision of the countryside should alarm the more timid drinkers. The *Florida Special,* which transports winter vacationists over the rails of the Pennsylvania, Atlantic Coast Line, Florida East Coast, and the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac, includes in its equipment a recreation car with hostesses and a four-piece Hawaiian orchestra, if you care for Hawaiian orchestras. The restaurant cars of the New Haven's *Yankee Clipper* and *Merchants' Limited,* perhaps the two most magnificently appointed standard-equipment day trains in the land, are in the joint charge of a steward and a pretty head waitress, and their wine cards, selected by Charles Codman of Boston's famous S. S. Pierce and Co., show no less than fifteen imported wines and as many bonded American whiskeys.

The trains mentioned are but a few of the famous varnish flyers which are daily making time and social history over the high iron of American railroads. Should space permit, a still incomplete roster would include mention of such notable passenger trains as the Baltimore and Ohio's *Royal Blue,* the Chesapeake and Ohio's *George Washington,* the Gulf, Mobile and Northern's *Rebel,* the *Sunbeam* of the Southern Pacific, the *Bluebonnet* of the Frisco and M.K.T., and the *Sunshine Special* along the rails of the Missouri Pacific. There are, too, the Rock Island *Rockets,* the Illinois Central's *Green Diamond,* the Boston and Maine's *Flying Yankee,* and the Great Northern's *Empire Builder,* every one of them possessed of modernity and recently introduced luxury or speed.

In the wooden-sleeper and American-type-locomotive age of the nineteenth century, John Godfrey Saxe wrote a delightful poetic tribute to the joys of steam travel, beginning: "Bless me, this is pleasant, riding on the rail," but railroad travel is pleasanter today than Mr. Saxe ever knew it.

# Murder Is a Fact

(*continued from page 72*)

stripped off the dressing gown and regarded her naked body in a triple mirror. For a moment she stood with knotted breath and then exhaled suddenly. She went about dressing with a deliberate, unflurried haste.

When she had dressed, she took a light tweed coat from its closet and with the coat over her arm went downstairs, out of the house. Moonlight whitened the lawn, glistened on the swept stones of the driveway, made cool caverns of darkness under elms in which the night wind whispered. At the garage, she threw back the door and entered the oil-scented quiet. She stepped into her coupé and switched the lights on dim. With her hand on the key she heard the garage door swing gently in an eddy of the wind, and, murmuring to herself angrily, got out of the car to walk back and drop the bolt that would hold it open.

Then, with her hand on the door of the car, ready to step in again, she halted. The whisper of the wind-ruffled elms intensified the quiet. The sound which had checked her came again, a furtive, intimate noise near at hand, the shuffle of a shoe on gravel.

She reached into the car and flicked the lights bright. As the glowing circles flashed up, the room bloomed into radiance. Julia stepped back, stiffened, and called sharply, "Who's there?"

In the wide doorway stood a man, tall, gaunt, his sunken cheeks gray, his colorless, unquiet eyes beneath their furze of brow fixing on her, moving unsurely to the car, returning.

Julia demanded, "What do you want?"

The man's bony hands twitched at a button on his coat. Julia saw they were empty. She took a step toward him and bent swiftly to seize a hammer leaning against the wall.

The man in the door retreated, turned and broke into a shuffling run down the driveway. Julia, following him into the moonlight, watched him disappear between the pillars at the road. She started toward the house, stopped, and went back to the car. A moment later she whirled the coupé about on the graveled apron before the garage and sped down the drive to skid narrowly between the pillars into the highroad.

A hundred yards away she turned down a rutted country lane, emerged after a space on pavement once more, and swung the little car hard to the left under a wrought-iron gate to speed up a curving drive and slide to a stop before Hugh Flint's Georgian house.

She jumped out of the car, ran up to the door which stood open to the sweetness of the country night, and across the austerity of hall and foyer to the drawing room. At the entrance she checked



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herself. The room was in shadow save for a cone of yellow light where a lamp shed radiance over an empty chair at the far end near open doors leading to the moonlighted terrace.

## VII

A CHAIR scraped when she stood in the doorway. Hugh Flint's sharp voice rose nervously from the silence.

"Julia, hello. Come join us. Mrs. Norton, may I present Monica Leeds. Nice of you to drop in, Julia. Tom Collins? Scotch?"

Henderson rose to his lank height and asked (finding a grim satisfaction in the innuendo), "Late for a call, what, Julia?"

"Oh, hello Baird. Irish if you have it, Hugh. How do you do, Miss Leeds. I'm so glad to . . . Don't let me interrupt, *please.*" She sank into a chair. "I need a drink the worst way. I just finished running a tramp off our place," she added lightly. "Don't mind me if I'm a little flighty."

Pressed by the others she said, laughing, "Oh, nothing happened, nothing at all. There was simply this creature standing in the garage door leering at me when I got out of the car. I picked up a hammer and he ran. That's all really. Don't stand there staring at me, Hugh darling. I'm parched."

"You went after him with a hammer?" Monica asked.

"I'd have preferred a jack handle," Julia confessed. "It was awfully short, that hammer."

When Flint had gone for the whiskey, Julia turned impulsively toward the woman sitting between her and Henderson. "I've heard so much about you, Miss Leeds. I'm sure Phil thinks you're the shrewdest woman in New York. Frankly I've been afraid he and Hugh would break down and decide to have a woman editor. I'd be consumed with jealousy, I know."

Before Monica could parry this astonishing tribute, Julia hurried on, "Oh dear, did I say I wanted Irish whiskey? How silly. I'll catch Hugh and head him off. He'll be furious."

Her heels clicked on the flagstones and she disappeared into the drawing room.

Monica Leeds murmured, "My God."

"She's at a disadvantage—finding you here like this."

"Finding me here? Here?"

"Must I diagram it?" Henderson asked.

"Oh."

"She's usually more discreet. You threw her off stride. My being here didn't help. She hates me only slightly less than she hates Phil Norton."

"Why doesn't Norton divorce her?"

"Because of the scandal, probably. I don't know. He's a Calvinist on the subject of scandal."

"Then why doesn't *she* divorce him?"

"Because she knows Phil would spend every cent he has to keep from paying her alimony." In a moment he added, "And she isn't sure Hugh Flint would marry her."

"How stupid." Then, "But why should she hate you?"

"I know all about it. I'm probably the only one who does. Being shameless, I'm telling you."

"I'm not exactly afire with gratitude."

"If you're going to be part of the family, you should know the skeletons."

"But I'm not."

"Perhaps."

A maid appeared at the door. "Mr. Flint, please."

"He's inside," Henderson told her. "He may be some time. We can give him a message."

"Oh, thank you, sir. But Mr. Norton is calling from the city."

Henderson jackknifed his long legs and rose. He said, "I'll talk to him."

When he returned he stood in the doorway a moment before stepping down to the flagstones. Monica turned her head and looked at him, her brows rising.

"Both my distinguished superiors," Henderson said, his voice tinged with disgust, "have the whimseys tonight. Phil phones he's bringing Lynch Rains out to spend the night at his house."

"Bringing Lynch Rains out——?"

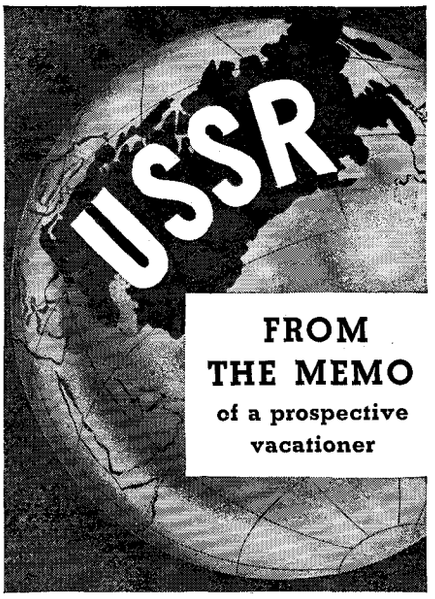
"I told you," Henderson went on, perching on the low stone wall before her, "that Lynch Rains came into the office this morning. Hugh had been dickering with him to do some pieces giving organized labor's slant on the TVA. I told you that deal fell through."

"Norton objected?"

"Quite possibly. Anyway it was Norton who told Rains the deal was off. I happened to be with Phil when Rains came in. I'm not sure Hugh even knew he was there."

"Could Norton have ordered Flint to drop the plan for the articles?"

Henderson shook his head. "Not ordered. Hugh has just as much actual power in *Fact* as Norton. But Hugh might have given in as a concession of some kind. Anyway, Phil told Rains that *Fact* didn't want anything of his, and Rains pointed out the feeling was mutual. He mentioned in particular the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of a prospective vacationer

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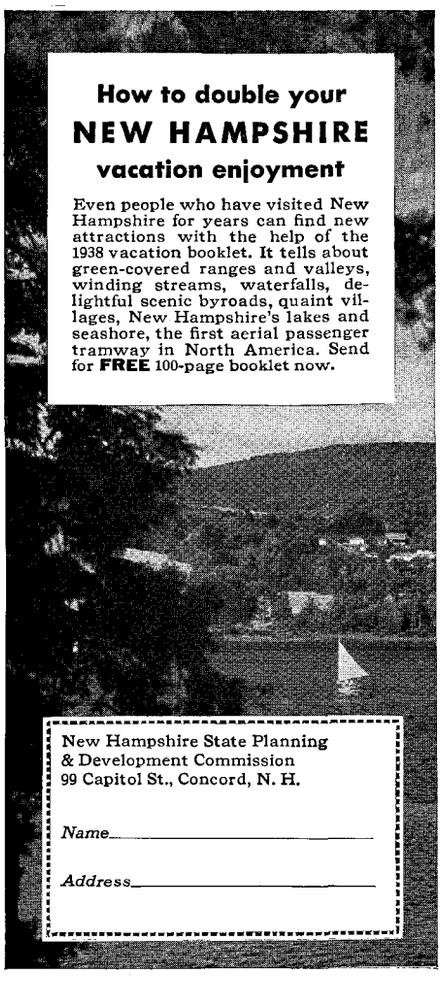

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way *Fact* has been handling the Mifflin strike."

"*Fact,*" Monica observed, "has been handling the Mifflin strike with its usual unbiased, detached, objective candor."

"Phil mentioned that to Rains—suavely."

"But no man likes to be called a murderer," Monica added. "Even a 'Napoleonic murderer.' Even Lynch Rains probably doesn't like to be called a murderer."

"You get it. Phil pointed out that the strikers *had* committed murder, and when Rains asked what in God's name the company guards and strikebreakers had done, Phil said that much as he deplored justifiable homicide and the use of force as an instrument of economic justice——"

"No!"

"Phil's words. Rains said, 'Murder is a crime, Mr. Norton,' and Phil smiled like a grammarian and said, 'Exactly, Rains. I'm glad you see our point. Murder is a fact, to be presented as such. *Fact* presents facts.' "

Monica said thoughtfully, "I think I like your Mr. Norton even less than I like your Mr. Flint."

"Wait a minute," Henderson said, and put his hand into his pocket. "Listen to this. This," he shook a paper at her, "was to have been *Fact's* cold, uncolored aseptic account of current events in one corner of the globe this week."

He unfolded the page, held it in the moonlight and read: "Guerrilla war flared again on Monday in Mifflin. For fourth consecutive week steelworkers leaving World Steel's plant in Mifflin were ambushed by strikers, attacked, two murdered, several wounded. Plant officials repeated their refusal to confer with union boss Lynch Rains until he disarms his marauders. . . ."

"Marauders!" Monica choked.

Henderson folded the paper and put it away.

"*Fact* isn't printing that, is it Baird?"

"No," Henderson said. "It was too much for my bowels. I told Phil it was kill this or get a man to take my place."

Flint, carrying a tray with bottles, came out on the terrace.

Henderson said, "Phil just called to say he's on his way out with Rains."

The bottles clinked as Flint's hand jerked. "Bringing Rains out here?" Flint demanded, incredulous.

"That's what he said."

Julia hurried through the door, said, "Hugh, *please* don't be such a fool. You've simply got to——"

"What else did he say?" Flint asked, his voice tight.

"He wants to get together with you and Rains and talk things out. My guess is he heard what Rains said——"

"Splendid," Flint burst out. "Splendid! I knew Phil would come around if—" He broke off, turned to Monica. "You'll want to be there, Miss Leeds, when——"

"*Hugh,*" Julia wailed. She took his arm. "You simply mustn't do things like this, Hugh. You've got to go to bed." She made an imploring gesture to Monica and Henderson. "Hugh really needs a nurse at times like this. He's got a temperature of a hundred and one, and I know that migraine will kill him sometime."

"Julia!" Flint interrupted. His hand strayed unconsciously to his forehead as he grimaced in a wave of pain. "I'll tell you what I'll do."

"What?" doubtfully.

"I'll go up and lie down for half an hour. Want to be as clear as possible." His voice was unsteady. "Make yourselves comfortable, won't you? Sorry." He turned abruptly and left them, Julia trailing behind him.

"That," Henderson said when they were gone, "was probably one of the worst shocks Hugh ever got. I don't wonder he wants a breathing space. It may represent something of a triumph for him if he can persuade Phil to—" He did not finish the sentence. A moment later he looked up as a light went on in a window just above. They could hear Julia's solicitous murmur.

"Baird, I must get back to town. I don't feel up to any more crises tonight." Monica rose.

The light in the room above went off. As they stepped into the drawing room from the terrace, Julia hurried toward them.

"Not going? Oh, please don't go."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Norton."

"Hugh seemed to think you'd want to see this Rains person."

"Perhaps he can arrange it for us in town sometime. I must return to the city."

"Oh, I feel foul about spoiling things here," Julia said. "It's just that it's insane for Hugh to go on as he——"

"I'm sure it's very sensible of you," Monica said evenly. Then to Henderson, "Ready?"

## VIII

At Julia's direction, Grey, Flint's chauffeur, brought a roadster from the garage. The last train had left an hour before.

As they rode away from the severely ostentatious house, Monica said, "Now



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I've had my view of the promised land."

"You'll learn to like it."

"I'm even less interested than I might have been."

"Why?"

"For one thing, I shouldn't like a complication like that behind my back."

"Like what?"

"Julia."

"She's harmless."

"She is not harmless. She's an irresponsible little opportunist—like her husband and Hugh Flint. If you want to know why I wouldn't work for *Fact*, Baird, there's the reason in a capsule. I don't like opportunists." She shook her head and stared out over the moon-silvered countryside. "How can *you* stomach it?"

"Habit," Henderson said.

"Seriously, though, Baird?"

He was silent a moment. Then he said slowly, "You can get used to anything. Your sense of values dulls, I suppose."

"That doesn't sound like you."

"And now and then," he went on, ignoring her, "I can do something that gives me back my self-respect."

"They've treated you shabbily," she burst out. "You're as good as either of them and they've kept all the rewards themselves and doled you out——"

"I didn't mean keeping my self-respect that way. I meant something that gives me the sense of being useful. I killed that story on the Mifflin trouble by myself. And yet, what good did *that* do?" he went on, his tone suddenly savage. "Kept all mention of the brutality out of our precious pages, dulled people's sense of the violence going on there. No news is good news. If you don't read about it in the papers, it didn't happen. All quiet on the Western Front. Hang the god-damned malcontents! Christ!"

She said quietly after a space, "That doesn't sound like you either. Why so bitter, Baird?"

"What else is there to be? The world heading for Armageddon."

"Is Armageddon a matter of days away?"

"It is."

"I refuse to be stampeded." She added, "Frankly I'm more concerned this minute with the triangle you showed me back there. If that woman decides to, she can have a more tragic effect on *Fact* and you, Baird Henderson, than Lynch Rains and all the——"

"How?"

"She's evil. She's unsatisfied and selfish, and she's got a kind of furious courage."

Henderson laughed.

"I'm serious," Monica protested.

After he had left Monica and put Flint's roadster away, Henderson walked for a while in the nighttime streets, and as he walked, his depression deepened. The city was restless under the hot dome of the night, its breathing light and uneasy.

He thought of the desperation of the steelworkers sitting tense and sleepless behind barred doors in Mifflin, waiting perhaps for Lynch Rains to come from the city and hearten them, their desperation pierced by the wails of infants without milk. He thought of the stamping of the armed guard through the company streets, the brutal ring of hobnails on cobbles, the crash of shots, the fierce, white-hot hatred swelling higher and higher.

The buildings about him, dark, towering silently, grew ominous: they seemed to be waiting, waiting until the hour when the hatreds would flow together like rivulets of rain on a pane.

Imagining, Henderson saw the spit of smuggled rifles from the blind windows that rose on either side of the silent street, the jumbled barricades, heard the scream of sirens, shouts, the crashing volleys, saw jagged holes yawn in the blind, impassive walls, the slow collapse of all monuments.

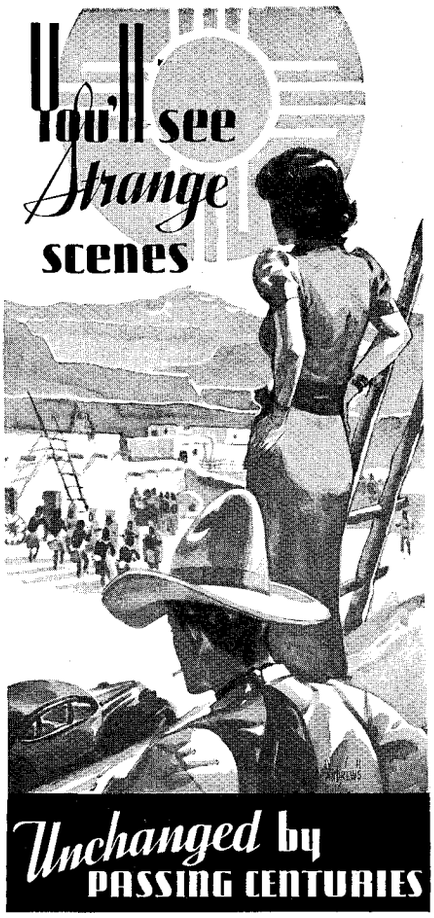
And against the bitter panorama, like figures superimposed against some clever photomontage of carnage and destruction, he saw Norton and Flint striding, leading, urging on, coldly setting clique against clique, man against man, unleashing the torrents of hatred by their very passivity, goading to action by inaction, shrilling the conflict by their very obliquity—men of power, others like them, secure in the pious trappings of good will, the buckler of apparent rectitude and honor.

And because he could not see Norton and Flint against this background without sly, mordant glimpses of himself not far behind, he savagely turned his thoughts away and went home to troubled sleep under the breathless night, plagued by dreams in which Julia Norton, like a maenad, drove cringing men before her with an upraised hammer.

He awoke unrefreshed, with the sense of something portentous hanging by a thread—and walked to his window to look down on the newsstand below, where the headlines in the tabloids shrieked up at him.

Philip Norton, President of Fact, Incorporated, had been found murdered in a country lane a short distance from his home.

(*To be continued*)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# One Every Minute

(*continued from page* 23)

"*Look* has been criticized as being sensationally thrilling. My only reply is that life itself is thrilling, and the more thrilling nature of *Look* gives it an intense reading which makes it all the more influential with its readers."

The little, pictureless *New Republic,* after seeing *Look* skyrocket into the million circulation class, sneered, "A morgue and dime museum on paper. . . . We can think of no reason why *Look* should not go to a circulation of ten millions—if the supply of corpses holds out and people don't get tired of looking at them."

But when *Look* was certain of success, it began publishing worthy picture editorials on such important social questions as: Child Labor, Is America Really the Land of the Free?, Slums, Story of Tuberculosis, Ku Klux Klan, War Propaganda Exposed. And then the best appreciation for *Look's* new desire to be a great educator came from the *New Republic: "Look* . . . is the journalistic marvel of the age . . . it has made the best pictorial study of civil liberties in the United States we have ever seen anywhere. In picture after picture it tells the stories of Negroes lynched on suspicion of crime; religious zealots sent to jail for refusing to salute the flags; strikers tarred and feathered, or beaten up; American Legionnaires disrupting a Communist meeting; a Harlan County miner whose home was burned because he joined a union; the New Jersey woman whose children were taken away by a judge on the ground that she was radical and irreligious, and other similar matters. The pictures make their case convincingly; we salute *Look* for its courage in showing the seamy side of American life as well as for the skill with which it has done the job."

More recently comes another orchid: "*Look* . . . is publishing a remarkable series of photographs exposing the methods of war propagandists. It has taken each of the stock devices used to goad men into war hysteria and, by comparing the idealized poster with the savage reality, shows the complete falseness of the appeal. Mutilated babies, outraged womanhood, the 'worthy purpose,' the 'God is with us' claim, mistreatment of prisoners, the 'war is glamorous' myth: all are exposed as the stock-in-trade lies of the propagandists. It is a significant and encouraging note, we feel, when a high-powered 'slick' devotes itself to editorial pictures of this admirable type."

In sharp contrast to *Life, Look* is a financial success. Though it spent its first year without benefit of advertising revenue, it actually earned a small profit over operating expenses. During 1938 *Look* has averaged around twelve pages of advertising an issue. Refusing both liquor and beer advertising, it has jumped from eight and a half pages an issue in January to eleven and a half in February, twelve in March, and sixteen and a half in April. Today, with its circulation paying most production costs, *Look's* $50,000 worth of ads in each issue is in fair part gravy.

## VII

A LITTLE reflection will show that picture magazines fall into two distinct groups. In one group is the magazine *Life.* In the second is *Look* and all the others. *Life* is distinctive because it tries to present news-in-pictures; all the others concern themselves with features-in-pictures.

The number of picture magazines seems to remain at thirteen. When a new one comes, an old one goes. In comes *Focus,* out goes *Picture.* For a while *Picture* looked promising. Supposedly, *Picture* folded because Getchell's advertising clients felt that he might neglect them to build up his magazines. Getchell, previously sensing this, had publicly promised to work on his *Picture* nights and Sundays, so that it couldn't possibly interfere with his advertising business.

Getchell's *Picture* was very, very educational. It scorned death and sex, and then quietly died. *Look,* when called sensational, attempts to justify itself. Another magazine, *Click,* is sensational, successfully so, and makes no bones about it. Even the most thrilling real photos are not thrilling enough for *Click.* Its editors cook up their own pictures—How a Girl Becomes a Prostitute; How a Girl Can Protect Herself from Rape—to give two tasty examples. *See* and *Click,* with much sex and much dying, are pushing right along; so is *Focus,* whose first issue is concerned with the birth of ventriloquist's dummies and horrible human deaths. Unless a picture magazine is publishing newsphotos, it seems nearest success with an editorial formula of half-death, half-sex.

## VIII

IN REGARD TO the future of the picture magazines: The field is certainly crowded but probably will shake down to



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three: *Look, Life,* and *Click.* Everything looks bright for these, except advertising. And advertisers, not readers, make a magazine a financial success. It is extremely doubtful that any picture magazine will survive in its present form. Advertisers have been doing a lot of thinking—probably more realistically than the publishers themselves.

The picture magazine's most favorable argument in soliciting advertising is based on the fact that people, today, have had an estimated increase of two more hours a week leisure time since 1933. But in these two hours they must manage to:

read 32,460,684 more magazines each month
hear 7,500,000 more radios
read 55,655,678 more newspapers each month
drive 5,978,083 more cars
attend 32,000,000 more movies

Since the average movie is about three hours long, a thirty-two-million additional weekly attendance consumes ninety-six million hours; with sixty million adults in the U. S., movies alone must require at least one of the two hours of increased leisure. Obviously, in the single remaining hour, some of the four remaining items are being slighted.

Hence, advertisers feel it more important than ever to choose media that have the strongest attraction. The greatest guarantee of this is the voluntary expression of the public's preference, demonstrated by the high Crossley listening-in rating of radio shows, statistics on gasoline consumption, and high newsstand sales. Picture magazines point with pride to their high percentage of sales on the newsstands.

Many important advertising men question the advisability of advertising in picture magazines. They remember that it did not pay to advertise *extensively* in the old illustrated magazines —*Life, Judge,* and *Police Gazette,* referred to in the trade as "The Barber-Shop Series." Magazines such as these, and the new picture magazines, which are scanned in a few minutes, are of questionable value as advertising media because readers so easily pass over ads. Both *Life* and *Click* have added more type to increase their reading time. Advertisers are doing considerable research in an attempt to discover the average time a reader spends on the various picture magazines. Whether it is five, ten, or twenty-five minutes cannot yet be said, but applying *Liberty's* celebrated reading-time formula, one can say that even the slowest reader can consume every word of *Life* in 51 minutes, 31 seconds. Yet the rates of the picture magazines are as high as those on which readers spend hours. *Life* guarantees 2,000,000 readers at $5700 a page, *Look* 1,500,000 at $3725 a page, and the *Saturday Evening Post,* 2,700,000 at $8000 a page. All of which means an advertising dollar will buy: in *Life,* 352 readers; in *Look,* 400 readers; and in the *Post,* 338 readers.

Still, advertising is not the only problem confronting picture magazines. Here in the past few weeks things have happened that indicate the picture magazines may be another fad. The list dropped from thirteen to eleven while this article was being completed. *Foto,* guaranteeing 400,000 circulation when illustrations were ordered, folded after engravings were made. Another of the picture magazines is scheduled to fold any minute.

Around the first of the year *Look* believed it could guarantee 2,000,000 circulation starting with May; it based its rates on that figure. But in March it suddenly announced that it would stick to its old rates, based on a circulation of 1,500,000.

That, however, is a mere nothing compared to the deflation of *Life's* circulation hopes. Back in the days when it was a sellout on the newsstands, someone in Luce's office got the bright idea of seeing how high circulation would go if copies were made available. Worcester, Mass., was selected as a typical American city. While other cities were kept on rations, Worcester was fed all the *Life* it would swallow. Then, figures were assembled, Worcester's population was measured as against the nation's, and to a somewhat startled world came the announcement that *Life's* natural circulation would be approximately seven million a week—more than twice that of the *Saturday Evening Post.* Today, however, it is as easy to buy *Life* on any newsstand as it was in Worcester during the Experiment. Still, *Life* is selling under 2,000,000 copies. Actually, it is selling less than guaranteed to advertisers—on the hope, of course, that it will make this up later in the year. Evidently, Worcester is not America, 1938 is not 1937. And who is there in the picture magazines to guarantee that 1939 will even be 1938?

[This is the third of a series of articles on magazines that sell. The fourth will appear next month.]

## *After "Life" and "Look"*

While *Life* and *Look* are the Big Two in the picture-magazine field, there are (at this writing) nine others. Here are a few facts about them:

*Click:* published by Moses L. Annenberg, of the Philadelphia *Inquirer;* edited in the style of the defunct New York *Graphic;* goes in for sensational posed pictures and *Esquirish* colored cartoons; currently claiming a circulation of more than 1,500,000, guaranteeing advertisers 1,000,000.

*Photo-History:* a 25-cent quarterly; published by Richard Storrs Childs; has a novel idea behind it: *i.e.,* devoting an entire issue to a pictorial history of one subject; first issue, Spain's Civil War; second, Labor; third, "War Is Here," and, now, "China Reborn"; *Vogue*-sized, hopes to become a monthly in the fall; approximate circulation, 100,000.

*Pic:* rotogravure turned out by wood-pulp publisher Street & Smith; devoted to Hollywood, Broadway, and sport; guaranteed circulation is 500,000.

*See:* a 5-cent racy picture sheet on newsprint; deals with abortions, striptease, Third Degree, etc.; circulation guaranteed 400,000.

*Now & Then:* published by a group of the old *Pictorial Review* editors; compares present with the past; topics—"Punishment of Crime," "History of Corsets"; now printing 350,000.

*Peek:* a fortnightly (plans to go monthly in June) calling itself "A Look At Life": attempts to expose other picture magazines; publisher, William Cotton; guaranteed circulation, 200,000.

*Police Gazette:* well-nigh forgotten predecessor of all U. S. picture magazines, revamped by H. L. Roswell, former Pittsburgh newspaper man; a print order, 150,000.

*Focus:* first published in April, "attempting to bring the American scene into focus . . . *Focus* tries to be impartial. We diagnose a case, but we are not salesmen of a cure"; print order for first issue was 500,000.

*Moviepix:* first issue in February; same publisher as *Foto;* carries the usual bunch of Hollywood publicity pictures; circulation estimated about 500,000.



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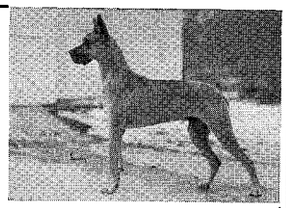
*Great Danes*



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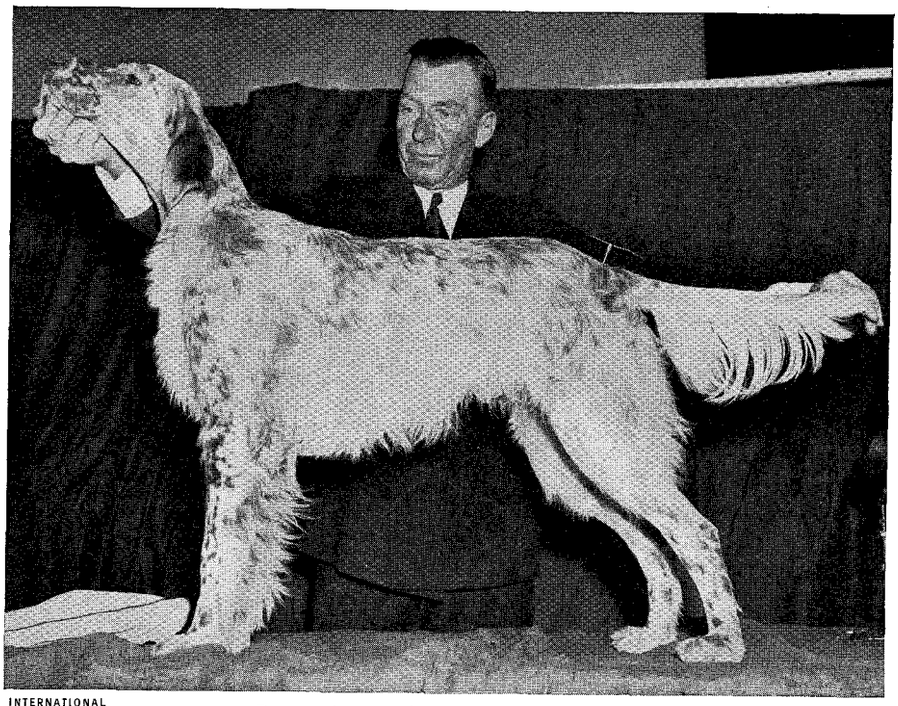

INTERNATIONAL

*Daro of Maridor, best dog in the Westminster Show, 1938*

# Intelligence Tests for Dogs

## ARTHUR E. PATTERSON

AMERICA is demanding more of its dogs these days than mere conformation, substance, bone, and feather. Today we want to know what our canine favorites can do in a field trial, a sheepherding chore, or an obedience test. For instance, when Dwight W. Ellis, the squire of the Maridor Kennels, East Longmeadow, Mass., was asked what he intended to do with Daro of Maridor, his first thought was not of future show triumphs. Daro, the sensational orange belton English Setter puppy, had just been declared the nearest perfect dog in the country and the best dog in the sixty-second annual Westminster Kennel Club show. "I suppose everyone will want him to finish his championship," Mr. Ellis said, "but Daro goes South and trains for the field."

Ellis merely was following the dog sentiment of the era. It was much the same desire to prove to the world-at-large that pure-bred dogs retained their brain power and that any kind of dog is amenable to a certain amount of training for the activity for which he is catalogued that caused Mrs. Whitehouse Walker, owner of the Carillon Kennels (Poodles) in Bedford Hills, N. Y., to become the motivating spirit behind the Obedience Test Club. This organization's development since its birth in March, 1936, has been one of the outstanding events in the dog game and certainly has won as many friends as anything ever introduced.

Let us go back a few years before the formation of the club, however, and dwell upon Mrs. Walker's entrance into the kennel world. Actually, her father, Henry J. Whitehouse, is to be credited with the contribution of his sporty and aggressive daughter. He keenly desired a Poodle, but Mrs. Walker resolved she "wouldn't be seen with one." Still she did agree to pay half the price for Ch. Nymphæa Jason on the promise that she would not be asked to take him off the boat when he arrived.

"But when Jason was brought to my country home, he got under my skin," Mrs. Walker reveals now. "After forty-eight hours I sent a check to Father for his half and told him Jason must stay with me. I have loved him ever since."

It was the criticism of her friends, "Why own such an animal? Beautiful? Perhaps—but surely dumb," which so irked Mrs. Walker that she decided to prove them wrong. Reading of the



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obedience tests in *Our Dogs,* the English publication, she decided this country needed such a competition.

"Some of my friends thought I was hopped on the subject, but when I talked about it so much they eventually allowed me to stage a test in the North Westchester show of 1934. I guess they did it to keep me quiet."

There were just five dogs in that first obedience-test class, but by this time Mrs. Walker's enthusiasm knew no bounds. She decided she must learn English methods first-hand and so spent six weeks at the home of Mrs. Grace L. Boyd, owner of the famous Piperscroft kennels, who, incidentally, is to judge here this summer. There Mrs. Walker studied under Captain Radcliffe, and when she returned, she knew a great deal more.

She wrote extensively on the subject. So did others. In 1935 she penned a booklet on the subject and by January, 1936, while the proofs were still fresh, the American Kennel Club asked her for literature on obedience tests. Here was the opportunity she sought, and soon the A.K.C. had accepted her rules and regulations and the Obedience Test Club, with eight charter members, was formed. Today there are 285 paid-up members, including fanciers from almost every state in the Union. There are training classes at Bedford Hills, N. Y., Great Barrington, Mass., Madison, N. J., and Los Angeles. A request from the Brussels Griffon Club of Honolulu for information has indicated the possibility of a class there.

Last summer Mrs. Walker and Miss Blanche Saunders, her kennel trainer, personal secretary, adviser, handler, etc., crossed the country in a trailer as pioneers for obedience tests through the Midwestern, Southwestern and Far Western circuits. While Miss Saunders exhibited dogs at work, Mrs. Walker was at the microphone explaining what was sought of them. Pamphlets were distributed, and they made many friends and laid the foundation for the greatest year in the history of the Club, 1938.

Although the idea originated here in a Poodle kennel, the O.T.C. never has had any affiliation with a Poodle or any other breed club. No less than thirty-five breeds of dogs are actually in training at the various classes and competing at shows. The requirements for different breeds vary, of course, but on the whole dogs are asked to heel on or off leash, sit or remain prone as a handler moves away, retrieve a dumbbell on the flat or over jumps, negotiate a broad jump, come when called, and (in the more advanced stages) come and drop to command en route.

The titles bestowed are C.D. (companion dog), C.D.X. (companion dog excellent), and U.D. (utility dog). Mrs. Walker's Poodle, Carillon Epreuve, has received the U.D. rating, but her biggest thrill comes, she says, in seeing the tremendous growth in interest in obedience tests as evidenced by a monthly growth of membership and the increasing size of crowds which pack the ringside where the events are being staged. Many times they "steal the show."

"Why," says Mrs. Walker, "in no time at all we Americans will be following the English in betting on these events. It's a bob on this one or a bob on that one over there and that adds flavor."

Westminster's introduction of the sheepherding exhibitions by Louis J. Pasco, of Chicago, and his brainy Border Collie, Heather Jean, furnished further proof of this country's love for the working dog. McClure Halley, Mrs. M. Harley Dodge's kennel head, remarked that he thought the time was ripe to stage national and possibly international competitions in this event, which is as popular in the towns of Scotland, Wales, and Australia as is baseball here. . . . Westminster, incidentally, will have to look to its laurels as the *crème de la crème* of indoor shows if the plans of the International Kennel Club of Chicago are successful. C. E. Harbison has been hired as general manager of the show, which was held last month, but it is to future years that this exhibition looks. It has the advantage of a geographically central location and the tremendous International Amphitheater (255,000 square feet of exhibition space) which may make this the largest of all indoor shows. Westminster, of course, has historic prestige on its side but already has outgrown Madison Square Garden as indicated in the limiting of its entry to 3000 dogs last February. . . . May, like February, is a big month in the dog game, for on the twenty-eighth the annual Morris and Essex show will be staged on Giralda Farms at Madison, N. J. Here is realized the largest one-day concentration of dogs in the world. Here, this year, may be completed one of the most astounding sire-son sagas of the show ring. A year ago the Maridor Kennel's Ch. Sturdy Max went best in show here. Nine months later his son, Daro, had gone best of all breeds at Westminster. And it is natural that Daro will be on the Morris and Essex benches waiting to uphold his and his sire's triumphs. To Dwight Ellis, a real sportsman, the best of luck.

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# Steve Hannagan

(*continued from page* 81)

tabloid minds), nearly 3000 clippings in newspapers, two dozen newsreels, and a sequence in at least one photoplay, *She Met Him in Paris*. This does not include commercial tie-ups where other concerns plugged Sun Valley in their paid advertising.

Resort promotions of this character are the more remarkable when one knows that Hannagan wouldn't don a pair of skis himself for any amount of money, and that he swims only three or four times a year. He leaves those things to his partner, Larry Smits. When Hannagan wants exercise, he goes up to Bill Brown's farm for occasional two-week stretches, which include plenty of road work, handball, and exercises.

So successful has he been with Miami Beach and Sun Valley, however, that he has lately been given the publicizing of Puerto Rico. The place is to his liking; already he refers to it enthusiastically as "The Honolulu of the East."

## VI

HANNAGAN is frank about some of his stunts that flopped. "For eleven years," he admits, "we tried to make a movie of roller-skate tennis on cement courts at Miami Beach. But we couldn't do it for the simple yet incredible reason that no one in Miami Beach could roller-skate! Then, when we had just about given it up, one of those 'Roller Derbies' rolled into town and made it easy." A current newsreel shot shows a Miami Beach basketball game on roller skates —with the costumes specially designed to bring out the beautiful legs of the girl players.

About the only big venture that failed to pan out as anticipated was 10,000-acre Montauk Manor, built by Carl Fisher at a cost of $12,000,000, on the tip of Long Island. But Hannagan still has the utmost confidence that Montauk, "last frontier on the Eastern Seaboard," will yet rise to rank as an outstanding summer resort. Designed by Fisher to be the Miami Beach of the North for summer pleasures, it was denied a real presentation to the public by two crippling factors: (1) the 1926 Florida hurricane which required much of Fisher's capital for repairs, and (2) the depression of 1929.

Another trick Hannagan admits he might have missed was that of an electric razor: "They told me to use it for a month, which I did. But I finally concluded that if a stupid guy like myself couldn't get anywhere with it, nobody else could. So I refused the account, and the sizable amount of money it involved."

Contrasted to the ones that didn't come off, Steve Hannagan undoubtedly could name a few which, while denied publicity themselves, were models of adroit handling of touchy situations.

*A picture of Sun Valley, Idaho, taken in New York with cotton snow, Nujol sweat*

Associates in the business give Hannagan chief credit for the almost miraculous conversion of Sad Sam Insull, for instance, from a reprehensible fugitive into a gentle, misunderstood old man.

A glance at newspaper files of 1934 recalls the circumstances: The billion-dollar Insull empire had fallen, and Mr. Insull had fled to Greece. He was finally brought back, after long legal palaverings which almost led to the use of the U. S. Navy as a means of persuasion. At the trial in Chicago a startling change in demeanor was noticeable. He hadn't a dollar in the world, he told reporters. Nothing save the pittance which his son saved out of his salary. He rode from his modest hotel to the trial in an omnibus where all the world could note the new humility induced by misfortune. Asked how one so poor could charter a ship, as he had done in Greece when trying to escape extradition, he said simply, "I had my friends. Thank God, I still have my friends."

Yet the friends who would charter a steamer now refused to shower down a dollar a day for cab fare. Equally stunning was the new Insull attitude toward the press. In the old days, reporters grew long beards in Insull's anteroom waiting to see him. Yet now he hobnobbed in court with one and all, posed for photographers, and apologized for not having met these splendid chaps before. He was even detected (by some surprising on-the-spot genius) giving up his seat in a cheap movie house to an old lady and a little child. All these things affected public opinion. Gradually the notion grew that no good would come from slapping a seventy-five-year-old man into the sneezer for doing what he had done, and Sam was acquitted.

Hannagan simply will not discuss the Insull affair. He won't talk, and that is that. Friends believe he regrets he ever handled the case. On his wall, among the pugilists and presidents and columnists, is a framed photograph of a friendly, smiling Insull in a gray Homburg and beautifully tailored overcoat. It is inscribed, with the simplicity of the truly sincere, "To Steve Hannagan, with appreciation, Samuel Insull. April 19, 1937." It is probably one of the most sincere of all the Hannagan inscriptions. . . .

Although Hannagan's fees, observers say, range from $10,000 to $50,000 a year, it is evident that his net earnings are not comparable to his fees. This is because of his investigations and groundwork, and the man power and travel demanded on his accounts. It is Hannagan's boast that for coverage he uses twice as many men on any job as competitors. And publicity for a Hannagan account is never enough in itself—he insists that his efforts be backed up by sound advertising. He would be very foolish if he didn't.

## VII

HIS New York office overlooks Park Avenue. It reflects the glittering world of "names" with whom he works. Packed solidly around the walls, floor to ceiling, are signed photographs of celebrities. A glance confirms the nature of



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Hannagan's friendships: fighters, Presidents of the U. S., show girls, pilots, big businessmen, cartoonists, writers, columnists.

Dozens of phone calls pour in during the Hannagan work day, which generally touches sixteen hours. Motion-picture executives . . . (about 100 newsreels a year are devoted to Hannagan's ideas) . . . job-seekers . . . clients seeking qualified help . . . writers and composers requesting aid in publishing. Despite the enormity of the task, all receive attention. The Hannagan memory shames an elephant, and he remembers the insignificant things which cement friendships.

Hannagan arrives at the office at 9:30 A.M. every day. No night-before dallying with the wits and beauties ever cracks this rule. He is in business first of all; a hard-headed, demanding business, bristling with emergencies. Hannagan's friends respect him for the manner in which he swings this job, while retaining the common touch which is his chief charm.

Hannagan spends a lot of money on clothes and haberdashery, though his wardrobe will never attain the fantastic sartorial heights which distinguished his youthful idol, Odd McIntyre. Every item which will stand it is initialed or signed "Steve Hannagan." This passion for personalization soars to a mad peak in a robin's-egg blue monogrammed toilet seat—gift of an old friend in the business!

Hannagan is unmarried. His living quarters in the Hotel Delmonico are modest, comfortable, undistinguished—with a single notable exception. This is the bed, designed for him by Sport Ward and Rube Goldberg. Six feet square, its deep box springs set flush with the floor. The black built-in headboard extends some five feet past the sides—a masterpiece of cunningly designed cabinets, concealed reading lights, and bookshelves.

An extremely busy man, Steve can't spend much time in it, but when he does, the ideas spout forth as he lies there in its light-blue clutches—new ideas to cajole his fellow Americans into doing things they never did before.

Steve pats the bed fondly. "It's a honey," he says.

# Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see pages* 74 *and* 81)

1. *Queen Elizabeth* (answer No. 2)
2. California (2)
3. Antwerp (4)
4. Is the possessor of a very good memory (3)
5. Frankfort (5)
6. Football star (4)
7. Pentathlon—athletic contest of five events (3)
8. VEE-he-ment-ly (4)
9. 14.6 m.p.h. (2)
10. In the gold and diamonds of South Africa (2)
11. The American Olympic Committee [Pres.] (2)
12. A cherry-red nose (2)
13. Key-Tainers (4)
14. Opera (4)
15. Beatrix (5)
16. Measure the moisture in the atmosphere (3)
17. A place where trees and shrubs are grown for scientific purposes (3)
18. South Bend, Ind. (4)
19. Killing to relieve someone from pain (1)
20. 98.6° Fahrenheit (4)
21. An indefinitely long period of time (2)
22. 6 cents (5)
23. A cutting tool with a thin arching blade (3)
24. Failure to pay income taxes (2)
25. Seaweed (3)
26. Fritz Crisler (2)
27. Retire to his Bavarian mountain home (3)
28. Robert Benchley (2)
29. Adolph Berle, Jr. (4)
30. Without malice aforethought (1)
31. The United Fruit Line boats (2)
32. Piano player (4)
33. Dike-enclosed inlet of North Sea (3)
34. *Persons in Hiding* (3)
35. 6th century B.C. king of Lydia (1)
36. Johnny Weismuller (4)
37. Lynching (2)
38. May (4) [born on the 28th]
39. Luzon (4)
40. Burl (2)
41. Kentucky is north of Tennessee (2)
42. Boston Tea Party (2)
43. Auberge (5)
44. "A hemp smoked for its narcotic effects" (2)
45. Singapore (4)
46. See best at a great distance (1)
47. The steel frame acts as a lightning rod (2)
48. Stop ship-sinking in the Mediterranean (1)
49. Maryland (3)
50. Conducted a U. S. unemployment census (3)


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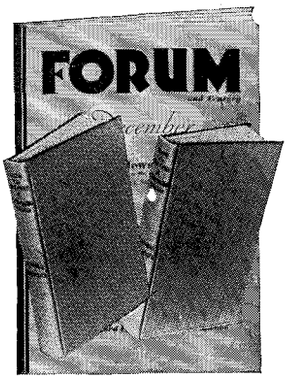


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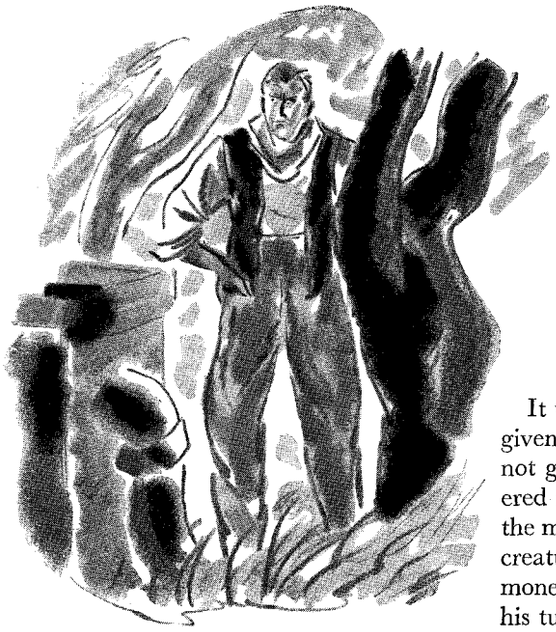

# Water Thief

## FRANCES HALL

I STOOD at the bottom of the field, leaning on the handle of my shovel, just as my father was standing at the top leaning on his. The wind blowing inland these twenty miles from the sea brought with it the hot scent of other fields like ours, steeped in California sunlight and in water hoarded carefully above in the foothills.

It had been a good irrigating day. There had been a fine, constant head of water in the standpipe, and the ditches had needed little mending. My shoulder muscles, soft from a year in the classroom, ached a bit after six hours of swinging the shovel at its occasional business of building dams and cross-ditching; and my arms and legs were red with sunburn; but the mud squashed happily between my bare toes, and in another two hours my father and I would be indoors, fresh from cold showers, radio running tranquilly, tall glasses of iced boysenberry juice in hand.

Suddenly I realized that my father was shouting to me. He cried out the same thing twice over, but the wind carried his words away toward the mountains, and I could understand nothing. I knew what he must be saying, however. One look at the long brown ditches between us made it clear. We were losing water. The little lanes that should have been humming and glistening in the sun were emptying to barren grooves of dark wet earth.

My father's face was grim when I got up to the apple tree where he was standing, and I knew before he spoke what was wrong.

"Somebody's stealing the water again," he said. "You take the car and go along checking standpipes. When you find the place, just phone Blair and let him take care of it. I'll stay here to control things in case it comes back on."

It was a dirty job that my father had given me, but I understood why he did not go himself. A water thief is considered in our part of the country one of the meanest and most petty of all earth's creatures, not merely because water is money and because each of us must wait his turn to use it for irrigating, but also because losing the water thus means disrupting a rancher's entire schedule.

Now, the manner of catching a water thief is simple. One simply goes to the great standpipe rising two or three feet above the ground at the upper corner of each man's property, and looking down into the mossy concrete well, may easily see whether the gate which would permit the water to be diverted at that point is in its proper place. Of course a water thief is shrewd enough to know that he can leave his gate open for only a rather brief time without being caught and that he must use the stolen treasure far from the highway where its shining passage down open rows of growing things will not of itself betray him.

If he has good ears and is daring, he can swing the gate at the last moment when he hears a car in the distance, and stand innocently in his own front yard to offer sympathy as the defrauded rancher draws up to look down his standpipe.

But it wasn't this simple business of confronting the actual thief which so daunted my father that he sent me to do the job instead. The embarrassing thing about it all is that we in our countryside are a little private water corporation consisting of some thirty families living on comfortable small places of five to twenty-five acres, all neighbors knowing one another intimately, holding stock in a community friendship and respect, as well as in a reservoir and pumping plant which old Mr. Blair manages.

To go squinting into standpipes, therefore, would be like lining up guests at a party in one's own house and searching them for silver that has been mislaid. . . . I pulled on my beach pants over my bathing suit and sent the car back-firing out of the yard in short order. The first two standpipes above our place were all right, but of course they would be. That was just the trouble. There wasn't a single standpipe on the whole line that I could think of as deserving first attention. The only decent thing to do was to look in every one of them impartially. My anger was cooling rapidly into embarrassment as I considered the prospect.

See here! I had been close to missing something, but I stopped just in time. The old Toby place, which had been left to run wild since the house had burned two years ago, was showing some signs of being under cultivation once more. Somebody had shaped up irrigation basins around those nearest the dooryard, and there was a shabby car standing in front of the sagging barn. A stranger in our midst, an outlander, automatically suspect wherever he makes his alien hiding place! With an upsurging of hope I ran to the standpipe, pushed the tangle of pale tea roses away from the gray, jagged rim, and saw the water that even then should have been sinking into our patterned fields rushing instead through the mouth of the long-blocked pipe to the untended land. A great wave of relief and gladness went over me. An outsider was the water thief.

As I moved back from those cool, reverberant depths, a dog came barking fiercely around the corner of the barn, and behind him a man moving slowly as if he had half a notion not to come at all. He was ruddy and fair-haired, like the majority of the people of our countryside; but he made no attempt to hush the dog, as a neighbor would have done, and there was neither embarrassment at being caught nor welcome to a caller in his face. With his thumbs hooked in his belt and his feet planted a little astride, he had an air of defiance that was unpromising. My self-assurance went suddenly out of me.

How should I make clear to this man,





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older than I, that by our standards he was a thief? What words are there, in the first place, to convey to another who does not recognize the event or share the emotion, the deep dismay that follows the breaking of an ethical principle that one had thought was universally shared? The man was waiting, and his dog was getting even more impatient. What should I say to the water thief?

In that instant the brakes of an old model-T creaked on the road just behind my car. So noisy had the stranger's beast been that I had heard no sound of another's approach, but welcome indeed he was to my eyes. Here was old Mr. Blair, out to check up on the water himself. Gaunt symbol of our neighborhood's integrity, he got down stiffly from the high running board, went slowly across to the standpipe, braced himself with both blue-veined hands set firmly on the rim, and took one good look down past the tea roses.

When he straightened again, I knew that I could move off home without one word said. The situation was in good keeping. Quiet old Mr. Blair had never been known to raise his voice, and his words were few, but something about his mouth and his eyes could be very awesome. The dog noticed it, too. He lay down with his belly flat on the ground and his muzzle pressed against his paws. The stranger still stood in front of the barn, where he had stopped to stare at me; but big as he was, his self-assurance had somehow dwindled away. Taking his time, as he always did, old Mr. Blair walked forward; and as he passed me, his quick little nod told me that I was dismissed.

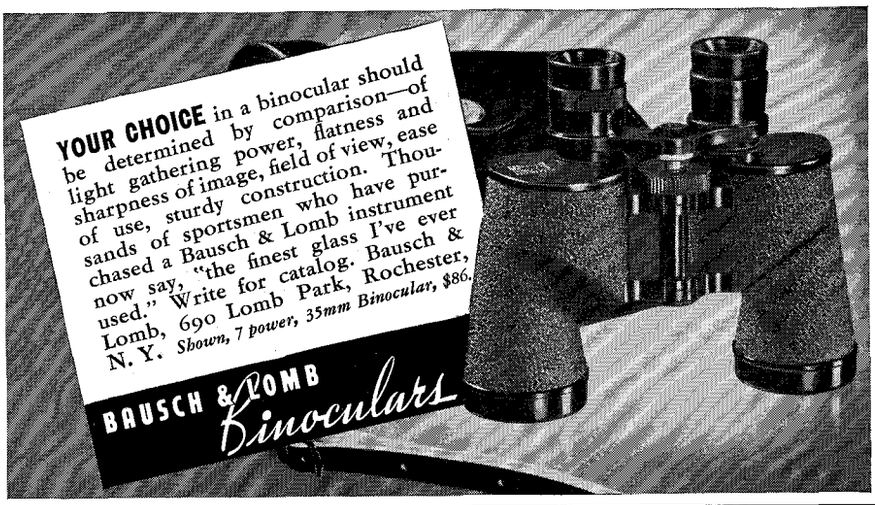
As I made my slow U-turn and drove away, I could see that Drake was doing all the talking, jerkily, with his hands moving in apologetic, uncertain gestures; and I knew that old Mr. Blair was winning the argument after his silent fashion.

It took only a minute or two to drive back down home. By the time I reached the apple trees, the water was running again so that the ditches looked like silver wires carrying their message of fruitfulness across the field.

"Didn't take long," commented my father, but I knew he was really asking, "Well, who was it would do a trick like that?"

"Man named Drake," I answered. "Just moved into the Toby place. Mr. Blair's there now. I didn't stay."

"Oh," said my father; and, after a long pause, he added, "Maybe he didn't understand that you have to sign up in advance for the water."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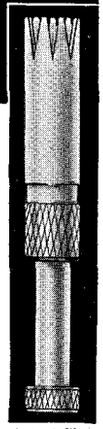

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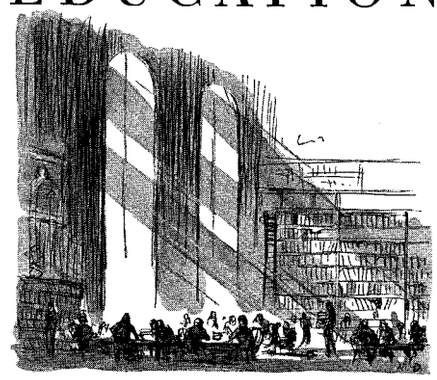

## *Two Girls*

Recently Dorothy Thompson turned out a column of particular interest to parents and educators. Miss Thompson suggested that there is brewing in this country a parents' revolt against the way their children are being spoiled in many of the progressive schools. She reported complaints of children being unmannerly, of their English being spoiled, of their inability to read, write a legible hand, or spell. She said that the "children show a complete disinclination to tackle any kind of work which does not immediately capture their imagination and interest. The idea that there is any satisfaction to be found in doing even a dull task methodically and well seems completely nonexistent."

It is high time some one hopped upon this development, and probably the nation has no person who can do it so effectively as Miss Thompson. In her column she pictures two girls. The first girl was one she encountered at a luncheon. "The thirteen-year-old daughter of a friend—a child whom I dearly love—assured me brightly that she 'just couldn't learn Latin.' She also said a little ruefully that she never had learned to spell, but she thought 'after all, spelling didn't matter much.' She was so anxious to express her ideas, she said, that she didn't have time to stop and think how to spell the words."

This young girl's ambition, according to Miss Thompson, is "to be a journalist."

Now let us see what the second girl has to say. "When I was young, I was told in school that the important thing was not to know a thing, but to know where you could find it. Fortunately my father, who was largely responsible for such education as I got, believed no such thing, and forced me to memorize masses of poetry and literature. Later I found that I didn't always have the *Encyclopedia Britannica* with me and that ability to

GIRLS — WASHINGTON, D. C.

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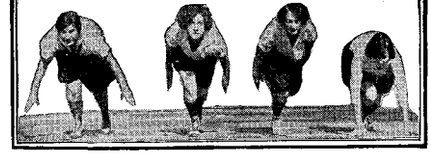

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see something on a printed page, take note of it, and remember it, was one of the few useful things I had ever acquired."

Such is the picture of the second girl, whose name is Dorothy Thompson.

## *Decline (or Rise) of Reading*

The parents' revolt may be brewing, but another revolt is already on, according to Professor J. Gordon Eaker of Kansas State Teachers College. Writing in *The Educational Forum,* Professor Eaker says that there is a revolt against reading. "If the present movement continues unabated," he points out, "we may no longer read of a boy Dickens in that famous little garret, imagining himself Tom Jones or Roderick Random for a week at a time, or of a Ruskin in his father's library, reading the Waverly Novels as his Bible and marveling that Scott's kings did more work than anybody else."

Professor Eaker's article is particularly interesting in light of an advertisement that appeared early in March. The Crowell Publishing Company set out to demolish the observers who say, "Nobody reads any more." To prove these observers were wrong, Crowell cited the sales of three books published in the past half-decade: Hervey Allen's *Anthony Adverse,* which has sold 990,000 copies; Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind,* which has sold 1,420,000 copies; and Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People,* which has sold 770,000 copies.

Crowell's figures are convincing until one stops and thinks. Where Eaker was talking about a Dickens, a Fielding, a Ruskin, and a Scott, the other side of the case rests on the name Dale Carnegie.

## *Intervention*

In Europe there are colleges which are run by students. The students hire and fire teachers, plan the courses of study, and generally manage their schools to suit themselves. This plan, however popular it might be with the youngsters, has certain dangers.

In many American colleges the antithesis of this setup is present. The curriculum, the rules of conduct, the teachers, and the books are chosen without any consultation with the students. This system, too, has dangers in its cut-and-dried inflexibility.

Some of our schools are combining the best points of these two diverse systems. At Barnard College last month, a student committee began interviewing high-ranking students in all major departments to obtain from them opinions and

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suggestions on the courses offered by the college.

In these days when most students go to school for a real purpose, this interchange of ideas is particularly beneficial. From it should grow a greater understanding between teacher and pupil. And from this understanding should grow a more personalized and more productive education.

## *Letter to Mount Holyoke*

Schools and colleges over the land would do well to write a letter to Mount Holyoke at South Hadley, Mass. Write a letter for information on this college's series of weekly public-affairs talks. It seems that these talks are sponsored by a student-faculty committee and are given at the morning assemblies. Contrasting viewpoints are presented on labor problems, international situations, and the like. Mount Holyoke, of course, is not the only school doing this type of thing but apparently her plan is working very well, and smaller schools might well profit by her experience.

## *Quotation of the Month*

"So many problems face Americans today that no one, whether he plans to be a teacher, a diplomat, a public servant of any description can know too much about the history and the literature of his own country.

"It is also important that he distinguish what is based on facts from mere opinion. When so-called 'authorities' flatly contradict each other or perpetuate rumors as history, a university which is older than the nation itself has a duty to present the truth from the liberal rather than from a tory or a radical standpoint.

"Also when critical standards in dealing with our literature are as confused as they are today, a contribution can be made by courses in American literature which are inspired by a knowledge of that literature in its entire history and are swayed neither by a desire to exalt everything just because it is American nor by an impulse to apologize for our achievement compared with that of European letters."—Dean H. Lamar Crosby, of the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania. —R. B.

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